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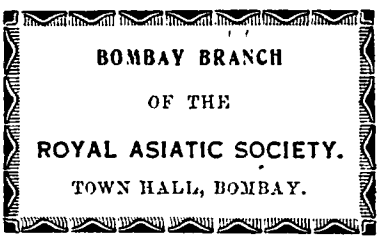

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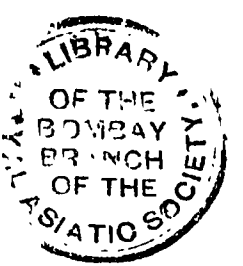
LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VOL. VII.



Queen Elizabeth.

From the Original Portrait, in the possession of the Right Hon.ble the Earl of Stradbroke.

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1844.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Anne of Denmark, in Hunting Costume.

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VOL. 7.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1844.

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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

T. 1844

VOL. VII.

LONDON:
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GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1844.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS C. SAVILL,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SEVENTH VOLUME.

ELIZABETH, the second Queen-Regnant of England and Ireland.—(Life continued.)

Chapter IX. . . . . *Page* 1
— X. 88
— XI. 160
— XII. 226

ANNE OF DENMARK, Consort of James I., King of Great Britain.—

Chapter I. 307
— II. 359
— III. 412

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELIZABETH, when Queen. (From a reduced drawing by Miss de Horsey, from a curious original Portrait, in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Stradbroke, at Henham Hall.) . . . *Frontispiece.*

(See pp. 301—303.)

ANNE OF DENMARK, in Hunting Costume, reduced from an original Portrait, by Von Somers, at Hampton Court Palace . . . . . *Vignette.*

(See pp. 459—461.)

ELIZABETH

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Evil consequences to Elizabeth from the detention of Mary queen of Scots —Real and pretended plots against Elizabeth's life—Her parsimony—Walsingham's letter of expostulation—Altercation between Elizabeth and the archbishop of St. Andrew's and other Scotch ambassadors.—Hard treatment of the earls of Northumberland and Arundel—Her enmity to lady Arundel—Takes offence with Leicester—Her angry speeches of him, and stern letter to him—Quarrels with Burleigh—Leicester's jealousy of Raleigh—First notice of Essex—Charles Blount attracts Elizabeth's notice—Scandals respecting her regard for him—Essex's jealousy—Morgan and Babington's conspiracy—Elizabeth's peril—Queen of Scots implicated—Her removal to Fotheringay—Elizabeth's letter to Paulet—Proceedings against Mary—Elizabeth's irritation—Her levity—Angry reply to the French ambassador—Petitioned by parliament to put Mary to death—Her speech—Subsequent irresolution—She hints at a secret murder—Leicester suggests poison—Remonstrances of the king of France —Stormy scenes between Elizabeth and French ambassadors—Mary's sentence published—Her letter to Elizabeth, and its effects—Remonstrances of Bellievre in behalf of Mary—Elizabeth's haughty letter to the king of France—Her scornful treatment of the Scotch ambassadors—Crooked policy of her ministers—Pretended plot against her life—Excited state of her mind—Her irresolution—Scenes between her and Davison—She signs Mary's death-warrant—Her jest on the subject—Her demurs —Earnest desire of Mary's assassination—Commands Davison to propose it to Paulet—Her dream—Her anger at Paulet's scruples—Dark hints of employing an agent of her own—Manner in which she receives the news of Mary's execution—She rates her ministers and council—Disgrace of Davison—Queen's excuses to the French ambassador—Charges the blame on her ministers—Hypocritical letter to the king of Scots—She brings lady Arabella Stuart into notice—Pope Sixtus V. commends her spirit, but proclaims a crusade against her.

THE unjust detention of Mary Queen of Scots in an English prison, had for fifteen years proved a source of per-

sonal misery to Elizabeth, and a perpetual incentive to crime. The worst passions of the human heart—jealousy, hatred, and revenge—were kept in a constant state of excitement by the confederacies that were formed in her dominions, in behalf of the captive heiress of the crown. Her ministers pursued a systematic course of espionage and treachery, in order to discover the friends of the unfortunate Mary; and when discovered, omitted no means, however base, by which they might be brought under the penalty of treason.[1] The sacrifice of human life was appalling; the violation of all moral and divine restrictions of conscience more melancholy still.[2] Scaffolds streamed with blood; the pestilential gaols were crowded with victims, the greater portion of whom died of fever or famine, unpitied and unrecorded, save in the annals of private families.

Among the features of this agitating period, was the circumstance of persons of disordered intellects accusing themselves of designs against the life of their sovereign, and denouncing others as their accomplices. Such was the case with regard to Somerville, an insane catholic gentleman, who attacked two persons with a drawn sword, and declared that he would murder every protestant in England, and the queen, as their head. Somerville had, unfortunately, married the daughter of Edward Arden, a high-spirited gentleman of ancient descent, in Warwickshire, and a kinsman of Shakspeare's mother. Arden had incurred the deadly malice of Leicester, not only for refusing to wear his livery, like the neighbouring squires, to swell his pomp during queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, "but chiefly," says Dugdale, "for galling him by certain strong expressions, touching his private addresses to the countess of Essex before she was his wife." These offences had been duly noted down for vengeance; and the unfortunate turn which the madness of the lunatic son-in-law had taken, formed a ready pretext

[1] See Camden. Bishop Goodman. Howel's State Trials.

[2] On the 17th of November, 1577, the attorney-general was directed to examine Thomas Sherwood on the rack, and orders were given to place him in the dungeon among the *rats*. This horrible place was a den in the Tower below high-water mark, entirely dark, and the resort of innumerable rats, which had been known to wound and maim the limbs of the wretched denizens of this dungeon; but Sherwood's constancy and courage were not subdued by the horrors of this cell.

for the arrest of Arden, his wife, daughters, sister, and a missionary priest named Hall.

Arden and Hall were subjected to the torture, and Hall admitted that Arden had once been heard to wish "that the queen were in heaven." This was sufficient to procure the condemnation and execution of Arden. Somerville was found strangled in his cell at Newgate. Hall and the ladies were pardoned. As the insanity of Somerville was notorious, it was generally considered that Arden fell a victim to the malice of Leicester, who parcelled out his lands among his dependents.[1] But while plots, real and pretended, threatening the life of the queen, agitated the public mind from day to day, it had become customary for groups of the populace to throw themselves on their knees in the dirt by the wayside, whenever she rode out, and pray for her preservation, invoking blessings on her head, and confusion to the papists, with the utmost power of their voices. A scene of this kind once interrupted an important political dialogue, the maiden queen held with the ambassador Mauvissière, as he rode by her side, from Hampton Court to London, in November, 1583. She was in the act of discussing the plots of the Jesuits, "when," says Mauvissière,[2] "just at this moment many people, in large companies, met her by the way, and kneeling on the ground, with divers sorts of prayers, wished her a thousand blessings, and that the evil-disposed who meant to harm her might be discovered, and punished as they deserved. She frequently stopped to thank them, for the affection they manifested for her. She and I being alone, amidst her retinue, mounted on goodly horses, she observed to me 'that she saw clearly that she was not disliked by all.'"

It is not very difficult to perceive, by the dry manner of Mauvissière, that he deemed this scene was got up for the purpose. Indeed, such public displays of fervency are by no means in unison with the English national character.

The parsimony of Elizabeth in all affairs of state policy, where a certain expenditure was required, often embarrassed her ministers, and traversed the arrangements they had

[1] Camden.

[2] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 29, published by Mr. Colburn, 1842.

made, or were desirous of making, in her name, with foreign princes. Walsingham was, on one occasion, so greatly annoyed by her majesty's teasing minuteness and provoking interference in regard to money matters, that he took the liberty of penning a long letter of remonstrance to her, amounting to an absolute lecture on the subject.

" Sometimes," says he, " when your majesty doth behold in what doubtful terms you stand with foreign princes, then do you wish, with great affection, that opportunities offered had not been slipped. But when they are offered to you, (if they be accompanied with charges,) they are altogether neglected. Common experience teacheth, that it is as hard in a politic body to prevent any mischief without charges, as in a natural body, diseased, to cure the same without pain. Remember, I humbly beseech your majesty, the respect of charges hath lost Scotland, and I would to God I had no cause to think that it might put your highness in peril of the loss of England. I see it, and they stick not to say it, that the only cause that maketh them here (in France) not to weigh your majesty's friendship, is, that they see your majesty doth fly charges, otherwise than by doing them underhand. It is strange, considering in what state your majesty standeth, that in all directions that we have here received, we have special charge not to yield to anything that may be accompanied with charges.

" The general league must be without any certain charges; the particular league, with a voluntary and no certain charge; as also that which is to be attempted in favour of don Antonio. The best is, that if they were (as they are not) inclined to deal in any of these points, then they were like to receive but small comfort for anything that we have direction to assent unto. Heretofore your majesty's predecessors, in matters of peril, did never look into charges, though their treasure was neither so great as your majesty's is, nor their subjects so wealthy, nor so willing to contribute. A person that is diseased, if he look only upon the medicine, without regard of the pain he sustaineth, cannot in reason and nature but abhor the same; if, therefore, no peril, why then 'tis vain to be at charges, but if there be peril, it is hard that charges should be preferred before peril. I pray God that the abatement of the charges towards that nobleman, that hath the custody of the *bosom serpent*, (*meaning Mary Queen of Scots*,) hath not lessened his care in keeping of her. To think that in a man of his birth and quality, after twelve years' travail, in charge of such weight, to have an abatement of allowance, and no recompence otherwise made, should not breed discontentment, no man that hath reason can so judge; and, therefore, to have so special a charge committed to a person discontented, everybody seeth it standeth no way with policy. What dangerous effects this loose keeping hath bred! The taking away of Morton, the alienation of the king, (*James of Scotland*,) and a general revolt in religion, intended (*caused*) only by her charges, doth shew.

" And, therefore, nothing being done to help the same, is a manifest argument that the peril that is like to grow thereby is so fatal, as it can by no means be prevented, if this sparing and improvident course be still held, the mischiefs approaching being so apparent as they are. I conclude, therefore, having spoken in the heat of duty, without offence to your majesty, that no one that serveth in the place of a counsellor, that either weigheth his own credit, or carrieth that sound affection to your majesty as he ought to do, that would not wish himself in the furthest part of Ethiopia, rather than enjoy the fairest palace in England. The

Lord, therefore, direct your majesty's heart to take that way of counsel that may be most for your safety and honour.

"September 2nd.

"F. WALSINGHAM."[1]

There is no date of place or year to this very curious letter; but the allusions render it apparent that it was written in France, just after the attempt made by Elizabeth and her council at home, to curtail the allowance of fifty-two pounds per week, which had been, in the first instance, granted to the earl of Shrewsbury, for the board and maintenance of the captive queen of Scots and her household, to thirty. Even this stinted sum was sorely grudged by Elizabeth. The earl complained of being a great loser, and pinched the table of his luckless charge in so niggardly a fashion, that a serious complaint was made to queen Elizabeth, by the French ambassador, of the badness and meanness of the diet provided for Mary. Elizabeth wrote a severe reprimand to Shrewsbury; and he, who was rendered by the jealousy of his wife the most miserable of men, petitioned to be released from the odious office that had been thrust upon him, of jailer to the fair, ill-fated Scottish queen. After a long delay, his resignation was accepted; but he had to give up his gloomy castle of Tutbury, for a prison for Mary, no other house in England, it was presumed, being so thoroughly distasteful to the royal captive, as an abiding place.[2]

Walsingham's term of "bosom serpent" appears peculiarly infelicitous, as applied to Mary Stuart, who was never admitted to Elizabeth's presence, or vouchsafed the courtesies due to a royal lady and a guest, but, when crippled with chronic maladies, was denied the trifling indulgence of a coach, or an additional servant to carry her in a chair.

The arrest and execution of Morton, in Scotland, was peculiarly displeasing to Elizabeth and embarrassing to her council. Walsingham boldly reproaches his royal mistress, in the above letter, with having lost this valuable political tool, by not having offered a sufficient bribe for the preservation of his life. Mauvissière, in a letter to his own court, gives an amusing detail of an altercation which was carried on between Elizabeth and the archbishop of St. Andrew's, on account of the execution of Morton, in which

[1] Complete Ambassador, p. 427. [2] Lodge's Illustrations.

she vituperated the queen of Scots and the young king James, and in the midst of her choler exclaimed :—

"I am more afraid of making a fault in my Latin, than of the kings of Spain, France, and Scotland, the whole house of Guise, and their confederates."[1]

Elizabeth stood on no ceremony with the envoys of Scotland, who scrupled to sell their fealty for English gold. In the previous year, when James had dispatched his favourite minister, the duke of Lenox, with a letter and message to her, explanatory of the late events in Scotland, she at first refused to see him, and when she was, at last, induced to grant him an interview, she, according to the phrase of Calderwood, the historian of the Kirk, "rattled him up" on the subject of his political conduct, but he replied with so much mildness and politeness, that her wrath was subdued, and she parted from him courteously.

The revolution by which Lenox and his colleague Stuart, earl of Arran, had emancipated their youthful sovereign from the degrading tutelage in which he had been kept, by his father's murderers and his mother's foes, had also broken Elizabeth's ascendancy in the Scottish court. A counter influence, even that of the captive Mary Stuart, was just then predominant there. Davison, Elizabeth's ambassador to Scotland, assured Walsingham that the Scottish queen, from the guarded recesses of her prison, guided both king and nobles as she pleased.[2]

The young king was now marriageable, and his mother's intense desire for him to marry with a princess of Spain was well known. If such an alliance were once accomplished, it might be suspected that the English catholics, assured of aid both from Scotland and Spain, would no longer endure the severity of penal laws, and the injustice to which they were subjected by a queen, whose doubtful legitimacy might afford a convenient pretext to the malcontent party for her deposition. The Jesuits, undismayed by tortures and death, arrayed their talents, their courage, and subtlety, against Elizabeth, with quiet determination, and plots, and rumours of plots, against her life and government, thickened round her. The details of these would require a folio volume. The most important in its

[1] MS. Harl., folio 398.

[2] MS. letter in State Paper office, quoted by Tytler.

effects was that in which the two Throckmortons, Francis and George, were implicated, with Charles Paget, in a correspondence with Morgan, an exiled catholic, employed in the queen of Scots' service abroad. Francis Throckmorton endured the rack thrice with unflinching constancy; but when, with bruised and distorted limbs, he was led for a fourth examination to that terrible machine, he was observed to tremble. The nervous system had been wholly disarranged, and, in the weakness of exhausted nature, he made admissions which appeared to implicate Mendoça, the Spanish ambassador, as the author of a plot for dethroning queen Elizabeth. Mendoça indignantly denied the charge, when called upon to answer it, before the privy council, and retorted upon Burleigh the injury that had been done to his sovereign, by the detention of the treasure in the Genoese vessels.[1] He was, however, ordered to quit England without delay. Lord Paget and Charles Arundel fled to France, where they set forth a statement that they had retired beyond seas, not from a consciousness of guilt, but to avoid the effects of Leicester's malice. Lord Paget was brother to one of the persons accused.

Throckmorton retracted on the scaffold all that had been wrung from his reluctant lips by the terrors of the rack.

The capture of Creighton, the Scotch Jesuit, and the seizure of his papers, which he had vainly endeavoured to destroy, by throwing them into the sea, when he found the vessel in which he had taken his passage pursued by the queen's ships, brought to light an important mass of evidence connected with the projected invasion of England, and Elizabeth perceived that a third of her subjects were ready to raise the standard of revolt in the name of Mary Stuart. At this momentous crisis, the treachery of the king of Scotland's mercenary envoy, Arthur Gray, by putting Elizabeth in possession of the secrets of his own court and the plans of the captive queen, enabled her to countermine the operations of her foes. She out-manœuvred king James, and, as usual, bribed his cabinet; she first duped, and then crushed Mary, and laid the rod of her vengeance with such unsparing severity on her catholic subjects, that the more timorous fled, as the reformers had done in the reign of

[1] Camden.

her sister, to seek liberty of conscience, as impoverished exiles, in foreign lands.

It was not, however, every one who was so fortunate as to escape. Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, brother to the unfortunate earl Thomas, who had been beheaded, for his share in the northern rebellion, was sent to the Tower, on pretext of having implicated himself in the Throckmorton plot, Shelly, an acquaintance of his, having admitted something to this effect, in a confession extorted by the rack. After having been detained more than a year in close confinement, without being brought to trial, the earl was found one morning dead in his bed, with three slugs lodged in his heart. His keeper had been superseded, the night before, by a servant of sir Christopher Hatton; therefore suspicions were entertained that he had been murdered, but the jury brought in a verdict of *felo-de-se*, it having been deposed that he had been heard to swear, with an awful oath, "that the queen," whom he irreverently designated by a name only proper to a female of the canine race, "should not have his estates;" and therefore, to avert the consequences which would result from an act of attainder being passed upon him, he had obtained a pistol through the intervention of a friend, and shot himself in his bed.[1]

A more lingering tragedy was the doom of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, the eldest son of the beheaded duke of Norfolk. This young nobleman had been educated in the protestant faith, and was married, in his fifteenth year, to one of the co-heiresses of the ancient family of Dacre. Her, he at first neglected, intoxicated, as it appears, by the seductive pleasures of the court, and the flattering attentions which the queen lavished upon him. It had even been whispered among the courtiers, "that if he had not been a married man, he might have aspired to the hand of his sovereign."[2] Meantime, his deserted wife, in the seclusion of the country, became a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, probably through the persuasions of her husband's grandfather, Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, as her change of creed took place during his life. On the death of that nobleman, Philip Howard, claimed to succeed him in his

[1] Horace Walpole. Bayleys' History of the Tower.

[2] MS. life of Philip, earl of Arundel, in possession of the Duke of Norfolk. Howard Memorials.

honours and estates. His claims were admitted, and he took his place in the House of Lords, as earl of Arundel and premier peer of England; for there were then no dukes, his father having been the last man who bore that dignity in Elizabeth's reign.

The malignant influences that had destroyed Norfolk, pursued his son. They were, in fact, similar characters, possessing many amiable qualities, but devoid of moral courage and manly decision. The prophetic malediction, which was denounced against Reuben—"unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—appears peculiarly applicable to both these unfortunate Howards. They were of a temperament too soft and timid for the times; and the very excess of caution which they exercised, to avoid committing themselves, either personally or politically, was the cause of exciting a greater degree of suspicion in the mind of their wary and observant sovereign, than would probably have been the result of a more manly line of conduct.

Norfolk had been the dupe and the victim of men, who had taken advantage of his vacillating disposition, to beguile him into overt acts of treason, and then hunted him to the scaffold. Arundel, with naturally virtuous and refined inclinations, had been led, by the contagious influence of evil companions, into a career of sinful folly, which impaired his fortune, deprived him of the respect of his friends, and excited the contempt of his enemies. The repeated slights that were put upon him, rendered him at length aware of the light in which he was regarded in that false flattering court; and in the mingled bitterness of self-reproach and resentment, he retired to Arundel castle. There he became, for the first time, sensible of the virtues and endearing qualities of his neglected wife, and endeavoured, by every mark of tender attention, to atone for his past faults.

The queen took umbrage at Arundel's withdrawing from court. Notwithstanding the caresses she had lavished upon him, she regarded him with distrust as the son of the beheaded Norfolk. The nature of her feelings towards the family of that unfortunate nobleman, had been betrayed as early as two years after his execution, on the occasion of his sister, the lady Berkeley, kneeling to solicit some favour at her hand. "No, no, my lady Berkeley," exclaimed her majesty, turning hastily away. "We know you

will never love us for your brother's death."[1] Yet Elizabeth amused herself with coquetting with the disinherited heir of Norfolk, till his reconciliation with his deserted countess provoked her into unequivocal manifestations of hostility, and confirmed the general remark, that "no married man could hope to retain her favour if he lived on terms of affection with his wife."

The first indications of her displeasure fell on the weaker vessel. Lady Arundel was presented for recusancy, and confined under the royal warrant to the house of sir Thomas Shirley for twelve months.[2]

Arundel was deeply offended at the persecution of his lady, and the deprivation of her society, of which he had learned the value too late. He was himself, in heart, a convert to the same faith which she openly professed; and being much importuned by the friends of the queen of Scots to enter into the various confederacies formed in her favour, he determined to avoid further danger, by quitting England. His secretary, Mumford, had already engaged a passage for him, in a vessel that was to sail from Hull, when he was informed that it was her majesty's intention to honour him with a visit at Arundel house. Elizabeth came, was magnificently entertained, behaved graciously, and carried her dissimulation so far, as to speak in terms of commendation of her host to the French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau, who was present.

"She praised the earl of Arundel much for his good-nature," says that statesman; but when she took her leave of him, she thanked him for his hospitality, and in return, bade him, "consider himself a prisoner in his own house." His brother, lord William Howard, and Mumford, his secretary, were arrested at the same time.[3] They were subjected to very rigorous examinations, and Mumford was threatened with the rack. Nothing was, however, elicited, that could furnish grounds for proceeding against any of the parties; and after a short imprisonment they were set at liberty. Arundel, after this, attempted once more to leave England, and had actually embarked and set sail from the coast of Sussex. The vessel was chased at sea by two of the queen's ships; he was taken, brought back, and lodged

[1] Smythe's Lives of the Berkeleys. [2] Howard Memorials.
[3] MS. life of Philip Howard, in possession of the duke of Norfolk.

in the Tower.[1] Previous to his departure, he had written a pathetic letter to Elizabeth, complaining of the adverse fortune which had now for several generations pursued his house; his father and grandfather, having perished on a scaffold without just cause; his great grandfather, having also suffered attainder and condemnation to the block, from which he only escaped, as it were, by miracle; and the same evil fortunes appearing to pursue him, he saw no other means of escaping the snares of his powerful enemies, and enjoying liberty of conscience, than leaving the realm.

"His life," he said, "had been narrowly sought during his late imprisonment; and as her majesty had shewn on how slight grounds she had been led into a suspicious hard opinion of his ancestors, and that the late attack upon himself, having proved how little his innocence availed for his protection, he had decided on withdrawing himself, trusting that she would not visit him with her displeasure, for doing so without her licence, for that he should consider the bitterest of all his misfortunes."

This letter was to have been presented to the queen, by Arundel's sister, lady Margaret Sackville; but she and lord William Howard were placed under arrest almost simultaneously with himself. The confinement of Arundel was rigorous in the extreme, and embittered with every circumstance of aggravation that persons of narrow minds, but great malignity, could devise. At the time of his arrest, lady Arundel was on the eve of becoming a mother. She brought forth a fair son, and sent to gladden her captive lord with the tidings of her safety, and the accomplishment of his earnest desire for the birth of an heir; but lest he should take comfort at the news, he was allowed to remain in suspense many months, and was then falsely informed that his lady had borne another daughter.[2] Lady Arundel was treated with great cruelty. All her goods were seized in the queen's name, and they left her nothing but the beds on which she and the two servants, that now constituted her sole retinue, lay, and these were only lent as a great favour.

After Elizabeth had despoiled and desolated Arundel house, she came there one day, in the absence of its sorrowing mistress, and espying a sentence written by her with

[1] Memorials of the Howard family. MS. life of Philip Howard.
[2] Howard Memorials. MS. life of Philip Howard.

a diamond on a pane of glass, in one of the windows, expressing a hope of better fortunes, she cruelly answered it, by inscribing under it another sentence, indicative of anger and disdain.[1]

Arundel remained unnoticed in prison for upwards of a twelvemonth, and was then fined ten thousand pounds by a star-chamber sentence, for having attempted to quit the realm without leave. He was also condemned to suffer imprisonment during her majesty's pleasure. Nothing less than a life-long term of misery satisfied the vengeance of Elizabeth.

While these severities were exercised on the devoted representative of the once powerful house of Norfolk, the famous association for the protection of queen Elizabeth against "popish conspirators," was devised by Leicester. All who subscribed it bound themselves to prosecute to the death, or as far as they were able, all who should attempt anything against the queen. Elizabeth, who was naturally much gratified at the enthusiasm with which the majority of her subjects hastened to enrol themselves as her voluntary protectors, imagined that the queen of Scots would be proportionately mortified and depressed at an institution, which proved how little she had to hope from the disaffection of Englishmen to their reigning sovereign. "Her majesty," writes Walsingham to Sadler, "could well like that this association were shewn to the queen, your charge, upon some apt occasion; and that there were good regard had both unto her, her countenance and speech, after the perusing thereof."[2]

Mary Stuart disappointed the prying malignity of the parties, by whom she was exposed to this inquisitorial test, by her frank and generous approval of the association, and astonished them by offering to subscribe it herself. The new parliament, which had been summoned of necessity, the last having been dissolved after the unprecedented duration of eleven years, converted the bond of this association into a statute, which provided,

[1] MS. life of Anne, countess of Arundel, at Norfolk house, quoted, in the Howard Memorials, by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby. Probably the sentence written by the unfortunate countess, was a distich in rhyme, as she was an elegant poet; and it is possible that Elizabeth's response was one of the sharp epigrammatic couplets for which she was celebrated.

[2] Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 430.

"That any person, by or for whom rebellion should be excited, or the queen's life attacked, might be tried by commission under the great seal, and adjudged to capital punishment. And if the queen's life should be taken away, then any person, by or for whom such act was committed, should be capitally punished, and the issue of such person cut off from the succession to the crown."

"It is unnecessary," observes that great civilian, sir James Mackintosh, with reference to this act, "to point out the monstrous hardship of making the queen of Scots, a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth, responsible for acts done for her, or in her name."[1] Such, however, was the object of the statute, which was intended to prepare the way for the judicial murder of the heiress presumptive to the throne, and also for the exclusion of her son from the succession. This clause, sir James Mackintosh affirms, was ascribed to Leicester, who had views for himself, or his brother-in-law, Huntington, the representative of the house of Clarence.

Elizabeth was, at this juncture, on terms of conventional civility with Henry III. of France. Sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador, in a letter from Paris, detailing the dangerous illness of that prince, informs her good grace, in his postscript, of a present that was in preparation for her. "There is," says he, "the fairest *caroche*, almost ready to be sent your majesty, that ever I saw. It must needs be well in the end, the king hath changed the workmanship of it so often, and never is contented, not thinking it good enough."[2] Henry, however, continued to advocate the cause of his unfortunate sister-in-law, Mary Stuart; and his ambassadors made perpetual intercessions in her favour to Elizabeth, who generally received these representations with a stormy burst of anger and disdain. Henry was too much paralyzed by internal commotions and foreign foes to resent the contempt with which his remonstrances were treated by his haughty neighbour, far less was he able to contend with her for the dominion of the Low Countries. Elizabeth possessed the power, but prudently declined the name of sovereign of those states, though the deputies on their knees again offered her that title after the death of the duke of Anjou. She sent, however, a considerable military force to their aid, under the command of her quondam favourite,

[1] History of England, in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. ii. p. 300.
[2] Sloane MS. i. p. 4160.

the earl of Leicester. If we may credit the private letters of the French ambassador, Mauvissière, to Mary queen of Scots, this appointment was intended by Elizabeth, and the predominant party in her cabinet, as a sort of honourable banishment for Leicester, whom they were all desirous of getting out of the way. According to the same authority, Christopher Blount, though a catholic, was sent out by the queen as a spy on Leicester. Leicester was received with signal honours by the states, but instead of conducting himself with the moderation which his difficult position required, he assumed the airs of regality, and sent for his countess, with intent to hold a court that should rival that of England in splendour.[1]

"It was told her majesty," writes one of Leicester's kinsmen to his absent patron, "that my lady was prepared to come over presently to your excellency, with such a train of ladies and gentlemen, and such rich coaches, litters, and side-saddles, that her majesty had none such; and that there should be such a court of ladies and gentlemen as should far surpass her majesty's court here." This information did not a little stir her majesty to extreme choler, at all the vain doings there, saying, with great oaths, "she would have no more courts under her obeisance but her own, and would revoke you from thence with all speed."[2] This letter confirms the report of Mauvissière, who, in one of his intercepted confidential communications to the captive queen of Scots, observes,—"The earl of Leicester takes great authority in Flanders, not without exciting the jealousy of the queen. She will neither allow him supplies of money, nor permit his wife to come out to him."[3]

"I will let the upstart know," exclaimed the last and proudest of the Tudor sovereigns, in the first fierce explosion of her jealousy and disdain, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." Under the impetus of these feelings, she penned the following scornful letter, which she despatched to him by her vice-chamberlain, who was also charged with a verbal rating on the subject of his offences,—doubtless well worth

[1] Inedited State Paper MSS. Mary Stuart, vol. xv. p. 141.
[2] Hardwick State Papers, vol. i. p. 229.
[3] Inedited State Paper Office MS. Mary Stuart, vol. xv.

the hearing, if we may judge, from the sample of the letter,—

"How contemptuously you have carried yourself towards us you shall understand by this messenger, whom we send to you for that purpose. We little thought that one, whom we had raised out of the dust, and prosecuted with such singular favour, above all others, would, with so great contempt, have slighted and broken our commands in a matter of so great consequence, and so highly concerning us and our honour. Whereof, though you have but small regard, contrary to what you ought, by your allegiance, yet, think not that we are so careless of repairing it, that we can bury so great an injury in silence and oblivion: We, therefore, command you, that, all excuse set apart, you do, forthwith, upon your allegiance, which you owe to us, whatsoever Heneage, our vice-chamberlain, shall make known to you in our name, upon pain of further peril."[1]

She also wrote to the states, "that, as to their disgrace, and without her knowledge, they had conferred the absolute government of the confederate states upon Leicester, her subject, though she had refused it herself, she now required them to eject Leicester from the office they had unadvisedly conferred upon him."[2] The states returned a submissive answer, and Leicester expressed the deepest contrition for having been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure.

At first, she preserved great show of resentment, threatened to recal and punish him, and rated Burleigh for endeavouring to excuse him. Burleigh, on this, tendered his resignation; Elizabeth called him "a presumptuous fellow;" but, the next morning, her choler abated. She had vented her displeasure in empty words, and her council induced her to sanction the measure of sending supplies of men and money to Leicester.

Soon after this reconciliation was effected, Elizabeth began to speak of Leicester in her wonted terms of partial regard; so much so, that even his hated rival, sir Walter Raleigh, in a postscript to a courteous letter, addressed by him to the absent favourite, says, "The queen is in very good terms with you, and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again her sweet Robin."

Bitterly jealous, however, was "sweet Robin" of the graceful and adroit young courtier, whom he suspected of having superseded him in the favour of his royal mistress, by whom, indeed, Raleigh appears, at that time, to have been very partially regarded. Wit, genius, and valour, in him, were united with a fine person, and a certain degree

[1] Sydney Papers, vol. i. p. 51-2. [2] Ibid.

of audacity, which qualified him admirably to make his way with a princess of Elizabeth's temper. He was the younger son of a country gentleman, of small fortune, but good descent; but the great cause of his favourable reception at court, in the first instance, may be traced to his family connexion with Elizabeth's old governess, Kate Ashley.

That woman, who, from her earliest years, exercised the most remarkable influence over the mind of her royal pupil, was aunt to Raleigh's half-brother, sir Humphrey Gilbert, the celebrated navigator. The young, adventurous Raleigh, was not likely to lose the advantage of her powerful patronage, which had been openly bestowed on Humphrey, who, through her influence, obtained considerable preferment, and an important command in Ireland. It was in that devoted isle that Raleigh first distinguished himself by his military talents, and unhappily sullied his laurels with many acts of cold-blooded cruelty, the details of which belong to the history of Elizabeth's reign.

On his return to England, he commenced the business of a courtier, and affected great bravery in his attire; and being gifted, by nature, with a fine presence and handsome person, he contrived, at the expense, probably, of some privation, and much ingenuity, to vie with the gayest of the be-ruffed and embroidered gallants, who fluttered like a swarm of glittering insects round the maiden queen. One day, a heavy shower having fallen before her majesty went out to take her daily walk, attended by her ladies and officers of state, the royal progress, which cannot always be confined to paths of pleasantness, was impeded by a miry slough. Elizabeth, dainty and luxurious in all her habits, paused, as if debating within herself how she might best avoid the "filing" of her feet. Raleigh, who had, on that eventful day, donned a handsome new plush cloak, in the purchase of which he had probably invested his last testoon, perceiving the queen's hesitation, stripped it hastily from his shoulders, and, with gallantry worthy of the age of chivalry, spread it reverentially on the ground, before her majesty, "whereon," says our author, "the queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth."[1]

[1] Old Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Soon after this auspicious introduction to the royal favour, Raleigh was standing in a window-recess, and observing that the queen's eye was upon him, he wrote the following sentence, with the point of a diamond, on one of the panes:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

In a very different spirit from that in which she had answered the pathetic aspiration, inscribed by the sorrowful countess of Arundel, in the window of her desolated house, did Elizabeth condescend to encourage her handsome poet-courtier, by writing, with her own hand, an oracular line of advice, under his sentence, furnishing thereby a halting rhyme to a couplet, which he would probably have finished with greater regard to melody:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."[1]

Raleigh took the hint, and certainly no climber was ever bolder or more successful in his ascent to fame and fortune. If anything were to be given away, he lost no time in soliciting it of the queen, to the infinite displeasure of his jealous compeers.

"When will you cease to be a beggar, Raleigh?" said the queen to him one day, apparently a little wearied of his greedy importunity.

"When, madam, you cease to be a benefactress," was the graceful reply of the accomplished courtier.

Elizabeth did not always reward services, but compliments were rarely offered to her in vain. So considerable was the influence of Raleigh, with his partial sovereign, at one period, that Tarleton, the comedian, who had probably received his cue from Burleigh or his son-in-law, Oxford, ventured, during the performance of his part in a play, which he was acting before her majesty, to point at the reigning favourite while pronouncing these words, "See, the knave commands the queen!" for which he was corrected by a frown from her majesty.[2] If Raleigh could

[1] Old Life of sir Walter Raleigh.

[2] Bohun. Notwithstanding all his wit and worldcraft, Raleigh wanted discretion; and he possessed the dangerous faculty of enemy-making in no slight degree. No man was more generally hated. We are indebted to the grave pen of Bacon for the following amusing anecdote, in illustration of his gratuitous impertinence:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh was staying at the house of a great lady in the West country, who was a remarkable, notable housewife, and before she made a

have been contented to remain a bachelor, he would, probably, have superseded all the rival candidates for the smiles of his royal mistress.

The first possession acquired by England in the new world, was discovered by sir Walter Raleigh, and in compliment to queen Elizabeth, named Virginia. It was from this coast that he first introduced tobacco into England. It is a well-known tradition, that Raleigh's servant, entering his study with a foaming tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, saw him, for the first time, with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and enveloped in the clouds of smoke he was puffing forth; the simple fellow, imagining his master was the victim of an internal conflagration, flung the contents of the tankard in his face for the purpose of extinguishing the combustion, and then ran down stairs and alarmed the family with dismal outcries, "that his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes before they could come to his aid."[1].

Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of England's first smoker, to the eyes of the uninitiated, the practice soon became so general, that it was introduced at court, and even tolerated by queen Elizabeth in her own presence, of which the following anecdote affords amusing evidence. One day she was inquiring very minutely as to the various virtues which Raleigh attributed to his favourite herb, and he assured her "that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her majesty the specific weight of the smoke of every pipe-full he consumed." The queen, though she was accustomed to take Raleigh for her oracle, thought he was going a little too far, in putting the licence of a traveller on her, and laid a considerable wager with him, that he could not prove his words, not believing it

grand appearance at dinner, in the hall, arranged all matters in her household. Sir Walter's apartment was next to hers, and he became privy to much of her interior management. Early in the morning, he heard her demand of one of her maids, "Are the pigs served?" Just before dinner she entered, with infinite state and dignity, the great chamber, where her guests were assembled; when sir Walter directly asked, "Madam, are the pigs served?" The lady answered, without abating a particle of her dignity, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."—*Bacon's Apophthegms.*

[1] The anonymous author of the life of sir Walter Raleigh, printed in London 1740, affirms that he saw sir Walter's veritable tobacco-box, in the museum of Ralph Thoresby, the historical antiquary, at Leeds.

possible to subject so immaterial a substance as smoke to the laws of the balance. Raleigh, however, demonstrated the fact by weighing, in her presence, the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her majesty that the deficiency proceeded from the evaporation. Elizabeth admitted that this conclusion was sound logic; and when she paid the bet, merrily told him, "That she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold."[1]

So varied and so brilliant were the talents of Raleigh, as soldier, seaman, statesman, poet, philosopher, and wit, that it would have been wonderful, if a woman so peculiarly susceptible as Elizabeth, had not felt the power of his fascinations. It was to Raleigh's patronage that Spenser was indebted for an introduction to queen Elizabeth, who was so much captivated with his poetic genius, that she, in a moment of generous enthusiasm, promised him a hundred pounds; but when she spoke to my lord-treasurer Burleigh of disbursing that sum, he took the liberty of uttering a cynical exclamation on the prodigality of awarding so large a guerdon for a song! "Give him, then, what is reason," rejoined her majesty. Burleigh, acting in conformity with the hardness of his own nature, gave him nothing. After a pause of fruitless expectation, the disappointed poet addressed the following epigram to the queen:

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
Since that time, until this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason."

It is said, that by these lines, the bard outwitted the penurious minister, for Elizabeth considering that her queenly honour was touched in the matter, insisted that he should be paid the hundred pounds which she had at first promised. She understood her business, as a sovereign, too well to disgust a man, who possessed the pen of a ready writer; and Spenser, in return, never omitted an opportunity of offering the poetic incense of his gracefully-turned compliments to

[1] Oldys. Tobacco had been long cultivated in Portugal, whence it was introduced into France by Jean Nicot, who sent some seeds to Catherine de Mediois, by whom it was so greatly patronised, that it was at first called, "the queen's herb." Smoking soon became so fashionable at the court of France, that not only the gentlemen, but the ladies occasionally indulged themselves with a pipe.

his royal mistress. She is personified in the "Faerie Queen," under the several characters of Glorianna, Belphœbe, and Mercillæ, and made the subject of the highest eulogiums in each of these allegorical creations. She is also greatly extolled in the pastoral poem of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," as the "Shepherdess Cynthia, the lady of the sea." In this quaint, but elegant poem, the distress of sir Walter Raleigh, on account of his temporary disgrace, with the queen, is pathetically set forth. The poem was probably written at the desire of that accomplished courtier, to whom it is dedicated, and who is there called the "shepherd of the ocean;", and, in his dialogue with the other illustrious swains, is made by Spenser to speak thus of his royal patroness:

"Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame:
Such greatness I cannot compare to aught:
But if I her like aught on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lilies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roses dight, and goolds, and daffadillies;
Or, like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or, like fair Phœbe's girland, shining, new,
In which all pure perfection one may see;
But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine!
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define!
Why then, do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

After this hyperbolical strain of adulation, Spenser goes on to explain, that it was "the shepherd of the ocean" who first made him known to the queen, and this is very prettily done, with the exception of the epithet goddess, which, applied to any lady, whether sovereign or beauty, is always in bad taste—

"The shepherd of the ocean, quoth he,
Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe *inclined her ear*,
That she thenceforth therein 'gan take *delight*,
And it desired at timely hours to hear.
All were my notes but rude and *roughly dight*;
For not by measure of *her own great mind*
And wondrous worth, she *met my simple song*,
But joy'd that country shepherd aught could find,
Worth hearkening to amongst that learned throng."

It must have been the influence of party spirit alone which could have blinded Mulla's bard to the want of moral justice, displayed by him in endeavouring to distort the character and situation of the persecuted captive, Mary Stuart, into the hideous portrait of Duessa. In this, however, Spenser was probably only performing the task enjoined to him by the leaders of the cabinet, by whom nothing was omitted, that was calculated to poison the minds both of the sovereign and the people of England against the ill-fated heiress of the realm.

The young, graceful, and accomplished Robert Devereux, earl of Essex,[1] is supposed to have been first introduced to the notice of queen Elizabeth, by his step-father, Leicester, in the hope of diverting her majesty's regard from her

[1] He was the son of Walter, earl of Essex, and Lettice Knollys, who was considered the favourite of Elizabeth. She was the daughter of the queen's first cousin, Lettice Lady Knollys, daughter of Mary Boleyn, and sister to Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon. Lettice Knollys was one of the most beautiful girls at the court of Elizabeth, and seems to have inherited not only the charms of person, but the fascination of manners of the queen's mother and aunt, Anne and Mary Boleyn. She married the earl of Essex, and became the mother of a family, beautiful as herself. Unfortunately, she made a conquest of the heart of the earl of Leicester, while yet a wife. The death of her husband, the earl of Essex, in Ireland, 1576, was attributed to poison, administered by the agents of Leicester. Two days before earl Walter died, he wrote to the queen, recommending his infants to her care and patronage. The eldest of these children was Robert, afterwards the noted favourite of Elizabeth: he was then scarcely ten years old. Leicester soon after put away his wife, Douglas lady Sheffield, and married the widow, lady Essex, at first privately, and afterwards in the presence of her stern father, sir Francis Knollys. The young earl of Essex was placed at Trinity College, Cambridge, under the guardianship of lord Burleigh, to whose daughter his father wished to contract him in marriage. Though in possession of considerable landed property, the young earl was either so poor in ready money, or his statesman-guardian so thrifty, that his tutor, Mr. Wroth, had to write for a supply of clothes for him, in 1577, saying, that his pupil was not only "*thread*-bare, but ragged." Letters from the young earl to Burleigh, in very elegant Latin, occur, from Cambridge, till the year 1579; and as early as the year 1582, Burleigh found it needful to write his ward a letter on his prodigality. Essex's answer, acknowledging his fault, is dated at York. [See Ellis' Letters.] Soon after, he emerged into Elizabeth's court, where he was as much distinguished by her favour, as by his boundless extravagance. His beautiful sister, Penelope, the wife of lord Rich, became, at the same time, one of the leading intriguantes of that day. Essex involved himself, by reason of his extensive patronage to a vast number of needy military followers, who devoured his substance, and constantly urged him to obtain gifts from the queen. When he was but twenty-four, he was in debt to the enormous amount of 23,000*l.*; and in his letter, dated 1590, to Elizabeth's vice-chamberlain, (evidently meant for the queen's eye,) he owns the queen "had given him so much, he dared not ask her for more."

new favourite Raleigh, whose influence was regarded with a jealous eye by her ministers. As Essex was the great-grandson of Anne Boleyn's sister Mary and William Carey, he was nearly related to queen Elizabeth, who distinguished him in the first instance, rather as a youthful pet and kinsman, than a lover. The young earl, however, quickly assumed the haughty and jealous airs of a person, who considered that he had a right to distance all other pretenders to the royal favour. Elizabeth's fickle fancy was just then engaged, more peculiarly, by a gentleman, of whom the busy plotting conspirator Morgan, in one of his secret letters to the captive queen of Scots, speaks as follows, commencing, as the reader will observe, with an allusion to a supposed coolness between her and the late object of her regard, sir Walter Raleigh: "Whether," writes he, "Raleigh, the mignon of her of England, be weary of her or she of him, I hear she hath now entertained one Blount, brother of the lord Mountjoye, being a young gentleman, whose grandmother she may be, for her age and his."[1]

This letter, which was written in the year 1585, places to a certainty the introduction of Charles Blount to the court of Elizabeth, at an earlier date than has generally been supposed. The circumstances connected with that introduction are pleasantly related by Sir Robert Naunton.

When queen Elizabeth first saw Charles Blount, at Whitehall, she was struck with his tall graceful stature and agreeable countenance. She was then at dinner, and asked her lady-carver who he was; who, not being able to satisfy her majesty's curiosity, further inquiry was made, and she was informed that he was the younger brother of the lord William Mountjoye, a learned student from Oxford, and had just been admitted to the inner temple. This inquiry, with the eye of her majesty fixed upon him, according to her custom of daunting those she did not know, made the young gentleman blush, which she perceiving, gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks, saying to her lords and ladies in attendance, "that she no sooner observed him than she saw that there was noble blood in his veins," adding some expressions of pity for the misfortunes of his house—his father having wasted much in the vain pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and his brother,

[1] Inedited State Paper MS.—Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. xv. p. 414.

by extravagant profusion. Her majesty, having made him repeat his name to herself, said to him, "Fail you not to come to court, and I will bethink me how to do you good." His fortune was then very small. The Earl of Essex was seized with jealous displeasure at the favourable reception given by the queen to this modest young courtier, who, bashful as he was, was well accomplished in the manly exercises of that chivalrous age. One day, the noble student ran so well at the tilt, that the queen, being highly pleased with him, sent him, in token of her favour, a golden chess-queen, richly enamelled; which his servants next day fastened to his arm with a crimson ribbon. Proud of this token, and the better to display it, Charles Blount passed through the privy chamber, with his cloak under his arm, instead of over his shoulder, on which, the Earl of Essex observing the decoration, demanded what it was, and wherefore so placed? Mr. Fulke Greville replied, "that it was the queen's favour, which the day before she had, after the tilting, sent to Charles Blount," on which the earl contemptuously observed, "Now I perceive that every fool must have a favour."[1]

Blount replied to this unprovoked impertinence by a challenge. He and Essex met near Marybone park, and the haughty favourite was wounded in the thigh, and disarmed. When the queen was informed of this hostile encounter, and its result, she swore, "by God's death, that it was fit that some one or other should take the earl down, and teach him manners, otherwise there would be no ruling him."[2]

Essex had distinguished himself very honourably at the battle of Zutphen, where he encouraged his men with this chivalric address:—"For the honour of England, my fellows, follow me!" and with that he "threw his lance into the rest, and overthrew the first man; and with his curtelax so behaved himself, that it was wonderful to see."[3]

In that same battle, the flower of English chivalry, the illustrious sir Philip Sidney, received his death-wound; after performing prodigies of valour, his thigh-bone was shattered, in the third charge. When Leceister saw him,

[1] Birch's Memorials; Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.
[2] Naunton. [3] Stowe.

he exclaimed with great feeling, "Oh, Philip! I am sorry for thy hurt."

"Oh, my lord!" replied the dying hero, "this have I done to do you honour and her majesty service."

Sir William Russell kissed his hand, and said, with tears, "Oh, noble sir Philip! never man attained hurt more honourably than ye have done, nor any served like unto you." But Sidney's most glorious deed was yet to do; when, a few minutes after this, he resigned the cup of cold water which he had craved, in his agony, to quench the death-thirst of a private soldier, who had turned a longing look on the precious draught. "Give it to him," exclaimed sir Philip, "his necessity is greater than mine;" an incident which must have inclined every one to say, that the death of Sidney was worthy of his life. Public honours were decreed to the remains of her hero by his weeping country, and the learned young king of Scotland composed his epitaph in elegiac Latin verse. Elizabeth is said to have prevented sir Philip Sidney's election to the sovereignty of Poland, observing, "That she could not afford to part with the choicest jewel of her court." Sidney, in a tone of chivalric loyalty, replied, "And I would rather remain the subject of queen Elizabeth, than accept of the highest preferment in a foreign land."[1]

Elizabeth subsequently alluded to the death of this accomplished hero, in terms approaching to levity, on the occasion of her youthful favourite, Charles Blount, escaping from the silken bonds in which her majesty essayed to detain him, and joining the English army in Flanders. Elizabeth sent a special messenger to his commander, sir John Norreys, charging him to send her truant back to her. She received Blount with a sound rating, asking him how he durst go without her consent. "Serve me so once more," added she, "and I will lay you fast enough, for running!—you will never leave off, till you are knocked over the head, as that inconsiderate fellow Sidney was."[2] Such was the respect cherished by the sovereign, for the memory of the brightest ornament of her court—he who had worshipped her as a goddess, during his life, and rejoiced to die in her service!

She concluded her lecture to her dainty pet, in these

[1] Naunton. [2] Ibid.

words:—"You shall go when I send you. In the meantime, see that you lodge in the court, where you may follow your books, read, and discourse of the wars."[1]

Christopher Blount,[2] undoubtedly a near relation of the highly honoured courtier, Charles, was the person employed by Elizabeth as a spy upon Leicester's proceedings in the Low Countries. Both the French ambassador and Morgan, in their private letters to the captive queen of Scots, suggest the expediency of endeavouring to win him over to her interest, as a person likely to afford very important information to her friends as to the affairs of England. Yet any one possessed of the slightest reflection, would be apt to imagine, that the very attempt to tamper with a person so connected, would be dangerous in the extreme, and only likely to end in betraying their political secrets to Elizabeth.

The course of chronology now brings us to the darkest and most painful epoch of the maiden reign, the death of Elizabeth's hapless kinswoman, Mary queen of Scots.

The implacable junta by whom Elizabeth's resolves were at times influenced, and her better feelings smothered, had sinned too deeply against Mary Stuart, to risk the possibility of her surviving their royal mistress. Elizabeth shrank from either incurring the odium, or establishing the dangerous precedent, of bringing a sovereign princess to the block. The queens, whose blood had been shed on the scaffold by her ruthless father, were subjects of his own, puppets whom he had raised, and then degraded from the fatal dignity which his own caprice had bestowed upon them; but even he, tyrant as he was, had not ventured to slay either of his royally-born consorts, Katharine of Arragon, or Anne of Cleves, though claiming the two-fold authority of husband and sovereign over both.

[1] Blount, afterwards, became fatally enamoured of the fair and frail sister of his old adversary, Essex, the beautiful Penelope, whom he had engaged in a mutual affection before she was linked in a joyless wedlock with Robert, lord Rich. They finally engaged in an illicit passion; and, after much guilt and sorrow, were united in marriage, when lady Rich was repudiated by her injured husband; but Blount, who had succeeded to his brother's title, died the following year, 1606, of the sorrow his self-indulgence had sown for him, a mournful sequel to the bright beginning of his fortunes.

[2] This appears to have been the sir Christopher Blount, who became the husband of the countess of Leicester, after the decease of her lord, whose death they have been accused of hastening by poison. He was put to death for his share in Essex's rebellion.

Mary Stuart was not only a king's daughter, but a crowned and anointed sovereign; and under no pretence, could she legally be rendered amenable to Elizabeth's authority. Every species of quiet cruelty that might tend to sap the life of a delicately-organized and sensitive female, had been systematically practised on the royal captive by the leaders of Elizabeth's cabinet. Mary had been confined in damp, dilapidated apartments, exposed to malaria, deprived of exercise and recreation, and compelled, occasionally, by way of variety, to rise from a sick bed, and travel through an inclement country, from one prison to another, in the depth of winter.[1] These atrocities, had entailed upon her a complication of chronic maladies of the most agonizing description, but she continued to exist, and it was evident that the vital principle in her constitution, was sufficiently tenacious to enable her to endure many years of suffering. The contingencies of a day, an hour, meantime, might lay Elizabeth in the dust, and call Mary Stuart to the seat of empire. Could Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester expect, in that event, to escape the vengeance which their injurious treatment had provoked from that princess?

It is just possible, that Burleigh, rooted as he was to the helm of state, and skilled in every department of government, might, like Talleyrand, have made his defence good, and retained his office at court, if not his personal influence with the sovereign, under any change. He had observed an outward shew of civility to Mary, and was suspected, by Walsingham, of having entered into some secret pact with James of Scotland; but Walsingham and Leicester had committed themselves irrevocably, and, for them, there could be no other prospect than the block, if the Scottish queen, who was nine years younger than Elizabeth, outlived her.

From the moment that Elizabeth had declared that "honour and conscience both forbade her to put Mary to death," it had been the great business of these determined foes of Mary, to convince her that it was incompatible with her own safety, to permit her to live. Assertions to this effect, were lightly regarded by Elizabeth, but the evidence of a series of conspiracies, real as well as feigned,

[1] See Letters of Mary queen of Scots.

began to take effect upon her mind, and slowly, but surely, brought her to the same conclusion.

For many years it had been the practice of Walsingham to employ spies, not only for the purpose of watching the movements of those who were suspected of attachment to the Scottish queen, but to inveigle them into plots against the government and person of queen Elizabeth. One of these base agents, William Parry, after years of secret treachery in this abhorrent service, became himself a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and conceived a design of assassinating queen Elizabeth. This he communicated to Neville, one of the English exiles, the claimant of the forfeit honours and estates of the last earl of Westmoreland. Neville, in the hope of propitiating the queen, gave prompt information of Parry's intentions against her majesty; but as Parry had formerly denounced Neville, Elizabeth, naturally imagining that he had been making a very bold attempt to draw Neville into an overt act of treason, directed Walsingham to inquire of the spy, whether he had recently, by way of experiment, suggested the idea of taking away her life to any one? If Parry had replied in the affirmative he would have been safe; but the earnest manner of his denial excited suspicion. He and Neville were confronted; and he then avowed "that he had felt so strong an impulse to murder the queen, that he had, of late, always left his dagger at home when summoned to her presence, lest he should fall upon her and slay her."[1] This strange conflict of feeling appears like the reasoning madness of a monomaniac, and suggests the idea that Parry's mind had become affected with the delirious excitement of the times.

He was condemned to death, and on the scaffold cited his royal mistress to the tribunal of the all-seeing Judge, in whose presence he was about to appear.[2]

The unhappy man expressly acquitted the queen of Scots of any knowledge of his designs. Mary herself, in her private letters, denies having the slightest connexion with him. The plot, however, furnished an excuse for treating her with greater cruelty than before. Her comparatively humane keeper, Sir Ralph Sadler, was superseded by Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, two rigid puri-

[1] Hamilton's Annals. State Trials. [2] Camden.

tans, who were selected by Leicester for the ungracious office of embittering the brief and evil remnant of her days. The last report, made by Sadler, of the state of bodily suffering, to which the royal captive was reduced by her long and rigorous imprisonment, is very pitiable.

"I find her," says he, "much altered from what she was when I was first acquainted with her. She is not yet able to strain her left foot to the ground; and to her very great grief, not without tears, findeth it wasted and shrunk of its natural measure."[1] In this deplorable state the hapless invalid was removed to the damp and dilapidated apartments of her former hated gaol, Tutbury Castle.[2] A fresh access of illness was brought on by the inclemency of the situation, and the noxious quality of the air. She wrote a piteous appeal to Elizabeth, who did not vouchsafe a reply. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate captive caught, with feverish eagerness, at every visionary scheme that whispered to her in her doleful prison-house the flattering hope of escape. The zeal and self-devotion of her misjudging friends were the very means used by her foes to effect her destruction. Morgan, her agent in France, to whom allusion has already been made, was a fierce, wrong-headed Welchman, who had persuaded himself, and some others, that it was not only expedient but justifiable to destroy Elizabeth, as the sole means of rescuing his long-suffering mistress from the living death in which she was slowly pining away.

So greatly had Elizabeth's animosity against Morgan been excited, by the disclosures of Parry, that she declared "that she would give ten thousand pounds for his head." When she sent the order of the Garter to Henry III. she demanded that Morgan should be given up to her vengeance. Henry, who was doubtless aware that many disclosures might be forced from Morgan on the rack, that would have the effect of committing himself with his good sister of England, endeavoured to satisfy her by sending Morgan to the Bastile, and forwarding his papers, or rather, it may be surmised, a discreet selection from them, to Elizabeth. But though the person of this restless intriguer was detained in prison, his friends were permitted to have access to him; and his plotting brain was employed in the

[1] Sadler Papers, 460. [2] See Letters of Mary queen of Scots.

organization of a more daring design against the life of queen Elizabeth than any that had yet been devised. Mary's faithful ambassador at Paris, Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, decidedly objected to the project.[1]

Morgan, intent on schemes of vengeance, paid no heed to the remonstrances of Mary's tried and faithful counsellors, but took into his confidence two of Walsingham's most artful spies, in the disguise of Catholic priests—Gifford and Greatly by name—whom he recommended to the deluded Mary, as well as Poley and Maude, two other of the agents of that statesman. Easy enough would it have been for Walsingham, who had perfect information of the proceedings of the conspirators from the first, to have crushed the plot in its infancy; but it was his occult policy to nurse it till it became organized into a shape sufficiently formidable to Elizabeth, to bring her to the conclusion, that her life would never be safe while the Scottish queen was in existence, and, above all, to furnish a plausible pretext for the execution of Mary.

The principal leaders of the conspiracy were Ballard, a Catholic priest, and Savage, a soldier of fortune, who undertook to assassinate queen Elizabeth with his own hand. These unprincipled desperadoes, aided by their treacherous colleagues, succeeded in beguiling Anthony Babington of Dethick, a young gentleman of wealth and ancient lineage in Derbyshire, into the confederacy. Babington, who was a person of enthusiastic temperament, was warmly attached to the cause of Mary, for whom he had formerly performed the perilous service of transmitting letters during her imprisonment at Sheffield. At first, he objected to any attempt against his own sovereign; but the sophistry of Ballard, and the persuasions of the treacherous agents of Walsingham, not only prevailed over his scruples, but induced him to go the whole length of the plot, even to the proposed murder. This deed, he protested, ought not to be entrusted to the single arm of Savage, and proposed that six gentlemen should be associated for that purpose.[2] How a man of a naturally generous and chivalric disposition could devise so cowardly a combination against the person of a female;

[1] Murdin's State Papers. Egerton Papers. Lingard.
[2] Camden. Murdin. Lingard.

appears almost incredible; but such was the blind excitement of party-feeling, and religious zeal, that he recklessly pressed onward to the accomplishment of his object, without even pausing to consider the turpitude of its design, much less its absurdity. It is scarcely possible to imagine that Babington was a person of sound mind, when we find that he had his picture drawn with the six assassins grouped round him with the following Latin motto:—

"*Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula jungunt:*"

"My comrades these, whom very peril draws."[1]

This picture, being shewn to Elizabeth, was probably instrumental in saving her life; for, soon after, while walking in Richmond Park, she observed a person loitering in her path, in whom she recognised the features of Barnwall, one of the leagued assassins, who had pledged themselves to take her life. Far from betraying the slightest feminine alarm, on this occasion, she fixed her eyes upon the lurking criminal, with a look that fairly daunted him, and turning to sir Christopher Hatton, and the other gentlemen in attendance, exclaimed, significantly, "Am I not well guarded today, not having one man, wearing a sword by his side, near me?" Barnwall afterwards deposed, that he distinctly heard the queen utter those words; on which, sir Christopher Hatton told him, "that if others had observed him as closely as her majesty did, he had not escaped so easily."[2]

Elizabeth, notwithstanding her intrepid deportment, on this occasion, liked not the predicament in which she stood, with an associated band of desperadoes at large, who had pledged themselves to take her life, and she was urgent for the apprehension of Ballard and Babington. Her wily ministers had, however, higher game to bring down than a few fanatic catholics. Walsingham had not wasted money and time, and woven his web with such determined subtlety, for the destruction of private individuals; his object was to entangle the queen of Scots into actual participation in a plot against Elizabeth's life and government. This had not yet been done, and he, with difficulty, prevailed on his royal mistress to allow matters to proceed for a few days longer. Elizabeth was, indeed, rather overborne, than persuaded, by her cabinet, on this occasion. Her feminine

[1] Camden. [2] State Trials.

fears had been excited, and she said, "it was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies, while it was in her power to do so, lest, by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy, rather than manifest her trust in his protection."[1] There was sound sense in this remark, and if her council had believed in the reality of her danger, they would have been without excuse, had they ventured to trifle with the safety of their sovereign for a single day.

At length, Mary was induced to write to the French and Spanish ambassadors, urging them to obtain from their respective courts, the assistance of men and money, to be employed in her deliverance.

Her letters were intercepted, opened, and copied, by Elizabeth's celebrated decipherer, Phillips, who was located under the same roof with the unsuspecting captive, at Chartley, together with Gregory, a noted seal-forger and opener of sealed letters. The labours of this worthy pair were not, it should appear, confined to opening and copying, verbatim, all the letters that were exchanged between Mary and her confederates.

Camden, the great contemporary historian, to whom Burleigh himself submitted all the *then* unbroken state-papers of Elizabeth's reign, assures us, that a postscript was added to one of Mary queen of Scots' letters to Babington, in the same characters used by her, containing an approval of the leading objects of the conspiracy.

The same day, letters to the Spanish ambassador, lord Paget, his brother Charles, the archbishop of Glasgow, and Sir Francis Inglefield were intercepted.

The game was now considered, by Walsingham, sufficiently advanced for him to make a decided move, and he gave orders for the arrest of Ballard. Babington, almost immediately after this had been effected, encountered Savage, in one of the cloisters of old St. Paul's, and said to him, "Ballard is taken, and all will be betrayed. What remedy now?"

"None but to kill her presently," replied he.

"Then, go you to court, to-morrow," said Babington, "and execute the pact."

"Nay," replied Savage, "I cannot go to-morrow, my

[1] Camden.

apparel is not ready, and in this apparel I shall never be allowed to come near the queen."

Babington gave him all the money he had about him, and his ring, and bade him provide himself with what was needful,[1] but Savage, like other bravoes, had boasted of that which he dared not attempt. He faltered—and neither he, nor either of the associate ruffians, would venture it.

Babington was at that time an invited guest, residing under Walsingham's own roof; and such was his infatuation, that he actually fancied he was the deceiver, instead of the dupe, of that most astute of all diplomatists, till one day, after the arrest of Ballard, a letter from the council, directing that he should be more closely watched, was brought to the under-secretary, Scudamore, who read it, incautiously, in his presence. A glance at the contents, which he contrived to read over Scudamore's shoulder, convinced him of his delusion, but dissembling his consternation, he effected his escape, the next night, from a tavern, where he was invited to sup, amidst the spies and servants of Walsingham. He gave the alarm to the other conspirators, and, having changed his beautiful complexion, by staining his face with walnut-skins, and cut off his hair, betook himself, with them, to the covert of St. John's Wood, near Marylebonne,[2] which was at that time the formidable haunt of robbers and outlaws.

As soon as it was known that he had fled, warrants were issued for his apprehension, and very exaggerated accounts of the plot were published by Walsingham, stating "that a conspiracy to burn the city of London, and murder the queen, had been providentially discovered. That the combined forces of France and Spain had put to sea to invade England—that it was supposed they would effect a landing on the southern coast, and that all the papists were preparing to take up arms to join them." Such was the popular excitement at these frightful rumours, that all foreigners and catholics were in the greatest peril, and the ambassadors themselves were insulted and menaced in their own houses.[3] When Babington and several of the conspirators were captured, and brought, under a strong guard, to the Tower, the most vehement satisfaction was expressed by the people, who followed them with shouts, singing psalms, and every

[1] State Trials.

[2] Camden. State Trials. Mackintosh. Lingard.

[3] Despatches of Chasteauneuf.

demonstration of joy at the escape of the queen from their treasonable designs. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and every one appeared inspired with the most ardent loyalty towards their sovereign.

On the 13th of September, 1586, seven out of the fourteen conspirators were arraigned. They confessed their crime, and the depositions of Savage afford startling evidence, that the greatest danger to the person of the queen proceeded from the constant persuasions of Walsingham's spy, Gifford, for the deed to be attempted, at any time or place, where opportunity might serve. "As her majesty should go into her chapel to hear divine service," Gifford said, "he (Savage) might lurk in her gallery, and stab her with his dagger; or, if she should walk in her garden, he might shoot her with his dagg; or, if she should walk abroad to take the air, as she often did, accompanied rather with women than men, and those men slenderly weaponed, then might he assault her with his arming sword, and make sure work; and though he might hazard his own life, he would be sure to gain heaven thereby."[1]

The greatest marvel in the whole business is, that such advice as this, addressed by Gifford in his feigned character of a Catholic priest, to men of weak judgments, excitable tempers, and fanatic principles, did not cost the queen her life. But Walsingham, in his insatiable thirst for the blood of Mary Stuart, appears to have forgotten that contingency, and even the possibility, that by employing agents to urge others to attempt the assassination of his sovereign, the accusation of devising her death might have been retorted upon himself. Gifford was suffered to depart to France unquestioned and unmolested; but the fourteen deluded culprits were sentenced to expiate their guilt, by undergoing the dreadful penalty decreed by the law to traitors. Elizabeth was so greatly exasperated against them, that she intimated to her council the expediency of adopting "some new device," whereby their sufferings might be rendered more acute, and more calculated to strike terror into the spectators. Burleigh, with business-like coolness, explained to her majesty, "that the punishment prescribed

[1] State Trials. After his condemnation, Babington wrote a piteous letter of supplication to Elizabeth, imploring her mercy, for the sake of his wife and children. Rawlinson MS., Oxford, vol. 1340, No. 55, f. 19.

by the letter of the law, was to the full as terrible as anything new that could be devised, if the executioner took care to protract the extremity of their pains in the sight of the multitude."[1]

That functionary appears to have acted on this hint, by barbarously cutting the victims down before they were dead, and then proceeding to the completion of his horrible task on each in turn, according to the dread minutiæ of the sentence, of which the thrilling lines of Campbell have given a faint picture:

> "Life flutters convulsed in each quivering limb,
> And his blood-streaming eye-balls in agony swim;
> Accursed be the embers that blaze at his feet,
> Where his heart shall be cast ere it ceases to beat,
> With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale."

The revolting circumstances with which the executions of the seven principal conspirators were attended, excited the indignation of the by-standers to such a pitch, that her majesty found it expedient to issue an especial order, that the other seven should be more mercifully dealt with. They were therefore strangled, before the concluding horrors of the barbarous sentence were inflicted.

These sanguinary scenes were but the prelude to the consummation of the long premeditated tragedy of the execution of the queen of Scots, for which the plot against Elizabeth's life had prepared the public mind.

Immediately after the apprehension of Babington and his associates, Mary had been removed unexpectedly from Chartley to Tixal, and her papers and money seized during her absence. Her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, were arrested, and threatened with the rack, to induce them to bear witness against their unfortunate mistress. They were, at first, careful not to commit her by their admissions, which they well knew they could not do, without implicating themselves in the penalty. Burleigh, penetrating the motives of their reserve, wrote to Hatton his opinion, coupled with his facetious remark, "that they would yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that themselves might escape, and the blow fall upon their mistress between her head and her shoulders."[2] This suggestion was acted upon, and combined with the terror, occa-

[1] Letters of Burleigh to Hatton, in Lingard.

[2] Letters from the Leigh Collection, quoted by Lingard.

sioned by the execution of Babington and his associates, drew from them sufficient admissions, to serve for evidence against their mistress.

The angry and excited state of feeling, to which Elizabeth's mind had been worked up, against her unfortunate kinswoman, may be plainly seen in the following letter, written by her to sir Amias Paulet, soon after the removal of the queen of Scots to the gloomy fortress of Fotheringaye.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR AMIAS PAULET.

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee trebleſold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this most just thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasures to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, *non omnibus dictum.*

"Let your wicked murderess (*his prisoner, Mary queen of Scots*) know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders, and bid her, from me, ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings towards the saviour of her life many a year, to the intolerable peril of my own, and yet, not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fault again so horribly, far passing woman's thought, much less a princess; instead of excusing whereof, not one can sorrow, it being so plainly confessed by the authors of my guiltless death.

"Let repentance take place, and let not the fiend possess her, so as her better part may not be lost, for which I pray with hands lifted up to Him, that may both save and spill.

"With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign, as thereby by good deserts induced."[1]

The great point for which Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, and their colleagues, had been labouring for the last eighteen years, was, at length, accomplished. They had succeeded in persuading Elizabeth, that Mary Stuart, in her sternly-guarded prison, crippled with chronic and neuralgic maladies, surrounded by spies, and out of the reach of human aid, was so formidable to her person and government, that it was an imperative duty to herself and her Protestant subjects to put her to death. Having once brought their long irresolute mistress to this conclusion, all other difficulties became matters of minor importance to the master spirits, who ruled Elizabeth's council, since they had only to arrange a ceremonial process for taking away

[1] State Paper. MS. Collection relative to Mary queen of Scots, written in a beautiful and very legible hand.

the life of their defenceless captive, in as plausible and formal a manner as might be compatible with the circumstances of the case.

After much deliberation, it was determined that Mary should be tried by a commission of peers and privy councillors, under the great seal. The fatal innovations[1] which Henry VIII.'s despotic tyranny had made in the ancient laws of England on life and death, having rendered the crown arbitrary on these points.

The commissioners for the trial of Mary, queen of Scots, left London for Fotheringaye Castle before the 8th of October, 1586; for, on that day, Davison dates a letter written to Burleigh, by her majesty's command, containing various instructions. In this letter, Davison informs the absent premier, that a Dutchman, newly arrived from Paris, who was familiar with the queen-mother's jeweller, had requested him to advise her majesty to beware of one who will present a petition to her on her way to chapel, or walking abroad. Davison goes on to request Burleigh to write to the queen, to pray her to be more circumspect of her person, and to avoid shewing herself in public, till the brunt of the business then in hand be overblown.[2]

This mysterious hint of a new plot against the queen's life was in conformity with the policy of the cabinet, which referred all attempts of the kind to the evil influence of the captive, Mary Stuart. From the same letter we learn, that Elizabeth had directed her lord-chamberlain to give a verbal answer to the remonstrance of the French ambassador against bringing the queen of Scots to a trial, and that the answer expressed her resentment at his presumption in attempting to school her. In conclusion, Davison informs Burleigh and Walsingham, that he is

[1] Namely, the practice of trying noble or royal victims, by a commission selected from the House of Lords, and such commoners as held great crown places, and were lords of the council. The members of such committees were called *lords-triers*, and the whole plan bore a respectable resemblance to the vital spring of English liberty—trial by jury; but most deceptively so, since the house of peers was, at the Tudor era, a very small body, whose interests and prejudices were intimately known to the government; therefore, only those prepared to go all lengths with it, were put into commission; neither was the victim allowed to protest against any enemy in the junta. This mode of extirpating persons of rank, obnoxious to the crown, first became notorious by the infamous trial of Anne Boleyn.

[2] Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison.

especially commanded by her majesty to signify to them both "how greatly she doth long to hear how her *Spirit* and her *Moon* do find themselves, after so foul and wearisome a journey."[1] By the above pet names was the mighty Elizabeth accustomed, in moments of playfulness, to designate those grave and unbending statesmen, Burleigh and Walsingham; but playfulness at such a season was certainly not only in bad taste, but revolting to every feeling of humanity, when the object of that foul and weary journey, on which Elizabeth's Spirit and her Moon had departed, is considered.

The most repulsive feature, in the final proceedings against the hapless Mary, is the odious levity with which the leading actors in the tragedy demeaned themselves, while preparing to shed her blood, and, at the same time, appealing to the Scriptures in justification of the deed. L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf, the French ambassador, demanded, in the name of his sovereign, that Mary might be allowed the assistance of counsel. Elizabeth returned an angry verbal answer by Hatton, that "she required not the advice or schooling of foreign powers to instruct her how she ought to act;" and added, "that she considered the Scottish queen unworthy of counsel."

What, it may be asked, was this but condemnation before trial? and what result was to be expected from the trial of any person of whom a despotic sovereign had made such an assertion? Can any one read Elizabeth's letter to the commissioners, dated October 7th, in which she charges them "to forbear passing sentence on the Scottish queen till they have returned into her presence, and made their report to herself,"[2] and doubt that the death of the royal captive was predetermined? It was not till the 11th, four days after the date of this letter, that they assembled at Fotheringaye for the business on which they had been deputed. On the 12th, they opened their court. Mary refused to acknowledge their authority, on which they delivered to her the following letter from their royal mistress:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"You have, in various ways and manners, attempted to take my life, and to bring my kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded

[1] Nicolas' Life of Davison. [2] Harleian MSS. 290, f. 180.

so harshly against you, but have, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you, and all made manifest.

"Yet it is my will that you answer the nobles and peers of the kingdom as if I were myself present. I, therefore, require, charge, and command, that you make answer, for I have been well informed of your arrogance.

"Act plainly, without reserve, and you will sooner be able to obtain favour of me. "ELIZABETH."

This letter, was addressed to Mary, (without the superscription of cousin or sister,) and as it may be supposed, from the well-known high spirit of that queen, had not the slightest effect in inducing her to reply to the commissioners. She told them, however, "that she had endeavoured to gain her liberty, and would continue to do so as long as she lived; but that she had never plotted against the life of their queen, nor had any connexion with Babington or the others, but to obtain her freedom; on which particulars, if Elizabeth chose to question her in person, she would declare the truth, but would reply to no inferior." There was no little sagacity shewn in this appeal of Mary to the inquisitiveness that formed a leading trait of Elizabeth's character.

The details of this celebrated process, for trial it cannot be called, belong to the personal history of Mary Stuart,[1] rather than to the biography of Elizabeth. Suffice it therefore to say, that, after two days fruitless struggle to defend herself against the subtlety and oppression of men, who demeaned themselves like adverse lawyers pleading on the side of the crown rather than as conscientious judges, Mary demanded to be heard before the assembled parliament of England, or the queen and her council. The commissioners then adjourned the court, to meet, October 25th, at the Star Chamber, Westminster. On that day they reassembled, and pronounced sentence of death on the Scottish queen, pursuant to the statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, which had been framed for that very purpose.

The parliament met on the 29th, and, having considered the reports of the commissioners, united in petitioning queen Elizabeth that the sentence against the Scottish queen might be carried into execution. Elizabeth received the deputation from parliament, November 12th, in her presence-chamber at Richmond palace. Mr. Sergeant Puckering, the speaker, after enlarging on the offences of

[1] The personal memoir of Mary, queen of Scots, by Agnes Strickland, will appear immediately after the completion of the Lives of the Queens of England.

Mary against queen Elizabeth, recalled to her majesty the example of God's displeasure on Saul for sparing Agag, and on Ahab for preserving Benhadad; and, after preaching a political sermon, too tedious for recapitulation, from these irrelevant cases, he assured her, "that her compliance with the petition would be most acceptable to God, and that her people expected nothing less of her." Elizabeth made an elaborate and mystified harangue, in reply, of great length and verbosity. The following passages may serve as a sample of the style and substance of this celebrated speech:—

"The bottomless graces and benefits, bestowed upon me by the Almighty, are and have been such, that I must not only acknowledge them, but admire them, accounting them miracles (as well) as benefits.

"And now, albeit I find my life hath been full dangerously sought, and death contrived by such as no desert procured, yet I am therein so clear from malice (which hath the property to make men glad at the falls and faults of their foes, and make them seem to do for other causes, when rancour is the ground,) as I protest it is and hath been my grievous thought, that one, not different in sex, of like estate, and my near kin, should fall in so great a crime. Yea, I had so little purpose to pursue her with any colour of malice, that it is not unknown to some of my lords here (for now I will play the blab), I secretly wrote her a letter on the discovery of sundry treasons, that if she would confess them, and privately acknowledge them by her letters to myself, she never need be called for them in so public question. Neither did I it of mind to circumvent her; for I knew as much as she could confess. And if even yet, now that the matter is made but too apparent, I thought she truly would repent (as, perhaps, she would easily appear in outward show to do,) and that, on her account, no one would take the matter upon them; or, if we were but as two milkmaids, with our pails on our arms, or if there were no more dependences upon us, but mine own life only, in danger, and not the whole estate of your religion, (I protest, whereon you may believe me, for though I have many vices, I hope I have not accustomed my tongue to be an instrument of untruth,) I would most willingly pardon and remit this offence."[1]

Lest, however, any one should be deceived, by all this parade of mercy and Christian charity, into the notion that it was her sincere wish to save her unfortunate kinswoman, she concluded her speech by informing them, "that she had just received information of another plot, in which the conspirators had bound themselves, under the penalty of death, to take away her life within the month," thus exciting a more deadly flame of loyal indignation in their bosoms against the powerless object of their fury, who was pointed at as the inciter of all attempts against the person of Elizabeth.

[1] Hollingshed, 1582; vol. ii.

The parliament responded, in the tone that was desired, with a more ardent requisition for the blood of Mary. Elizabeth faltered—not from womanly feelings of tenderness and compassion towards the defenceless object of their fury, but from certain doubts and misgivings within her own mind, which produced one of her characteristic fits of irresolution. Her mind was tempest-tossed between her desire of Mary's death, and her reluctance to stand forth to the world as her acknowledged executioner. She would have the deed performed "some other way." But how?

> "The dial spake not, but it gave shrewd signs,
> And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

One, at least, of her ministers entered into the feelings of his royal mistress on this delicate subject, and to his eternal infamy, endeavoured to relieve her from her embarrassment, as to the means of removing the victim, without the undesirable *éclat* of a public execution. Leicester wrote from Holland to suggest "the sure but silent operation of poison."[1] He even sent a divine over to convince the more scrupulous Walsingham of the lawfulness of the means proposed; but that stern politician was resolutely bent on maintaining a show of justice, and at the same time, exalting the power of his royal mistress, by bringing the queen of Scotland to the block. Burleigh coincided in this determination, and in his letters to Leicester complained, "that the queen's slackness, did not stand with her surety or their own."[2] The personal influence of Leicester with the sovereign, appears to have been required for the consummation of the tragedy. He was remanded home in November, and seems to have taken an active part in preventing Elizabeth from swerving from the point to which her ministers had brought her.

On the 22nd of November, lord Buckhurst and sir Robert Beale, proceeded, in pursuance of the orders in coun-

[1] Camden's Elizabeth, in White Kennet, p. 519.

[2] Camden. "I have, according to your lordship's late letter," wrote the premier, "moved her majesty for your lordship's licence to return, whereto her majesty is very willing, as well for the desire she hath, to see your lordship, as for the doubt she also hath, that this winter season you might fall into some sickness." Burleigh tells more of his mind in the postscript, in which he says:—"Yesterday all our commissioners professed our sentence against the Scottish queen with one full assent; but I fear more slackness in her majesty than will stand either with her surety or with ours. God direct her heart to follow faithful counsel."

cil, and her majesty's commands, to Fotheringaye Castle, to announce to the queen of Scots, that sentence of death had been pronounced against her by the commissioners, and ratified by the parliament of England. They executed their ungracious errand without the slightest delicacy or consideration for the feelings of the royal victim, telling her, "that she must not hope for mercy," adding taunts on the score of her religious opinions, very much at variance with the divine spirit of Christianity, and concluded by ordering her chamber and her bed to be hung with black.[1] The conduct of sir Amias Paulet, was even more gratuitously brutal and unmanly, and reflects great disgrace on the character of any sovereign to whom such petty instances of malice could be supposed acceptable proofs of his zeal against her fallen enemy.

Meantime, the French ambassador L'Aubespine Chateauneuf, having written in great alarm to Henry III., that the queen of England was proceeding, he feared, to extremities with the queen of Scots, and urged him to interfere for her preservation, that monarch despatched M. de Pomponne de Bellievre, as an ambassador-extraordinary, for the purpose of remonstrating with Elizabeth against the outrage she was preparing to commit, and using every species of intercession for the preservation of Mary's life.

Bellievre landed at Dover, after a stormy passage, November 29th, having suffered so severely from sea-sickness, together with one of the gentlemen of the suite, that they were unable to proceed till they had reposed themselves for a day and night. Elizabeth, or her council, more probably, took advantage of this circumstance to delay the new envoy's audience, under pretence, that he and his company had brought the infection of the plague from France, and that it would be attended with great peril to her royal person if she admitted them into her presence.[2]

It was also asserted, that Bellievre had brought over some unknown men, who had come expressly to assassinate her. These reports appear to have been very offensive to the embassy, and are ascribed by the indignant secretary of

[1] Reports of M. de Bellievre and L'Aubespine in Egerton; and Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 199.

[2] Statement for M. de Villeroy of the transactions of M. de Bellievre in England.

legation, by whom the transactions of that eventful period, were recorded for the information of his own court, "to the infinite malice of the queen."[1]

Elizabeth had withdrawn to her winter quarters at Richmond, and it was not till the 7th of December, that the urgency of Bellievre induced her to grant him his first audience. He came to her after dinner on that day, accompanied by L'Aubespine, the resident French minister, and all the gentlemen who had attended him from France. Elizabeth received them in her presence-chamber, seated on her throne, and surrounded by her nobles and the lords of her council. Leicester had placed himself in close contiguity to the royal person; but when the French envoy proceeded to open the business on which he came, she bade her presumptuous master of the horse, "fall back." His colleagues hearing this command addressed to him, took the hint, and withdrew also, to a little distance. Bellievre then delivered the remonstrances on the part of his sovereign, in behalf of the Scottish queen, his sister-in-law. Elizabeth interrupted him many times, answering him point by point, speaking in good French, but so loud, that she could be heard all over the saloon. When she mentioned the queen of Scots, she appeared under the influence of passion, which was expressed by her countenance.[2] She burst into invectives against her, accused her of ingratitude for the many favours which she said "she had conferred upon her;" although it was impossible for hatred and revenge to have worked more deadly mischief against another, than such love as hers had wrought to the hapless victim of her treachery. She went on to comment on the address Bellievre had just delivered, observing, "that monseigneur had quoted several examples drawn from history; but she had read much and seen many books in her lifetime,—more, indeed, than thousands of her sex and rank had done; but never had she met with, or heard of, such an attempt as that which had been planned against her by her own kinswoman, whom the king her brother-in-law ought not to support in her malice, but rather to aid her in bringing speedily to justice."

[1] Reports of M. de Bellievre.

[2] Report for M. de Villeroy. See Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 209.

Elizabeth went on to say, "that she had had great experience in the world, having known what it was to be both subject and sovereign, and the difference also between good neighbours and those who were evilly disposed towards her.[1] She told Bellievre, who was a nobleman of high rank and singular eloquence, "that she was very sorry he had not been sent on a better occasion; that she had been compelled to come to the resolution she had taken, because it was impossible to save her own life if she preserved the queen of Scots; but if the ambassadors could point out any means whereby she might do it, consistently with her own security, she should be greatly obliged to them, never having shed so many tears at the death of her father, of her brother king Edward, or her sister Mary, as she had done for this unfortunate affair."[2] She then inquired after the health of the king of France and the queen-mother, and, after promising the ambassador that he should have an answer in four days, she retired to her apartment.

Bellievre returned to London, where he vainly waited for the promised answer, and at last repaired, with L'Aubespine, to Richmond, once more to solicit another audience. It was accorded, and then postponed from day to day, till Bellievre, considering that she was trifling with him, demanded his passport, observing, at the same time, that it was useless for him to remain longer in England. Elizabeth, on this, sent Hunsdon and Walsingham to him, to appoint an audience for the following Monday. The following lively account of this reception, and the altercations which took place between the two French ambassadors and her majesty on that occasion, is related in a joint letter from Bellievre and L'Aubespine to their own sovereign, Henry III.[3]

"The said lady (queen Elizabeth) gave us audience on the appointed day, Monday, in her chamber of presence. We recommenced the same prayer, with all the urgency that was possible, and spoke in such a manner that we could not be heard, save by her principal councillors. But she rejoined in so loud a tone, that we were put in pain, because we were using prayer, (as the necessity of the affair required,) and by her answers they could not but understand, that our plaint was refused. After she had continued long, and repeated many times the same language, she adverted to Morgan, and said, "Wherefore is it, that having signed a league, which I observe, does not he

[1] Report for Villeroy. [2] Bellievre's Letter to the king of France.
[3] Lettres Originale d'Etat des Mesmes Collection; No. 9513, tome iii. f. 399, Bibliothèque du Roi.

(the king of France) observe it also in a case which is so important to all princes?' assuring us, 'that if any of her subjects—ay, those that were nearest of kin (naming at the same time and shewing us my lord, the chamberlain,[1] who is her cousin-german) had enterprised things to the prejudice of your majesty's life, she would have sent him to you for purgation.' To which we answered, 'that he had not . . . . That if Morgan, having been on her sole account, for a long time detained in a strong prison in France, had plotted a little against her majesty, he could not do her any harm, as he was in ward; that the queen of Scotland has fallen into such a miserable state, and has found so many enemies in this kingdom, that there was no need to go and search for them in France to accelerate her ruin; and that it would be deemed a thing too monstrous and inhuman, for the king to send the knife to cut the throat of his sister-in-law, to whom, both in the sight of God and man, he owed his protection.' We could not believe, but that we had satisfied her with this answer, but she abandoned the subject of Morgan, and flew to that of Charles Paget, saying, 'Wherefore is he not sent?'

"We replied 'that we did not consider that Paget was in your majesty's power, as Paris was a great forest; that your majesty would not refuse to perform any office of friendship that could be expected, but that she must please to reflect, that you could not always do as you would wish in the present state of your realm; for your majesty had been censured at Rome and elsewhere, for the detention of Morgan, which was done solely out of respect to her.' On which she said to us, 'that the said Paget had promised to Monsieur de Guise to kill her, but that she had means enough in Paris to have him killed, if she wished.'

"She said this, on purpose, so loud, that the archers of her guard could hear. 'As to Morgan,' she said, 'that he had within three months, sent to her, that if she would please to accord him her grace, he would discover all the conspiracy of the queen of Scotland;' adding 'that he was very ill-guarded in the Bastile, for the bishop of Glasgow had spoken more than twenty times to him; and that he was also free to converse with whomsoever he thought proper.' Then the said lady, lowering her voice, told us, 'that she would wish us to be well advised, desiring the good of your majesty; and that you could not do better than to give shortly a good peace to your subjects, otherwise she could foresee great injury to your realm, which a great number of foreigners would enter, in such a sort that it would not be very easy to find a remedy to the evil.'

"On this we took upon ourselves to tell her, 'that your majesty desired nothing more than to see your country in a happy repose, and would feel obliged to all princes, your neighbours, who had the same wish, if they would counsel your subjects to that effect when they addressed themselves to them; that the queen, your mother, at her age, had taken the trouble to seek the king of Navarre for this good purpose; and that it was our opinion that they would now enter into a treaty; that the king, your majesty, and all good people, desired much, the preservation of the king of Navarre; but that it was impossible for you to assist him if the aid was not reciprocal on his side; that knowing the respect that the said king of Navarre bore to her, we thought the good counsel she might give him would greatly tend to accelerate the blessing of peace.' While holding this discourse to her, it seemed to us, considering her countenance, that we talked of a thing that was distasteful to her, for she turned away her head as not wishing to proceed with the topic, and said to us in Latin, 'He is of age.'

"We observed to her, 'that she talked much of leagues and of armies; but she ought to wish that your majesty, who has never willingly consented to anything which was prejudicial to his realm, were delivered from these un-

[1] Lord Hunsdon, the son of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

happy civil wars, and to consider that she could not take the same assurances of all other princes;' on this she said, 'that we might perhaps mean the king of Spain, but that her enmity, and his having commenced with love, we ought not to think, that they could not be well together whenever *she* wished.' And in truth, sire, we believe that she might very easily enter into such relations as she chose with that king. As far as we can judge, she has not the means needful for sustaining a war against so powerful a prince, being infinitely sparing of her money, and her people very desirous of a peace with Spain, as they have lost all their commerce on account of the war. It seems that this queen has determined rather to accord with Spain than continue the war; and we understand she has sent several missions to the duke of Parma. As to the disposition of this princess, touching the peace of your realm, we have written to you what she has said to us upon it; her councillors hold no other language to us; but from what we can gather from the gentlemen of this country, and the French refugees here, all the council of England consider, that the tranquillization of France would be their ruin, and they fear nothing so much as to see an end of the civil wars in your kingdom.

"Her majesty returned to the subject of the queen of Scots, saying, 'that she had given us several days to consider of some means, whereby she could preserve that princess's life, without being in danger of losing her own; and not being yet satisfied on that point, nor having yet found any other expedient, she could not be cruel against herself, and that your majesty ought not to consider it just that she, who is innocent, should die, and that the queen of Scotland, who is guilty, should be saved.' After many propositions on one part and the other, on this subject, she rose up. We continued the same entreaties; on which she said to us, 'that in a few days she would give us an answer.'

"The next day we were apprised that they had made proclamation through this city, that sentence of death had been given against the queen of Scotland. She has been proclaimed a traitress, incapable of succeeding to the crown, and worthy of death.

"The earl of Pembroke, the mayor and aldermen of the city of London, assisted at this proclamation, and the same instant all the bells in this city began to ring; this was followed universally throughout the realm of England, and they continued these ringings for the space of twenty-four hours, and have also made many bonfires of rejoicing for the determination taken by their queen against the queen of Scotland. This gave us occasion to write to the said lady (queen Elizabeth) the letter of which we send a copy to your majesty. Not being able to devise any other remedy, we have made supplication that she would defer the execution of the judgment, till we could learn, what it would please your majesty to do and say in remonstrance.

"The said lady sent word to us, 'that on the morrow morning, she would let us know her answer, by one of her counsellors of state.' The day passed, and we had not any news. This morning the Sieur Oullé,[1] a member of her council, came to us, on the part of the said lady queen, with her excuse, that we had not heard from her yesterday, on account of the indisposition of her majesty; and, after a long discourse on the reasons which had moved them to proceed to this judgment, he said, 'that out of the respect she (the queen) had for your majesty, she was content to grant a delay of the term of twelve days before proceeding to the execution of the judgment, without pledging herself, however, to observe such delay, if in the interim anything should be attempted against her, which might move her to alter her mind, and the said lady has accorded a like delay to the ambassadors of Scotland, who have made to her a similar request.' They have declared to this queen, 'that if she will

[1] Sir Thomas Woolley.

put to death the queen of Scotland, the king, her son, is determined to renounce all the friendship and alliance that he has with England, and to advise with his friends how he shall proceed in her cause; at which she has put herself into a great fury."

The report of the French ambassadors is dated December 18, 1586; on the 19th, queen Mary addressed the following noble letter to Elizabeth:—

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.[1]

"Fotheringaye, December 19th, 1586.

"Madame,—Having, with difficulty, obtained leave from those to whom you have committed me, to open to you all I have on my heart, as much for exonerating myself from any ill will, or desire of committing cruelty, or any act of enmity against those, with whom I am connected in blood, as also, kindly to communicate to you what I thought would serve you, as much for your weal and preservation, as for the maintenance of the peace and repose of this isle, which can only be injured if you reject my advice. You will credit, or disbelieve my discourse, as it seems best to you.

"I am resolved to strengthen myself in Christ Jesus alone, who, to those invoking him with a true heart, never fails in his justice and consolation, especially to those who are bereft of all human aid; such are under his holy protection; to him be the glory! He has equalled my expectation, having given me heart and strength, *in spe contra spem*, (in hope against hope,) to endure the unjust calumnies, accusations, and condemnations (of those who have no such jurisdiction over me) with a constant resolution to suffer death, for upholding the obedience and authority of the apostolical Roman-catholic church.

"Now, since I have been, on your part, informed of the sentence of your last meeting of parliament, lord Buckhurst and Beale having admonished me to prepare for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I beg to return you thanks, on my part, for these happy tidings, and to entreat you to vouchsafe to me certain points for the discharge of my conscience. But since Sir A. Paulet has informed me, (though falsely,) that you had indulged me by having restored to me my almoner[2] and the money that they had taken from me, and that the remainder would follow; for all this, I would willingly return you thanks, and supplicate still further as a last request, which, I have thought, for many reasons, I ought to ask of you alone, that you will accord this ultimate grace, for which I should not like to be indebted to any other, since I have no hope of finding aught but cruelty from the puritans, who are, at this time, God knows wherefore! the first in authority,[3] and the most bitter against me.

"I will accuse no one; may I pardon, with a sincere heart, every one, even as I desire every one may grant forgiveness to me, God the first. But I know that you, more than any one, ought to feel at heart the honour or dishonour of your own blood, and that, moreover, of a queen and the daughter of a king.

"Then, madame, for the sake of that Jesus to whose name all powers bow, I require you to ordain, that when my enemies have slaked their black

[1] Des Mesmes MS., No. 9513, Collection of Original State Letters, Bibliothêque du Roi.

[2] De Préau; he remained in Fotheringaye, but was forbidden to see his royal mistress.

[3] With no little grandeur of soul, Mary treats Elizabeth, not as her murderess, but as a person controlled by a dominant faction.

thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor desolated servants altogether to carry away my corpse, to bury it in holy ground, with the other queens of France, my predecessors, especially near the late queen, my mother; having this in recollection, that in Scotland the bodies of the kings, my predecessors, have been outraged, and the churches profaned and abolished; and that as I shall suffer in this country, I shall not be given place near the kings your predecessors,[1] who are mine as well as yours; for, according to our religion, we think much of being interred in holy earth. As they tell me that you will in nothing force my conscience nor my religion, and have even conceded me a priest,[2] refuse me not this my last request, that you will permit me free sepulchre to this body when the soul is separated, which, when united, could never obtain liberty to live in repose, such as you would procure for yourself,—against which repose, before God I speak, I never aimed a blow; but God will let you see the truth of all after my death.

"And because I dread the tyranny of those to whose power you have abandoned me, I entreat you not to permit that execution be done on me without your own knowledge, not for fear of the torment, which I am most ready to suffer, but on account of the reports[3] which will be raised concerning my death, without other witnesses than those who would inflict it, who, I am persuaded, would be of very different qualities from those parties whom I require (being my servants) to be spectators and withal witnesses of my end, in the faith of our sacrament, of my Saviour, and in obedience to His church. And after all is over, that they together may carry away my poor corpse (as secretly as you please), and speedily withdraw, without taking with them any of my goods, except those which, in dying, I may leave to them . . . . which are little enough for their long and good services.

"One jewel[4] that I received of you, I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please.

"Once more I supplicate you to permit me to send a jewel and a last adieu to my son, with my dying benediction, for of my blessing he has been deprived, since you sent me his refusal to enter into the treaty whence I was excluded by his wicked council; this last point I refer to your favourable consideration and conscience, as the others; but I ask them, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in respect of our consanguinity, and for the sake of king Henry VII., your grandfather and mine, and by the honour of the dignity we both held, and of our sex in common, do I implore you to grant these requests.

"As to the rest, I think you know that in your name they have taken down my *dais*, (canopy and raised seat,) but afterwards they owned to me that it was not by your commandment, but by the intimation of some of your privy

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[1] This implied wish of burial in Westminster Abbey, her son James afterwards observed.

[2] In this she was deceived; her chaplain was not suffered to see her, though in the castle.

[3] She here dreads the imputation of suicide, a crime which is considered with peculiar horror by Catholics, as rendering impossible the rites their creed deems it essential, that the dying should receive.

[4] This was probably the diamond ring, which Elizabeth sent her, as token of amity. "It was," says Melville, "an English custom to give a diamond, to be returned at a time of distress, to recal friendship." The description of this celebrated ring is curious. Two diamonds were set in two rings, and, when laid together, formed the shape of a heart. Elizabeth sent one to Mary, and kept the other. Thoms' Traditions.

council; I thank God that this wickedness came not from you, and that it serves rather to vent their malice than to afflict me, having made up my mind to die. It is on account of this, and some other things that they debarred me from writing to you, and after they had done all in their power to degrade me from my rank, they told me, 'that I was but a mere dead woman, incapable of dignity.' God be praised for all!

"I would wish that all my papers were brought to you without reserve, that, at last, it may be manifest to you, that the sole care of your safety was not confined to those who are so prompt to persecute me; if you will accord this my last request, I would wish that you would write for them, otherwise they do with them as they choose. And, moreover, I wish, that to this my last request, you will let me know your last reply.

"To conclude, I pray God, the just judge, of his mercy, that he will enlighten you with his Holy Spirit, and that he will give me his grace to die in the perfect charity I am disposed to do, and to pardon all those who have caused, or who have co-operated in my death. Such will be my last prayer to my end, which, I esteem myself happy, will precede the persecution, which I foresee, menaces this isle, where God is no longer seriously feared and revered, but vanity and worldly policy rule and govern all—yet will I accuse no one, nor give way to presumption—yet, while abandoning this world and preparing myself for a better, I must remind you, that one day you will have to answer for your charge, and for all those whom you doom, and that I desire that my blood and my country may be remembered in that time. For why? From the first days of our capacity to comprehend our duties, we ought to bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity!

From Forteringhay (Fotheringay), this 19th December, 1586.

Your sister and cousin,

Prisoner wrongfully,

Marie (Royne.[1])

The effect produced by this touching, but dignified, appeal to the conscience of Elizabeth, is rather hinted at than described by the pitiless satrap, Leicester, in one of his pithy letters to Walsingham. "There is a letter from the Scottish queen," writes he, "*that hath wrought tears*, but, I trust, shall do no further herein; albeit, *the delay is too dangerous*."[2]

Who can read this remark without perceiving the fact, that in this instance, as well as in the tragedy of her maternal kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, Elizabeth's relentings were overruled, and her female heart steeled against the natural impulses of mercy by the ruthless men whose counsels influenced her resolves? Had Elizabeth exercised her

[1] The original of this letter is in very obsolete French, of which a copy may be seen in the Bridgewater edition of the Egerton papers. A fragment of the same, copied in a very beautiful hand, is also preserved in the State Paper Office, in the voluminous collection connected with the personal history of Mary queen of Scots; an abridged translation has been published by Mr. Tytler, in the 8th volume of his valuable history of Scotland.

[2] Harleian MS. 285. British Museum.

own unbiassed judgment, and yielded to the angel whisperings of woman's gentler nature, which disposed her to draw back from affixing her signature to the fatal warrant, her annals would have remained unsullied by a crime, which can neither be justified on moral nor political grounds.

Rapin, with sophistry unworthy of an historian, says—"The queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall." This was decidedly untrue. The royal authority of Elizabeth was never more firmly established than at this very period. She could have nothing to apprehend from the sick, helpless, and impoverished captive at Fotheringaye. It was to the ministers of Elizabeth and their party, that Mary was an object of alarm; consequently, it was their interest to keep the mind of their royal mistress in a constant state of excitement, by plots and rumours of plots, till they had wrought her irritable temper up to the proper pitch. Among the many means resorted to for that purpose by Burleigh, may, in all probability, be reckoned the celebrated letter, which has been published, in Murdin's State Papers, as the production of Mary queen of Scots, in whose name it was written, but which bears every mark of the grossest forgery. It is written in French,[1] and details, with provoking minuteness, a variety of scandals, which appear to have been in circulation against queen Elizabeth in her own court. These are affirmed to have been repeated to the captive queen by the countess of Shrewsbury, who, during the life of her first husband, Mr. Saintlow, was one of Elizabeth's bed-chamber women. Lady Shrewsbury was a malignant gossip and intriguante, and on very ill terms with her husband's royal charge. These circumstances give some plausibility to the idea that Mary wrote this letter, in order to destroy her great enemy's credit with the queen.

Mary had made, at various times, very serious complaints of the insolence of this vulgar-minded woman, and of the aspersions which she had cast on her own character; and she had also requested the French ambassador to inform queen

[1] But not in Mary's well-known hand: no copy of the letter exists in her writing. The story relating to the discovery of this letter is extremely absurd.

Elizabeth of her treasonable intrigues in favour of her little grand-daughter, lady Arabella Stuart; but that Mary ever departed so far from the character of a gentlewoman, as to commit to paper the things contained in this document, no one who is familiar with the pure and delicate style which forms the prevailing charm of her authentic letters can believe. Neither was Mary so deplorably ignorant of the human heart, as not to be aware that the person who has so little courtesy as to repeat to another painful and degrading reports, becomes invariably an object of greater dislike to that person than the originator of the scandal.

Every sentence of the letter has been artfully devised, for the express purpose of irritating Elizabeth, not only against lady Shrewsbury, but against Mary herself, who would never have had the folly to inform her jealous rival, "that lady Shrewsbury had, by a book of divination in her possession, predicted that Elizabeth would very soon be cut off by a violent death, and Mary would succeed to her throne."[1] What was this but furnishing Elizabeth with a cogent reason for putting her to death without further delay? The letter, as a whole, will not bear insertion; it contains very offensive observations on Elizabeth's person, constitution, and conduct, which are there affirmed to have been made by lady Shrewsbury, together with a repetition of much indelicate gossip, touching her majesty's intimacy with Simier, the plenipotentiary of Francis duke of Anjou, with Anjou himself, and with Hatton; but strange to say, not a word about Leicester, which is the more worthy of remark, inasmuch as the scandals respecting Elizabeth and Leicester had been very notorious, however devoid of foundation they might have been in point of fact.

Leicester was justly regarded by Mary queen of Scots, as one of her greatest enemies. He is always mentioned with peculiar bitterness in her letters to her friends, and if the celebrated scandal letter, in Murdin, had really been written by her, she would scarcely have omitted having a fling at him. Instead of this, the great stress is laid against Leicester's personal rival, Hatton, who is provokingly stated "to have been, at times, so thoroughly ashamed of the public demonstrations of her majesty's fondness, that he was constrained to retire." Some allusion is also made to a love-quarrel

[1] Murdin's State Papers, p. 558.

between Elizabeth and Hatton, about certain gold buttons on his dress, on which occasion he departed out of her presence, in a fit of choler; that she sent Killigrew after him, in great haste, and bestowed a buffet on her messenger when he came back without him, and that she pensioned another gentleman, with three hundred a year, for bringing her news of Hatton's return; that when the said Hatton might have contracted an illustrious marriage, he dared not, for fear of offending her; and, for the same cause, the earl of Oxford was afraid of appearing on good terms with his wife; that lady Shrewsbury had advised her, (the queen of Scots,) laughing excessively at the same time, to place her son in the list of her majesty's lovers, for she was so vain, and had so high an opinion of her own beauty, that she fancied herself into some heavenly goddess, and, if she took it into her head, might easily be persuaded to entertain the youthful king of Scots as one of her suitors; that no flattery was too absurd for her to receive, for those about her were accustomed to tell her, "that they could not look full upon her, because her face was as resplendent as the sun;" and that the countess of Shrewsbury declared, "that she and lady Lenox never dared look at each other, for fear of bursting out a laughing, when in Elizabeth's presence, because of her affectation," adding, "that nothing in the world would induce her daughter, Talbot, to hold any office near her majesty's person, for fear she should, in one of her furies, treat her as she had done her cousin Scudamore, whose finger she had broken, and then tried to make her courtiers believe that it was done by the fall of a chandelier; that she had cut another of her attendants across the hand with a knife, and that her ladies were accustomed to mimic and take the queen off, for the amusement of their waiting women; and, above all, that lady Shrewsbury had asserted, "that the queen's last illness proceeded from an attempt to heal the disease in her leg,"[1] with many other remarks equally vexatious.

If Elizabeth really believed this letter to have been written by Mary, it is impossible to wonder at the animosity she evinced against her, since the details it contained were such as few women could forgive another for repeating.

The young king of Scotland addressed a letter, of earnest and indignant remonstrance, to Elizabeth, on the subject of

[1] Murdin's State Papers, p. 558.

his unfortunate mother, and directed sir William Keith, his ambassador, to unite with the French ambassador in all the efforts he made for averting the doom that was now impending over her. Elizabeth long delayed an audience to Keith, and when she did admit him to her presence, she behaved with her wonted duplicity. "I swear, by the living God," said she, "that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance."[1] In another interview, she declared, "that no human power should ever persuade her to sign the warrant for Mary's execution." When, however, James was informed that the sentence against his mother had been published, he wrote a letter expressed in menacing and passionate terms. Elizabeth broke into a storm of fury when Keith delivered his remonstrances, and was with difficulty prevented from driving him from her presence. Leicester, it appears, interposed, and at last succeeded in pacifying her, and inducing her, on the following day, to dictate a more moderate reply. Unfortunately, James also abated his lofty tone, and wrote an apology to his royal godmother. From that moment, Elizabeth, knew that the game was in her own hands, and bore herself with surpassing insolence to the Scotch envoys, who were sent to expostulate with her by James.

The particulars of her reception of the proposals communicated to her, in the name of king James, by the master of Gray, are preserved in a memorial drawn up by himself. "No one," he says, "was sent to welcome and conduct him into the presence of the queen, and it was ten days before he and his coadjutor, sir Robert Melvil, were admitted to an audience." Now, although this uncourteous delay proceeded from herself, Elizabeth's first address was in these blunt terms:—"A thing long looked for should be welcome when it comes; I would now see your master's orders."

Gray desired, first, to be assured that the cause for which they were to be made, was "still *extant*." Meaning that it was reported that the Scottish queen had been already put to death. "I think," said Elizabeth, coolly, "it be extant yet, but I will not promise for an hour."[2]

She rejected the conditions they offered, in the name of

[1] Sir George Warrender's MSS. cited by Tytler. History of Scotland, vol. viii.
[2] Memorial of the Master of Gray, January 12, 1586-7.

the king their master, with contempt, and calling in Leicester, the lord-admiral, and Hatton, very despitefully repeated them in the hearing of them all. Gray then proposed that Mary should demit her right of succession to the crown of England, in favour of her son, by which means the hopes of the catholics would be cut off. Elizabeth pretended not to understand the import of this proposition; on which Leicester explained, that it simply meant, that the king of Scots should be put in his mother's place, as successor to the crown of England.

"Is it so?" exclaimed Elizabeth, with a loud voice, and terrible oath, "get rid of one and have a worse in her place? Nay, then, I put myself in a worse place than before. By God's passion! that were to cut my own throat! and for a duchy or earldom to yourself, you, or such as you, would cause some of your desperate knaves to kill me."[1] This gracious observation appears to have been aimed at Leicester, to mark her displeasure at his interference in attempting to explain that which it was not her wish to understand, in allusion to the delicate point of the succession; and it is more than probable that she suspected that the proposition was merely a lure, concerted between Gray and Leicester, to betray her into acknowledging the king of Scots as her successor.

"No, by God!" concluded she, "he shall never be in that place," and prepared to depart. Gray solicited that Mary's life might be spared for fifteen days, to give them time to communicate with the king their master, but she peremptorily refused. Melvil implored for only eight days, "No," exclaimed Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "not for an hour!" and so left them.[2]

The expostulations of Melvil in behalf of his royal mistress, were as sincere as they were manly and courageous, but the perfidious Gray secretly persuaded Elizabeth to slay, and not to spare, by whispering in her ear, the murderous proverb, "*Mortua non mordet*,"—"a dead woman bites not."[3]

Meantime, the eloquent Bellievre addressed a long and beautiful letter of expostulation to Elizabeth, in reply to her declaration, that she was willing to save the life of the

[1] Gray's Memorial. Robertson. Tytler. Aikin. [2] Ibid. [3] Camden.

queen of Scots, if he and the king of France could point out any way by which it might be done without endangering her own safety. It is written in a noble spirit, and as it has never been translated before, an abstract, comprising some of the most forcible passages, may not prove unacceptable to the reader. It proves that the injustice and cruelty of carrying the sentence against her royal kinswoman into execution, were very plainly set before her by the chivalric envoy who had undertaken to plead for that unfortunate lady:

"God," says he, "has given your majesty so many means of defence, that even were the said lady free in your dominions, or elsewhere, you would be well guarded; but she is imprisoned so strictly, that she could not hurt the least of your servants. Scarcely had she completed her twenty-fifth year, when she was first detained as your prisoner, and deprived of communication with her own council, which has perhaps rendered it easier for persons to deceive her into malicious snares, intended for her ruin. But if, when she was obeyed in Scotland, as a queen, she had entered your realm in warlike array, for the purpose of depriving you of your state and life, and had been overcome and fallen into your power, she could not, according to the laws of war, be subjected to harsher treatment than the imposition of a heavy ransom; but as it is, I have neither heard, nor can comprehend, any reason whereby she is, or can be, rendered accountable to you. The said lady entered your realm a persecuted supplicant in very great affliction; she is a princess, and your nearest relative; she has been long in hope of being restored to her kingdom by your goodness and favour; and of all these great hopes, she has had no other fruit than a perpetual prison. 'Now, madame, it has pleased your majesty to say, that you only desire to see the means by which you could save the life of the queen of Scots, without putting your own in danger.' This we have reported to the king, our master, and have received his majesty's commands on this: to say, 'that desiring, above all things in the world, to be able to point out some good way for your satisfaction in this, it seems to him that the matter is entirely in your own hands, as you detain the queen of Scots prisoner, and hold her in your power.' This noble princess is now so humiliated and abased, that her greatest enemies must view her with compassion, which makes me hope more from your majesty's clemency and compassion. Nothing remains to the queen of Scots but a miserable life of a few sad days; and surely no one can believe that your majesty can resolve to cut those short by a rigorous execution.

"That the treatment of the queen of Scots should be more hard than that of a prisoner of war, I think, madame, you can scarcely maintain. Perhaps you may be told that Conradin, who was the last prince of Swabia, was condemned and executed by the sentence of Charles, (king of Sicily,) for having usurped the lands of the church, usurped the name of king, and practised against the life of the said king Charles. I will reply that of all acts, this of judgment given, and execution done, against the said Conradin, has been the most blamed by persons, who lived in that time, and by all historians who have written on the subject. The French, who had accompanied Charles to Italy, held this sentence in execration, and principally his relative, the count of Flanders, who with his own hand slew the judge who pronounced so iniquitous a judgment. King Charles was, withal, reproached that he out Neroed Nero himself, and was worse than the Saracens, to whom he had been himself pri-

soner, having been taken with his brother, St. Louis, king of France, and they had behaved to him more like Christians than he had done to Conradin. For the said Saracens had treated them honourably whilst in prison, and liberated them in a civilized manner on ransom, according to the laws of nations.

"Now then, madame, allege not the example of so fatal a judgment, without contravening your own nature. Whoever is the author of such a deed will be accursed in memory to all posterity. And, truly, those who compare the case of the queen of Scots, with the death of young Conradin, will, I tell you, madam, consider that the said Conradin was condemned with more show of justice, for Conradin was accused of having invaded a country, usurped the name of king, and borne arms against the life of king Charles. Admit that all your charges against the queen of Scots are true, still it remains that she was, at the worst, but striving to gain her freedom and save her life, the sole charge you bring against this noble princess detained so long in prison. Now, Conradin invaded Naples to take the life and kingddin of king Charles. But the queen of Scots came not to offend you, but in the hope that, in her great affliction, the presence of your majesty would be her harbour of safety, and that, on the strength of a promise, that she should be with you in security for a few days, till she could take counsel from her friends in Scotland, or save herself by putting herself under the protection of her brother-in-law, the king of France.

"The enemies of the queen of Scots have raised among your people a frightful rejoicing, and it is a common saying, 'that the life of the queen of Scots is your ruin, and that your two lives cannot exist in the same realm.' It seems that the authors of this language attribute all power to the councils of man, and nought to the will of God. But those, madame, who give you advice, so bloody and inhuman as the destruction of the queen of Scots, will be, by the posterity who look back on these unhappy times, as much detested and blamed as those who gave counsel to the aforesaid king Charles, saying, '*Vita Conradini, mors Caroli, mors Caroli; mors Conradini, vita Caroli.*'"[1]

Bellievre goes on to quote many examples of the beauty of clemency and forgiveness of enemies, both from Holy Writ and ancient history. The remonstrance extends to very great length, and is interspersed with quotations from the classic poets and essayists. He enlarges on the sacred character of sovereigns, and their inviolability as a class, and lays peculiar stress on the saying of Plato, "That the material of which the common race of mortals is formed, is lead or iron; but that of kings, is of gold." A sentiment well calculated to flatter the pride of her to whom it is artfully addressed. "If the queen of Scots were innocent," pursues he, "she ought not to suffer; if guilty, then she ought to be pardoned as a signal instance of the magnanimity of the English sovereign," adducing the instance of king Porsena's generosity to Mutius Sceavola. After stating that the queen-mother and the queen-consort of

[1] Remonstrance of Bellievre, ambassador extraordinary to queen Elizabeth, against the execution of the queen of Scots. Bethune MSS. No. 8955. Printed in the Egerton Papers.

France, added their earnest intercession to that of the king, and the whole realm of France, for the life of their unfortunate relative, the queen of Scots, he concludes with the following observations:—

"We are now at the feast of Christmas, when it pleased God, instead of wreaking his vengeance on the iniquity and ingratitude of man, to send into this world his only son our Lord Jesus Christ, to serve as a propitiation for our sins. Surely, at the feast of his nativity, mankind ought to put far from their eyes and thoughts all things sanguinary, odious, and fatal.

"If your majesty resolves to proceed to extremity with the queen of Scots, those who are connected with her in blood and friendship are resolved to take the same course. On the contrary, if it pleases you to shew your goodness to that lady, all Christian princes will hold themselves bound to watch over your preservation. In the first place, our king offers you, on his own account, and promises that he will hinder, to the utmost of his power, all attempts that may be made against your majesty; besides which, he will command all the relatives of the queen of Scots, that may be in his kingdom, (here the family of Guise is alluded to,) to sign an obligation, on their faith and homage due to him, that neither she, or any one for her, shall undertake aught against your majesty. And his said very Christian majesty will, in his kingdom, and in all others, perform for you the offices of a sincere friend and good brother.

"For these causes, we supplicate your majesty to consider, that we have shewn you, by the express will of our master, the king of France, that there is a better way, if your goodness will follow it, of securing yourself, than by taking the life of the queen of Scots.

"Your fortune is high and happy, so is that of your realm; your fame is bright among the kingdoms of the earth, and this will continue, if you are not persuaded to act so contrary to your foregoing life.

"Your majesty will, moreover, live in greater security during the existence of the queen of Scots, than if you kill her. I will not stay to dwell on my reasons, but your majesty can comprehend them better than any other person. His very Christian majesty the king of France hopes that your goodness will repent of counsel, as fatal as it is hard, against the queen of Scots; but if it is not the good pleasure of your majesty to give heed to these great considerations, which we have preferred in this very urgent and very affectionate prayer, on the part of the said lord king our master, and that you do indeed proceed to so rigorous and extraordinary an execution, he has given us charge, madame, to say, that he cannot but resent it deeply as an act against the common interest of all sovereigns, and to him in particular highly offensive."

It was even offered, on the part of France, that the duke of Guise, Mary's kinsman, should give his sons as hostages for the security of queen Elizabeth against any further plots from the Catholic party, but Elizabeth replied, "Such hostages would be of little avail to her after her life was taken away, which, she felt assured, would be the case if the queen of Scots were suffered to exist." As for the examples cited, her council said, "They were irrelevant, and with respect to the observations touching Conradin and Charles of Anjou, on which Bellievre had dwelt at some

length, that which was said in that case, might, with great truth, they added, be repeated in the present: "The death of Mary is the life of Elizabeth, and the death of Elizabeth is the life of Mary."[1]

Those who have asserted that Henry III. of France gave secret instructions to Bellievre, to urge privately the execution of Mary, instead of protesting against it, have certainly never read the letters of that monarch to his ambassadors on the subject, nor the letters of those gentlemen, informing him of their earnest intercessions with Elizabeth, for the preservation of that unfortunate princess. So earnest was Bellievre in his efforts to avert the doom of the devoted victim, that he followed queen Elizabeth to Greenwich, when she went to keep her Christmas holidays there, and implored her to grant him a final audience, that he might try the effect of his personal eloquence on her once more, in behalf of the queen of Scots, after the rejection of his letter of remonstrance.[2]

Elizabeth allowed him to supplicate in vain for four or five successive days, before she would grant the audience he entreated. At last, she sent for him, on the 6th of January, and received him in the presence-chamber of her palace at Greenwich. He came accompanied by L'Aubespine, the resident French ambassador, and having gone through the usual ceremonial, he delivered his remonstrance to the queen. She listened patiently till nearly the concluding words, which were of a menacing character, when she indignantly interrupted him, by exclaiming, "Monsieur de Bellievre, have you had orders from the king, your master, to hold such language to me?" "Yes, madame," replied he, "I have the express commands of his majesty." "Have you the authority signed by his own hands?" she demanded. Bellievre assured her that he had; and she said, she must have the order signed by himself, and sent to her the same day. She then made all who were in the presence-chamber withdraw, and remained alone in conference with the two French ambassadors, and only one of her own council, for a full hour, but neither Bellievre nor L'Aubespine, could induce her to promise that the life of the queen of Scots should be spared.[3]

[1] Camden. [2] Reports of Bellievre and his secretary.
[3] Lettres Originales d'Etat, III, fol. 421, Bibl. du Roi.

Her displeasure at the bold language in which Bellievre had couched his official remonstrances in behalf of Mary Stuart, is sternly manifested in the following haughty letter, which she addressed to Henry III. on the subject:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

"Sir, my good Brother,

"The old ground, on which I have often based my letters, appears to me so changed at present, that I am compelled to alter the style, and, instead of returning thanks, to use complaints. My God!—How could you be so unreasonable as to reproach the injured party, and to compass the death of an innocent one, by allowing her to become the prey of a murderess? But, without reference to my rank; which is nowise inferior to your own, or of my friendship to you, most sincere—for I have well nigh forfeited all reputation among the princes of my own religion, by neglecting them, in order to prevent disturbances in your dominions; exposed to dangers, such as scarcely any prince ever was before, expecting, at least, some ostensible reasons and offers for security against the daily danger, for the epilogue of this whole negotiation—you are, in spite of all this, so blinded by the words of those, who, I pray, may not ruin you, that, instead of a thousand thanks, which I had merited for such singular services, Monsieur de Bellievre has addressed language to my ears, which, in truth, I know not well how to interpret. For, that you should be angry at my saving my own life,[1] seems to me the threat of an enemy, which, I assure you, will never put me in fear, but is the shortest way to make me despatch the cause of so much mischief. Let me, I pray you, understand in what sense I am to take these words? for I will not live an hour to endure that any prince whatsoever should boast that he had humbled me into drinking such a cup as that. Monsieur de Bellievre has, indeed, somewhat softened his language by adding, that you in nowise wish any danger to accrue to me, and still less to cause me any. I, therefore, write you these few words, and if it please you to act accordingly, you shall never find a truer friend; but, if otherwise, I neither am in so low a place, nor govern realms so inconsiderable, that I should, in right and honour, yield to any living prince that would injure me, and I doubt not, by the grace of God, to make my cause good, for my own security.

"I beseech you to think rather of the means of maintaining, than of diminishing, my friendship. Your realm, my good brother, cannot abide many enemies. Give not the rein, in God's name, to wild horses, lest they should shake you from your saddle. I say this to you, out of a true and upright heart, and implore the Creator to grant you long and happy life.

"ELIZABETH."

It is probable, that some reminiscences of the youthful impertinences of Henry duke of Anjou, when reluctantly compelled, by his ambitious mother, to allow his name to be used in the celebrated matrimonial negotiation with Elizabeth, might have occurred to the mind of the august spinster, while penning this scornful and humiliating letter to the feeble and degraded Henry III. of France.

[1] In Raumer's version of this letter, Elizabeth says, "For to tell me 'that if I did not save the life of that woman, I should feel the consequences!' seems like the threat of an enemy."

Bellievre now reiterated his demand for his passport, and took his leave of Elizabeth and her nobles, but when he and all his suite were preparing to commence their journey, her majesty sent two of her gentlemen to entreat him to remain two days longer. This request seems merely to have proceeded from some secret misgiving, on her part, which must have been quickly overruled by her cabinet, for at the end of two days, passports were sent, and Bellievre was permitted to depart without the slightest reason having been given for the delay that had been asked.[1] The very day on which Bellievre sailed for France, it was affirmed by the council, that a fresh plot of a very perilous nature, against the queen's life, had been discovered, in which the resident French ambassador, L'Aubespine, was deeply involved. It was asserted, "that when Stafford, the brother of the English ambassador at Paris, paid a familiar visit to L'Aubespine, that statesman asked him, 'if he knew any one who, for some crowns, would do an exploit?' and when asked, by Stafford, 'What that should be?' replied, 'To kill the queen.' On which Stafford named one Mody, a necessitous and disaffected person, who would do anything for money; whereupon the ambassador sent his secretary, Destrappes, to arrange the terms with Mody, who told him, "He was so well acquainted with every part of the royal lodgings, that he knew of a place underneath the queen's chamber, where he could easily place a barrel of gunpowder, make a train, and overthrow everything."[2]

Stafford went and made deposition to this effect before the council, on which Mody and Destrappes were taken into custody; the ambassador indignantly denied the charge, or rather rebutted it, by stating, "that Stafford came to him and made a proposition to kill the queen," saying, "he knew of a person who would undertake to do it for a good sum." This was evidently the truth; for, who can believe that any statesman would be guilty of the absurdity of boldly requesting a gentleman of high rank, in Elizabeth's service, and the brother of her representative in his own court, to furnish an assassin to take away her life? Stafford was, doubtless, employed by Burleigh or Walsingham, to draw the French ambassador, or some of his suite, into a secret

[1] MS. de Brienne, 34, p. 412. Bibl. du Roi, Paris.
[2] Murdin, 580, 581.

confederacy or correspondence with him, ostensibly for that object, in which he so far succeeded, that L'Aubespine heard what he had to say, without giving information to Elizabeth or her council, but forbade him his house.

Elizabeth herself, after the death of Mary, acknowledged to the French ambassador, "that she had received full conviction that the accusation was unfounded," and said some very civil things of Destrappes. She had been deluded by the misrepresentations of others, who were determined to put a stop to her receiving further remonstrances from the court of France.

"By means of this attempt," observes Camden, "such as bore mortal hatred against the queen of Scots, took occasion to hasten her death. And to strike the greater terror into the queen, knowing that when any one's life is at stake, fear excludes pity, they caused false rumours and terrifying reports daily to be heard of, and spread throughout England—viz., that the Spanish fleet was already arrived at Milford Haven; that the Scots were broken into England; that the duke of Guise was landed in Sussex with a strong army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion; that there was a new conspiracy on foot to kill the queen, and set the city of London on fire; and that the queen was dead." Some of these startling rumours were intended to prepare the public mind for the news of Mary's execution, and to receive it as a public good, so artfully had she, oppressed, and helpless as she was, been rendered a bugbear to the majority of the people of England. But Camden expressly states, "that with such scare-crows and affrighting arguments as these, they drew the queen's wavering and perplexed mind to that pass, that she signed a warrant for putting the sentence of death into execution."[1]

With all Elizabeth's strength of mind, and masculine powers of intellect, be it remembered that she must have been as dependent for information on the reports of her ministers and personal attendants as any other princess; and if it suited the policy of those around her to withhold, or mystify the truth, what channel was there through which it could reach her? The press was in its infancy, public journals detailing the events of the day were not in existence, and the struggles of certain independent members of

[1] Annals of Elizabeth, in White Kennet, f. 533.

the House of Commons, for liberty of speech, had ceased. The spies of Walsingham, Burleigh, and Leicester, were, it is true, perpetually at work; and there was no class of society into which they did not insinuate themselves. They were goers to and fro throughout the realm, and made reports to their employers of all they heard and saw; but were their reports faithfully conveyed to the queen by her ministers, ungarbled and uninterpolated? Assuredly not, unless it suited their own policy to do so; for have we not seen how long she was kept in ignorance of so public an event, as the fall of Rouen, by Leicester?—and does not the under-current of the transactions, respecting Mary queen of Scots, abound with evidence, that the mighty Elizabeth was frequently the dupe, and at last the absolute tool of her ministers, in ridding them of a successor to the throne, whom they had cause to dread.

The state of Elizabeth's mind, just before she was induced to sign the death-warrant, is thus described by the graphic pen of the contemporary historian, Camden: "In the midst of those doubtful and perplexing thoughts, which so troubled and staggered the queen's mind, that she gave herself over to solitariness, she sate many times melancholy and mute, and frequently sighing, muttered this to herself, '*aut fer, aut feri*,' that is, either bear with her or smite her; and '*ne feriare feri*,'—'strike, lest thou be stricken.'[1] At this period she was also heard to lament, 'that among the thousands who professed to be attached to her as a sovereign, not one would spare her the painful task of dipping her hands in the blood of a sister queen."[2]

The idea of ridding herself of her royal prisoner by a private murder, the usual fate of captive princes, appears to have taken a powerful hold of Elizabeth's mind, during the last eight days of Mary's life. In fact, the official statements of Mr. Secretary Davison, afford positive proof that she had provided herself with agents, one of whom, Wingfield, she named, "who were ready," she said, "to undertake the deed." The "niceness" of those "precise fellows," Paulet and Drury, who had the custody of Mary's person, frustrated Elizabeth's project; they were too scrupulous or too cautious to become accomplices in the murder of their hapless charge, in any other way than by

[1] Annals in White Kennet, folio 534. [2] Lingard.

assisting at her execution, authorized by the queen's own warrant, under the royal seal. They were aware of the guerdon, generally assigned to those, who lend themselves to perform the unprofitable works of darkness for their betters. History had not told the tale of Gournay and Maltravers, and other tools of royal villany in vain to the shrewd castellans of Fotheringaye castle; and the subsequent treatment of Davison, demonstrated their wisdom in refusing to implicate themselves in an iniquity, so full of peril to inferior agents.

The particulars of this foul passage, in the personal annals of the maiden queen, shall be related by Davison himself.[1]

"After that the sentence against the Scottish queen was passed, and subscribed by the lords and others, the commissioners appointed to her trial, and that her majesty had notified the same to the world by her proclamation, according to the statute, there remained nothing but her warrant, under the great seal of England, for the performing and accomplishing her execution, which, after some instance, as well of the lords and commons, of the whole parliament then assembled, as of others of her council, and best affected subjects, it pleased her majesty at length to yield thereunto; and thereupon gave order to my lord-treasurer to project the same, which he accordingly performed, and with her majesty's privity, left in my hands, to procure her signature; but by reason of the presence of the French and Scotch ambassadors, then suitors for her (Mary's) life, she (queen Elizabeth) forbore the signing thereof, till the first of February, which was some few days after their departure home. At what time her majesty, after some conference with the lord-admiral, of the great danger she constantly lived in, and moved by his lordship to have more regard to the surety of herself and state, than she seemed

[1] Copied, by sir Harris Nicolas, from the Cotton MS. Titus C. vii. f. 48, and collated by him with the copies in the Harl. MSS., and that in Caligula; and pronounced by him to be in Davison's own hand. His "Summary Report of that which passed between her majesty and him, in the cause of the Scottish queen, from the signing of the warrant to the time of his restraint," may surely be relied on as a plain statement of facts, which he would neither venture to falsify, nor to exaggerate. It comprises the simplest and most circumstantial account of the proceedings of queen Elizabeth, from the time the warrant was drawn up, till the execution of the royal victim.

to take, resolved to defer the said execution no longer, and gave orders to his lordship to send for me, to bring the warrant unto her to be signed, which he, forthwith did, by a messenger of the chamber, who found me in the park, whither I had newly gone to take the air; whereupon returning back immediately with him, I went directly up to the privy-chamber, where his lordship, attending my coming, discoursed unto me what speech had passed that morning betwixt her majesty and him, touching the justice against the said Scottish queen, and finally told me, "how she was now fully resolved to proceed to the accomplishment thereof, and had commanded him to send expressly for me, to bring the warrant unto her to be signed, that it might be forthwith despatched, and deferred no longer." According to which direction, I went immediately to my chamber, to fetch the said warrant, and other things touching her service, and returning up again, I sent in Mrs. Brooke, to signify my being there to her majesty, who presently called for me.

"At my coming in, her highness first demanded of me,—'Whether I had been abroad that fair morning?' advising me 'to use it oftener,' and reprehending me 'for the neglect thereof,' with other like gracious speeches, arguing care of my health, and finally asked me, 'What I had in my hands?' I answered, 'Divers things to be signed that concerned her service.' She inquired, 'Whether my lord-admiral had not given me order to bring up the warrant for the Scottish queen's execution?' I answered, 'Yes;' and thereupon asking me for it, I delivered it into her hands. After the reading whereof, she, calling for pen and ink, signed it, and laying it from her on the mats, demanded of me, 'Whether I were not heartily sorry to see it done?' My answer was, 'that I was so far from taking pleasure in the calamity or fall of any, or, otherwise, from thirsting in any sort after the blood of this unhappy lady in particular, as I could not but be heartily grieved to think that one of her place and quality, and otherwise so near unto her majesty, should give so great cause as she had done to take this resolution; but seeing the life of that queen threatened her majesty's death, and therefore this act of hers, in all men's opinions, was of that justice and necessity, that she could not defer it without the manifest wrong and danger of herself and the whole realm,

I could not be sorry to see her take an honourable and just course of securing the one and the other, as he that preferred the death of the guilty before the innocent;' which answer her highness approving with a smiling countenance, passed from the matter to ask me, 'What else I had to sign?' and thereupon offering unto her some other warrants and instructions touching her service, it pleased her, with the best disposition and willingness that might be, to sign and dispatch them all."

"After this, she commanded me to carry it to the seal, and to give my lord-chancellor special order to use it as secretly as might be, lest the divulging thereof before the execution might, as she pretended, increase her danger; and in my way to my lord-chancellor, her pleasure also was, that I should visit Mr. Secretary Walsingham, being then sick at his house in London, and communicate the matter to him, 'because the grief thereof would go near,' as she merrily said, 'to kill him outright;' then taking occasion to repeat unto me some reasons why she had deferred the matter so long, as, namely, 'for her honour's sake that the world might see that she had not been violently or maliciously drawn thereto.'"

How these professions agreed with her majesty's merry message to Walsingham, apprising him that she had just signed the fatal instrument for shedding the blood of her nearest relative, by the axe of the executioner, the unprejudiced reader may judge. Little, indeed, did Elizabeth, in the full confidence of her despotic power, imagine that the dark import of her secret communings with her secretary in that private closet, would one day be proclaimed to the whole world, by the publication of the documentary evidences of her proceedings. When the Ithuriel spear of truth withdraws the curtain from scenes like these, the reverse of the picture suddenly unveiled to those who have been taught, even in the nursery, to revere in "good queen Bess" the impersonification of all that is great and glorious in woman, is startling.

"The queen concluded," continues Davison, "that she never was so ill-advised as not to apprehend her own danger, and the necessity she had to proceed to this execution; and thereupon, after some intermingled speech to and fro, told me that she would have it done as secretly as might be, appointing the hall where she (queen Mary) was, for the place

of execution, and misliking the court, or green of the castle, for divers respects, she alleged, with other speech to like effect. Howbeit, as I was ready to depart, she fell into some complaint of sir Amias Paulet and others, 'that might have eased her of this burden,' wishing that Mr. Secretary (Walsingham) and I would yet write unto both him and sir Drue Drury, to sound their disposition in this behalf.

"And," continues Davison, "albeit, I had before excused myself from meddling therein, upon sundry her majesty's former motions, as a matter I utterly prejudged, assuring her, 'that it would be so much labour lost, knowing the wisdom and integrity of the gentlemen, whom I thought would not do so unlawful an act for any respect in the world;' yet, finding her desirous to have the matter attempted, I promised, for her satisfying, to signify this her pleasure to Mr. Secretary, and so, for that time leaving her, went down directly to my lord-treasurer, (Burleigh,) to whom I did communicate the said warrant signed, together with such other particulars as had passed at that time between her highness and me. The same afternoon I waited on my lord-chancellor for the sealing of the said warrant, according to her majesty's direction, which was done between the hours of four and five, from whence I returned back unto Mr. Secretary Walsingham, whom I had visited by the way, and acquainted with her pleasure, touching the letters that were to be written to the said sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, which, at my return, I found ready to be sent away."[1]

The reader is here presented with the copy of the private official letter, in which the two secretaries propose the murder, in plain and direct terms, to Paulet and Drury, by the express commands of their royal mistress:—

WALSINGHAM AND DAVISON TO SIR AMIAS PAULET AND SIR DRUE DRURY.

"February 1, 1586-7.

"After our hearty commendations, we find, by a speech lately made by her majesty (queen Elizabeth), that she doth note in you both, a lack of that care and zeal for her service, that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not, in all this time, (of yourselves, without other provocation,) found out some way of *shortening the life of the Scots' queen*, considering the great

[1] Davison's Summary Report of that which passed between him and the queen, copied by sir H. Nicolas from the Cotton MS. Titus, vii., f. 48, and collated by him from the copies of the same document, in Harl. MSS., and Cotton MSS. in Caligula. See also Davison's Apology, in Nicolas' Life of Davison.

peril she (queen Elizabeth) is hourly subject to, *so long as the said queen shall live;* wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion and the public good, and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good a warrant and ground for the *satisfaction of your consciences towards God,* and the discharge of your credit and reputation towards the world, as the oath of association, which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith *she* (Mary) standeth charged, being so clearly and manifestly proved against her.

"And, therefore, *she* (Elizabeth) taketh it most unkindly, that men, professing that love towards her that you do, should, in a kind of sort, for lack of discharging your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing, as you do, her indisposition to shed blood,[1] especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood, as that queen is.

"These respects, we find, do greatly trouble her majesty, who, we assure you, hath sundry times protested, 'that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants, did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to the shedding of blood.'

"We thought it meet to acquaint you with these speeches, lately passed from her majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

"Your most assured friends,

"Fra. Walsingham.

"Will. Davison."

An anonymous writer, whose work was published before the learned research of Hearne had drawn this disgraceful document, and the reply of the uncompromising castellans of Fotheringaye, from the dust and darkness in which the correspondence had slumbered for upwards of two centuries, possessed traditional evidence of the fact, that a letter was sent, by the queen's command, to instigate sir Amias Paulet to the assassination of his hapless charge. It was scarcely possible that he should be aware that the veritable letter was absolutely extant; and, as he adds, a remarkable incident, illustrative of the excited state of Elizabeth's mind, the night after it had been dispatched, the passage is well worthy of quotation.

"Some say," observes our author, "she sent orders to Paulet to make away with the queen of Scots; but in the midst of that very night she was awakened by a violent shriek from the lady who always slept in her bed-chamber. The queen asked her 'what ailed her?' She answered, 'I dreamed that I saw the hangman strike off the head of the queen of Scots; and forthwith he laid hands on your majesty, and was about to behead you as well, when I screamed with terror.'

[1] Meaning publicly: private murder she preferred.

"The queen exclaimed, 'I was, at the instant you awoke me, dreaming the very same dream.'"[1]

It is curious enough, that this wild story of Elizabeth's midnight vision is confirmed by her own words, quoted in Davison's autograph narrative, to which we will now return.

After stating that the morning after the precious scroll to Paulet and Drury had been despatched, Killigrew came to him, with a message from the queen, importing 'that if he had not been to the lord-chancellor, he should forbear going to him till he had spoken again with her;' which message coming too late, he proceeded to her majesty, to give an account of what he had done. He thus continues—"At my coming to her, she demanded of me, 'Whether the warrant were passed the seal?' I told her, 'Yes.' She asked, 'What needeth that haste?' I answered, 'That I had therein made no more haste than herself commanded, and my duty; in a case of that moment, required, which, as I took it, was not to be dallied with.' 'But methinketh,' saith she, 'that it might have been otherwise handled, for the form,' naming unto me some that were of that opinion, whose judgments she commended. I answered, 'that I took the honourable and just way, to be the safest and best way, if they meant to have it done at all;' whereto her majesty replying nothing, for that time, left me, and went to dinner. From her, I went to Mr. Vice-chamberlain Hatton, with whom I did communicate the warrant and other particulars that had passed between her highness and me, touching the despatch thereof, when, falling into a rehearsal of some doubtful speeches of hers, betraying a disposition to throw the burden from herself, if by any means she might, and remembering unto him the example of her dealing in the case of the duke of Norfolk's execution, which she had laid heavily upon my lord-treasurer, (Burleigh,) for a long time after, and how much more her disavowing this justice was to be feared, considering the timorousness of her sex and nature, the quality of the person whom it concerned, and respect of her friends, with many other circumstances that might further incline her thereunto, I finally told him, 'that I was, for mine own part, fully resolved; notwithstanding the direc-

[1] History of the Life and Death of that excellent princess, queen Elizabeth; to which is added, the Trial, Sufferings, and Death of Mary queen of Scots, p. 388. Davison's Narrative authenticates this story.

tions I had received to do nothing that might give her any advantage to cast a burden, of so great weight upon my single and weak shoulders, and, therefore, having done as much as belonged to my part, would leave to him and others as deeply interested in the surety of her majesty and the state, as myself, to advise what course should now be taken for accomplishing the rest."[1]

Hatton's rejoinder to these observations was, "that he was heartily glad the matter was brought thus far, and, for his part, 'he would wish him hanged who would not co-operate in a cause, which so much concerned the safety of the queen and her realm.'" On further consultation, they both decided on going to Burleigh, with whom they agreed that the matter should be communicated to the rest of the lords of the council, and Burleigh took upon himself to prepare the letters to the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, and the others to whom the warrant was directed. The next morning, Burleigh sent for Davison and Hatton, and shewed the draught he had drawn up of those letters. Hatton considered them too particular in the wording, on which Burleigh offered to draw up others, in more general terms, against the afternoon. The council, being apprised of the business in hand, met in Burleigh's chamber, where he, entering into the particulars of the Scottish queen's offence, the danger of her majesty and state, and the necessity of this execution, and, having shewn them the warrant, he apprised them of the suspected intention of the sovereign to shift the burden of it from herself, if she could. It is probable, too, that Elizabeth's earnest desire of having the deed performed by a private murder, which she would afterwards charge on whomsoever she could induce to undertake it, was also discussed, but, at all events, the council came to the unanimous resolution, that the warrant should be forthwith despatched, without troubling her majesty any more about it. The subtle conclave, who thus presumed to secure themselves, by outwitting their sovereign, and acting independently of her commands, did Beale (the clerk of the council) the honour of considering him the fittest person to whom they could commit the charge of putting the warrant for the death of the rightful heiress of the throne into exe-

[1] Davison's Summary Report.

cution. He accepted the office, and approved the copies of the letters devised by Burleigh, and having appointed them to be written out fair, against the afternoon, they went to dinner, and, between one and two o'clock, returned to have the letters signed, that were addressed to the lords and commissioners, appointed to that duty. These were then delivered to Beale, with earnest request for him to use the utmost diligence in expediting the same.

Elizabeth, meantime, unconscious of the proceedings of her ministers, was still brooding vainly over the idea of a private murder. "The next morning," pursues Davison, "her majesty being in some speech with Burleigh, in the private chamber, seeing me come in, called me to her, and, as if she had understood nothing of these proceedings, smiling, told me, 'she had been troubled that night upon a dream she had, that the Scottish queen was executed,' pretending to have been so greatly moved, with the news, against me, as in that passion she would have done I wot not what." But this being in a pleasant and smiling manner, I answered her majesty, 'that it was good for me I was not near her, so long as that humour lasted.' But withal, taking hold of her speech, asked her, in great earnest, 'what it meant? and whether, having proceeded thus far, she had not a full and resolute meaning to go through with the said execution, according to the warrant?' Her answer was, 'Yes,' confirmed with a solemn oath, 'only that she thought that it might have received a better form, because this threw all the responsibility upon her herself.' I replied, 'that the form prescribed by the warrant was such as the law required, and could not well be altered, with any honesty, justice, or surety to those who were commissioners therein; neither did I know who could sustain this burthen, if she took it not upon her, being sovereign magistrate, to whom the sword was committed, of God, for the punishment of the wicked, and defence of the good, and without whose authority, the life or member of the poorest wretch in her kingdom could not be touched.'

"She answered, 'that there were wiser men than myself in the kingdom, of other opinion.' I told her, 'I could not answer for other men, yet, this I was sure of, that I had never yet heard any man give a sound reason to prove it either honourable or safe for her majesty, to take any other

course than that which 'standeth with law and justice;' and so, without further replication or speech, we parted.

"The same afternoon, (as I take it,) she asked me, 'Whether I had heard from sir Amias Paulet?' I told her, 'No;' but within an hour after, going to London, I met, with letters from him, in answer to those that were written unto him, some few days before, upon her commandment."

This portion of the narrative would be incomplete without the insertion of these memorable letters:—

SIR AMIAS PAULET TO SECRETARY WALSINGHAM.

"SIR,—Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day, at five post meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction, to return my answer, with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required, by direction from my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

"My goods and my life are at her majesty's *disposition* (disposal), and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her, acknowledging that I do hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire to enjoy them, but with her highness' good liking. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as to shed blood without law or warrant.

"Trusting that her majesty, of her accustomed clemency, and the rather by your good mediation, will take this my answer in good part, as proceeding from one who never will be inferior to any Christian subject living in honour, love, and obedience towards his sovereign, and thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty.

"Your most assured poor friend,

"A. POWLET (PAULET.)

"From Fotheringaye, the 2nd of February, 1586-7.

"P.S.—Your letters coming in the plural number, seem to be meant to sir Drue Drury as to myself, and yet because he is not named in them, neither the letter directed unto him, he forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth in heart to my opinion. "D. DRURY."

The next morning, Davison communicated these letters to his royal mistress, which having read, "her majesty," pursues Davison, "falling into terms of offence, complaining of 'the daintiness, and (as she called it) perjury of him and others, who, contrary to their oath of association, did cast the burden upon herself,' she rose up, and, after a turn or two, went into the gallery, whither I followed her; and there renewing her former speech, blaming 'the niceness of those precise fellows, (as she termed them,) who, in words, would do great things for her surety, but, indeed, perform nothing;' concluded by saying, 'that she could have it well enough done without them.' And here, entering into *particularities*, named unto me, as I remember, 'one

Wingfield, who,' she assured me, 'would, with some others, undertake it,' which gave me occasion to shew unto her majesty how dishonourable, in my poor opinion, any such course would be, and how far she would be from shunning the blame and stain thereof, she so much sought to avoid; and so falling into the particular case of sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, discoursed unto her the great extremity she would have exposed those poor gentlemen to, for if, in a tender care of her surety, they should have done what she desired, she must either allow their act or disallow it. If she allowed it, she took the matter upon herself, with her infinite peril and dishonour; if she disallowed it, she should not only overthrow the gentlemen themselves, who had always truly and faithfully served and honoured her, but also their estates and posterities; besides the dishonour and injustice of such a course, which I humbly besought her majesty 'to consider of,' and so, after some little digression and speech about Mr. Secretary and others, touching some things passed heretofore, her majesty, calling to understand whether it were time to go to her closet, brake off our discourse."

"At my next access to her majesty, which, I take, was Tuesday, the day before my coming from court, I having certain things to be signed, her majesty entered of herself into some earnest discourse of the danger she daily lived in, and how it was more than time this matter were dispatched, swearing a great oath, 'that it was a shame for them all that it was not done;' and thereupon spake unto me, 'to have a letter written to Mr. Paulet for the despatch thereof, because the longer it was deferred, the more her danger increased;' whereunto, knowing what order had been taken by my lords in sending the commission to the earls, I answered, 'that I thought there was no necessity for such a letter, the warrant being so general and sufficient as it was.' Her majesty replied little else, 'but that she thought Mr. Paulet would look for it.'"[1]

The entrance of one of her ladies, to hear her majesty's pleasure about dinner, broke off this conference, which took place on the very day of Mary's execution at Fother-

[1] See Davison's Apology, addressed to Walsingham, in sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison, in which work the fullest particulars of that transaction are given.

ingaye. It is a remarkable fact, withal, in the strangely linked history of these rival queens, that at the very time Elizabeth thundered out her unfeminine execration against those who were (as she erroneously imagined) delaying the death of her hapless kinswoman, Mary was meekly imploring her Heavenly Father "to forgive all those who thirsted for her blood;" and lest this petition should be considered too general, she included the name of queen Elizabeth, in her dying prayer for her own son; not in the scornful spirit of the pharisee, but according to the divine precept of Him who has said, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for those that persecute you, and despitefully use you." What can be said, in illustration of the dispositions of these two queens, more striking than the simple record of this circumstance; which, remarkable as it is, appears to have escaped the attention of their biographers.

It may appear singular, that Davison did not endeavour to calm the ireful impatience of his sovereign, by apprising her that the deed was done; but Davison, being accustomed to her majesty's stormy temper, and characteristic dissimulation, suspected that she was as perfectly aware as himself of the bloody work, that had been performed in the hall of Fotheringaye castle that morning. He knew not how to believe, that the queen could be ignorant that the warrant had been sent down for that purpose, "considering," as he says, "who the counsellors were by whom it was despatched." One circumstance affords presumptive evidence of Elizabeth's unconsciousness of this fact, which is, that when the news of Mary's execution was brought down to Greenwich early on the morning of the 9th of February by Henry Talbot, not one of her council would venture to declare it to her; and it was actually concealed from her the whole of that day,[1] which she passed as if nothing remarkable had happened.

In the morning, she went out on horseback with her train, and after her return, she had a long interview with Don Antonio, the claimant of the crown of Portugal, whose title she supported for the annoyance of her great political foe, Philip II. of Spain. The whole day was, in fact, suffered to pass away without one syllable of this important event being communicated to her majesty by her ministers.

[1] Davison's Report. See Appendix of sir H. Nicolas' Life of Davison.

"In the evening," says Davison, "she learned the news by other means." This was the general ringing of the bells, and the blaze of bonfires that were universally kindled in London and its vicinity, as the tidings spread, and the majority of the people appeared intoxicated with joy at what had taken place. Those who inwardly mourned were compelled, by a prudential regard for their own safety, to illuminate their houses, and kindle bonfires like the rest.

The queen is said to have inquired the reason "why the bells rang out so merrily?" and was answered, "Because of the execution of the Scottish queen." Elizabeth received the news in silence.[1] "Her majesty would not, at the first, seem to take any notice of it," says Davison, "but in the morning, falling into some heat and passion, she sent for Mr. Vice-chamberlain, (Hatton), to whom she disavowed the said execution, as a thing she never commanded nor intended, casting the burden generally on them all, but chiefly on my shoulders."

Camden tells us, "that as soon as the report of the death of the queen of Scots was brought to queen Elizabeth, she heard it with great indignation: her countenance altered; her speech faltered and failed her; and, through excessive sorrow, she stood in a manner astonished, insomuch that she gave herself over to passionate grief, putting herself into a mourning habit, and shedding abundance of tears. Her council she sharply rebuked, and commanded them out of her sight." Historians have, generally speaking, attributed Elizabeth's tears and lamentations, and the reproaches with which she overwhelmed her ministers on this occasion, to that profound hypocrisy which formed so prominent a feature in her character; but they may, with more truth, perhaps be attributed to the agonies of awakened conscience:

> "The juggling fiend, who never spake before,
> But cried, 'I warned thee!' when the deed was o'er."

No sooner, indeed, was she assured that the crime which she had so long premeditated was actually perpetrated, than the horror of the act appears to have become apparent to herself, and she shrank from the idea of the personal odium she was likely to incur from the commission of so barbarous, so needless an outrage. If it had been a deed which

[1] Bishop Goodman's Court of James I.

could have been justified on the strong grounds of state necessity, "why," as sir Harris Nicolas has well observed, "should the queen have been so desirous of disavowing it?" Her conduct on this occasion resembles the mental cowardice of a guilty child, who, self-convicted and terrified at the prospect of disgrace and punishment, strives to shift the burden of his own fault on all who have been privy to the mischief, because they have not prevented him from the perpetration of the sin; yet Elizabeth's angry reproaches to her ministers were not undeserved on their parts, for deeply and subtilely had they played the tempters with their royal mistress, with regard to the unfortunate heiress of the crown. How systematically they alarmed her with the details of conspiracies against her life, and irritated her jealous temperament, by the repetition of every bitter sarcasm which had been elicited from her ill-treated rival, has been fully shewn.

Looking at the case in all its bearings, there is good reason to suppose that the anger which Elizabeth manifested, not only against her cautious dupe Davison, but Burleigh and his colleagues, was genuine. Davison clearly shews that they agreed to act upon their own responsibility, in despatching the warrant for Mary's execution, under the plausible pretext, that they thought it would be most agreeable to their royal mistress for them to take that course; they were also actuated by two very opposite fears—one was, that Elizabeth would disgrace both herself and them, by having Mary privily despatched in her prison; or, on the other hand, postpone the execution of the warrant from day to day, and possibly die herself in the interim—a contingency above all others to be prevented.

Elizabeth, therefore, if really ignorant of the resolution they had taken, was of course infuriated at their presuming to exercise the power of the crown, independently of her commands. The act would be of secondary importance in the eye of a sovereign of her jealous temperament; but the principle they had established, was alarming and offensive to the last degree. Ten men, calling themselves her servants, had constituted themselves a legislative body, *imperio in imperio*, to act by mutual consent, in one instance, independently of the authority of the sovereign; and had taken upon themselves to cause the head of an anointed

queen to be stricken off by the common executioner. A dangerous precedent against royalty, which in process of time, encouraged a more numerous band of confederates to take away the life of their own sovereign, Charles I., in a manner equally illegal, and opposed to the spirit of the English constitution.

Personal hatred to Mary Stuart had not blinded Elizabeth to the possibility of the same principle being exercised against herself, on some future occasion; and, as far as she could, she testified her resentment against the whole junta, for the *lese majestæ* of which, they had been guilty, and, at the same time, endeavoured to escape the odium which the murder of her royal kinswoman was likely to bring on her, by flinging the whole burden of the crime on them.

Mr. Secretary Woolley writes the following brief particulars, to Leicester, of her majesty's deportment to such of her ministers who ventured to meet the first explosion of her wrath: "It pleased her majesty yesterday to call the lords and others of her council before her, into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly, for our concealing from her our proceeding in the queen of Scots' case; but her indignation lighteth most on my lord-treasurer (Burleigh), and Mr. Davison, who called us together, and delivered the commission. For she protesteth, 'she gave express commandment to the contrary,' and therefore hath took order for the committing Mr. Secretary Davison to the Tower, if she continue this morning, in the mind she was yesternight, albeit, we all kneeled upon our knees to pray to the contrary. I think your lordship happy to be absent from these broils, and thought it my duty to let you understand them."[1]

Woolley's letter is dated, "this present Sunday," by which we understand that the memorable interview between Elizabeth and her council did not take place, as generally asserted, immediately after she learned the tidings of Mary's execution on the Thursday evening, but on the Saturday. Burleigh she forbade her presence with every demonstration of serious displeasure. Walsingham came in for a share of her anger, on which he makes the following cynical comments to Leicester, which afford sufficient evidence of the irritation of both queen and cabinet at this crisis.

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii. p. 382.

"My very good lord, these sharp humours continue still, which doth greatly disquiet her majesty, and her poor servants that attend here. The lord-treasurer remaineth still in disgrace, and behind my back, her majesty giveth out very hard speeches of myself, which I the easier credit, for that I find in dealing with her, I am nothing gracious; and if her majesty could be otherwise served, I should not be used." Walsingham goes on, after recounting matters of public business, to say, "The present discord between her majesty and her council, hindereth the necessary consultation that were to be desired for the preventing of the manifest perils that hang over this realm." He proceeds to state the queen's perversity in not allowing the necessary supplies for the Low Countries, and says, "her majesty doth wholly bend herself to devise some further means to disgrace her poor council that subscribed, and in respect thereof she neglecteth all other causes." [1]

Elizabeth would probably have endeavoured to emancipate herself from Burleigh's political thraldom, if she had not found it impossible to weather out the storm that was gathering against her on the Spanish coast, without him. The veteran statesman was, besides, too firmly seated at the helm, to suffer himself to be driven from his office by a burst of female temper. He, the Talleyrand of the 16th century, understood the art of trimming his bark to suit the gales from all points of the compass. While the tempest of Elizabeth's anger lasted, he lowered his sails, and affected the deepest penitence for having been so unfortunate as to displease her by his zeal for her service, and humiliated himself by writing the most abject letters that could be devised,[2] and after a time succeeded in re-establishing his wonted ascendancy in the cabinet.

The luckless Davison was, meantime, selected as the scapegoat on whom the whole blame of the death of the Scottish queen was to be laid. He was stripped of his offices, sent to the Tower, and subjected to a Star-Chamber process, for the double contempt of revealing the secret communications which had passed between her majesty and him, to others of her ministers; this was doubtless the head and front of his offending, and the real cause for which he was punished; the other misdemeanour was giving up to them the warrant

[1] Wright's Elizabeth. [2] See his Letters in Strype.

which had been committed to his special trust. His principal defence consisted in repeated appeals to the conscience of the queen, "with whom," he said, "it did not become him to contend."[1] He was sentenced to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and to suffer imprisonment during her majesty's pleasure.

"Davison," observes Bishop Goodman, "was wont to say, that 'if queen Elizabeth and himself were to stand together at a bar, as one day they must, he would make her ashamed of herself.'"[2]

Shakespeare evidently had the conduct of his own sovereign, queen Elizabeth, towards Davison, in his mind when he put these sentiments in the mouth of king John:—

"It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty; when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
King John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! for hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Noted, and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
* * * * * * *
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yet, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers.
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death."

A copy of Davison's sentence was sent by Elizabeth to the king of Scotland,[3] to whom she had previously written

[1] See sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison. State Trials. Camden. Lingard. Rapin.

[2] Goodman's Life of James I., vol. i. p. 32.

[3] The following items, in a book of warrants, in 1587, rescued by Frederick Devon, esq., keeper of the Chapter-house, Westminster, from the vault in

the following deprecatory letter, which, with many sighs and tears, she consigned to her young kinsman, Robert Carey, one of lord Hunsdon's sons, whom she made her especial messenger to the Scottish court. So well did she act her part, that Carey was persuaded of the reality of her sorrow, and, throughout his life, never forgot the tears she shed, and the deep sighs she heaved, on that occasion:

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO KING JAMES VI.

"My dear Brother, "February 14, 1586-7.

"I would you knew (though not felt) the extreme dolour that overwhelms my mind for that *miserable accident*,[1] which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine,[2] whom, ere now, it hath pleased you to favour, to instruct you truly of that, which is irksome for my pen to tell you.

"I beseech you—that as God and many *moe* know how innocent I am in this case—so you will believe me, that if I had bid aught, I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded, that the fear of any living creature, or prince, should make me afraid to do that were just, or, when done, to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But as, not to disguise fits not the mind of a king,[3] so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them to shew even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet, if I had meant it, I would never lay it on others' shoulders; no more will I *not*[4] damnify myself that thought it not.

The circumstances[5] it may please you to *have* (learn) of this bearer (Robert Carey.) And for your part, think not you have in the world a more loving kinswoman, nor a more dear friend than myself, nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your state. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than to you. And thus, in haste, I leave to trouble you, beseeching God to send you a long reign.

"Your most assured, loving sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH R."

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which so many valuable documents were destroyed by damp, appears very mysterious, in combination with these circumstances. "There are payments to Davison, of 500*l.*, and in the book of warrants (12 a) William Davison has 1000*l.*, in October, 28 Eliz.: (*so that it would appear he was not in very great disgrace for the part he took.*) 500*l.* is immediately after entered as being paid to the said William Davison, one of the queen's principal secretaries; also, immediately afterwards, is 1000*l.*; and I know, having seen it regularly entered on the rolls, his pension was granted, of 100*l.* a-year." Evidence of Frederick Devon, Esq., in the inquiry before the House of Lords, on the sale of the exchequer records, May 10th, 1839.

[1] Cutting off the head of his mother—by accident!

[2] Sir Robert Carey, son of lord Hunsdon.

[3] In this sentence, the use of the double negative, contrary to the rules of our language, has caused Elizabeth to contradict her evident meaning; she intends to say, "that disguise fits not the mind of a king"—a precept certainly contrary to her own practice.

[4] Again her double negative contradicts her own meaning.

[5] That is, how Davison despatched the warrant, and how it was executed, without Elizabeth's knowledge.

How far the sincerity of the professions of innocence of the murder of her unfortunate kinswoman, which are insisted upon by Elizabeth in this letter, are to be credited, it is not for us to decide. But whatever might have been her share in the last act of this dark and mysterious tragedy, it is evident that she deemed it an indefensible thing. She had not the hardihood to justify the crime, even under the plea of its political expediency. She did not, like Napoleon, calmly discuss the cutting off a royal victim, in violation to the laws of God and man, as a "necessary crime," but speaks of it as a thing too monstrous to have been perpetrated with her consent.

The news of the execution of their queen, was received in Scotland with a burst of national indignation, so uncontrollable, that Elizabeth's young kinsman, Robert Carey, the bearer of her letter to the king, would have fallen a victim to popular fury, if James had not sent a guard for his protection.

The secretary of the English embassy complained of the insulting libels against queen Elizabeth, that were placarded on the walls of Edinburgh. It is also recorded by him, that a packet was addressed to Elizabeth, containing a halter, with four ribald lines, describing this present to be "a Scottish chain, for the English Jezabel, as a reward for the murder of their queen."[1] When the sessions of the Scotch parliament closed, the assembled members besought the king, on their knees, to avenge his mother's death. James manifested feelings of passionate grief and anger at first, but though he used menacing language, and commenced warlike preparations, the bribes and intrigues of his powerful neighbour, in his cabinet, soon had the effect of paralysing his efforts to assume a hostile attitude.

Elizabeth's next attempt was to conciliate the court of France, towards which a decidedly hostile tone had been assumed by her and her ministers, ever since Stafford had accused the resident ambassador, L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf of concocting a plot against her life. The ports had been closed, and all the despatches addressed to L'Aubespine, from his own court, had been detained, opened, and read by Elizabeth's council. A strict embargo had been laid on all the shipping, to prevent any person from leaving the king-

[1] Ellis' Letters, 2nd series, vol. iii.

dom. L'Aubespine applied daily, but in vain, for a passport for the messenger, whom he wished to send with letters apprising his sovereign of the execution of his royal-sister-in-law, but was told "that the queen of England did not choose his majesty to be informed of what had been done, by any one but the person she would send to him."

"In fact," writes L'Aubespine to Henry III., "the ports have been so strictly guarded, for the last fortnight, that no one has left the kingdom, except a person, whom the queen has despatched to Mr. Stafford, to inform your majesty of what has taken place." On the day after Davison had been committed to the Tower, the queen sent for Monsieur Roger, a gentleman of the privy-chamber of the king of France, attached to the embassy, and told him "that she was deeply afflicted for the death of the queen of Scotland; that it never was her intention to have put her to death, although she had refused the request of M. de Bellievre." She said "that Davison had taken her by surprise, but he was now in a place where he would have to answer for it, and charged monsieur Roger to tell his majesty of France so." This she said with every demonstration of grief, and almost with tears in her eyes.[1]

At no period of her life does Elizabeth appear in so undignified a light as at this period. On Saturday, the 6th of March, she sent for L'Aubespine, to dine with her at the palace of the archbishop of Canterbury, at Croydon. She received him in the most courteous and winning manner, and offered the use of men, money, and ammunition to his sovereign, if required by him, in his war against the League. The ambassador replied, "that his master had no need of the forces of his neighbours to defend himself." She then discoursed on the affairs of France in general, and related to his excellency much news from Paris, of which he had not heard a word. Then she complained of the detention of the English vessels, by the king of France, and the ambassador replied, "that it had been done in consequence of her ordering the embargo to be laid on the French vessels in her ports." She expressed her desire "to render everything agreeable, and referred all matters of complaint, in the commercial relations of the two countries, to four commissioners of her cabinet, with whom she requested him to confer."

[1] Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf.

All this time the ambassador was endeavouring to escape, without entering into two subjects, on which he was reluctant to commit himself, by discoursing with so subtle a *diplomatiste* as Elizabeth; one was the death of the queen of Scots, the other the affair of the pretended plot, in which, not only the name of his secretary, Destrappes, but his own had been involved. Elizabeth, however, was not to be circumvented. The more she found him bent on getting away, the more pertinacious was she in her purpose of detaining him, till she had compelled him to speak on those delicate points. He essayed to take his leave, but she prevented him, by calling Walsingham, to conduct him to the council-chamber. She then detained his excellency, playfully, by the arm, and said, laughing, "Here is the man who wanted to get me murdered!" Seeing the ambassador smile, she added, "that she had never believed *he* had any share in the plot, and all she complained of was, that he had said, 'he was not bound to reveal anything to her, even though her life was in danger,' in which, however," she said, "he had only spoken as an ambassador, but she considered him to be a man of honour, who loved her, and to whom she might have entrusted her life."[1]

Elizabeth then acknowledged, "that she was now aware that the plot was only the trick of two knaves—one of whom, Mody, was wicked enough to commit any bad action for money; the other, for the sake of those to whom he belonged, she would not name," (alluding to Stafford, the person *who* had denounced the plot.) She observed, at the same time, "that allowance ought to be made for the times, and the irritation of sovereigns," and assured L'Aubespine, "that she now loved and esteemed him more than ever, and as she had before written to his sovereign against him, she would now write again a letter in his favour, with an assurance that she was convinced that he was incapable of such an act. After which *amende*, she trusted, the king would grant an audience to her ambassador, and give orders for the release of the vessels of her subjects."

"Madame," replied L'Aubespine, "I have come hither to treat of the affairs of the king my master, and for no other purpose. I have never considered that the duties of a man

[1] Private letter of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf to Henry III.

of honour differ from those of an ambassador. I never said that I would not reveal any conspiracy against your person, were I to see it in danger, but that an ambassador was not compelled to reveal anything, unless he chose to do so; and neither for that nor any other thing could he be amenable to the laws of the country. That you consider me innocent is a great satisfaction to me, and even that you are pleased to bear testimony, in my behalf, to my king. I entreat you, however, to allow me to send Destrappes to him, that the matter may be properly cleared up, for the satisfaction of his majesty and my acquittal."[1] As Elizabeth did not particularly relish the idea of such an investigation, she adroitly turned it off, with an assurance, "that there was no need of further acquittal; that she was convinced of the wrong that had been done him, for which she was much grieved," dismissing the subject with the following compliment to Destrappes' professional abilities as an advocate: "Tell him I hope never to have a cause to plead in Paris, where he might have an opportunity of revenging the offence I have given him."

"I thought," continues the ambassador, "to have taken my leave of the said lady without making any answer respecting Destrappes, or entering into the subject of the queen of Scotland; but she took my hand, and led me into a corner of the apartment, and said, 'that since she had seen me she had experienced one of the greatest misfortunes and vexations that had ever befallen her, which was, the death of her cousin-german;' of which she vowed to God, with many oaths, 'that she was innocent; that she had indeed signed the warrant; but it was only to satisfy her subjects, as she had never intended to put her to death, except in case of a foreign invasion, or a formidable insurrection of her own subjects. That the members of her council, *four of whom were in presence*, had played her a trick which she could never forgive,' and she swore, by her Maker's name, 'that, but for their long services, and for the supposition that they had acted out of consideration for the welfare and safety of her person and state, they should all have lost their heads.'"[2]

[1] Letter of L'Aubespine to Henry III. [2] Ibid.

L'Aubespine does not specify the persons thus alluded to by Elizabeth, but three of them were undoubtedly Burleigh, Leicester, and Walsingham; the other was either Hatton or the lord-admiral, both of whom were, indeed, deeply implicated in the intrigues which led to the execution of the unfortunate Mary. "The queen begged me," pursues L'Aubespine, "to believe that she would not be so wicked as to throw the blame on an humble secretary, unless it were true." She declares, "that this death will wring her heart as long as she lives on many accounts, but principally, sire, for the respect she has for the queen your mother, and monseigneur your brother, whom she so dearly loved." After this tender allusion to her late fascinating suitor Alençon, whose memory few historians have given the illustrious spinster credit for cherishing with such constancy of regard, Elizabeth made many professions of amity for Henry III. "She protested," says L'Aubespine, "that she would not meddle, in any way, with the affairs of your subjects, but that then she should consider her own security; that the Catholic king was daily making offers of peace and friendship, but she would not listen to them, knowing his ambition; on the contrary, she had sent Drake to ravage his coasts, and was considering about sending the earl of Leicester to Holland, to shew that she was not afraid of war; with so many other observations against those of the League, that your majesty may easily conceive, from the length of this dispatch, that she had well prepared herself for this audience, in which she detained me for three good hours, as I let her say all she pleased." This was certainly very civil of his excellency, but he did not carry his politeness so far as to leave her majesty's sayings unanswered. "I told her," pursues he, "that I was very glad that she desired the friendship of your majesty, knowing how serviceable it had been to her formerly; that I believed you entertained similar sentiments on your part; but it was necessary that I should tell her frankly that, if she desired your friendship, she must deserve it by deeds, and not by words, since to assist with money and ammunition those who are in arms against you, to instigate the German troops to enter France, to refuse to do justice to any of your plundered subjects, to treat your ambassador as she had treated me for the last four months, was not courting your friendship in

the way that it should be sought. Madame," said I, "there are three sovereigns in Christendom: the king, my master, the catholic king, and your majesty; under these three, Christianity is divided. You cannot strive against the other two without great evil to yourself; with one you are at open war, and the other has great reason to believe, that the war which distracts his kingdom is fomented by your means, and this opinion can only be changed by deeds, not words."

Elizabeth protested, "that she was not assisting the king of Navarre against the king of France, but against the house of Guise, who were his foes, and were leagued with the king of Spain and the prince of Parma, who, after they had effected his ruin, meant to attack her; but she would be ready to repel them, and would not relinquish her hold on the Low Countries, swearing an oath," continues the ambassador, "that she would not suffer either the king of Spain nor those of Guise to mock the poor old woman, who, in her female form, carried the heart of a man."

Then she proposed that a council should be held for the adjustment of religious differences, which she offered to attend in person.

"These differences," she said, "were not so great as were supposed, and might be adjusted; and that it was her opinion, that two Christian sovereigns, acting in unison, might settle everything on a better principle, without heeding either priests or ministers insinuating that Henry and herself might be considered as the heads of the two religions which then divided Christendom."[1]

L'Aubespine again reproached her with her interference in the domestic dissension in France, and after a few more amicable professions on her part, the conference ended, little to the satisfaction of either party, for the ambassador evidently considered it an insult to his understanding, that she should expect him, even to pretend, to give her credit for her good intentions, and she perceived not only that she had failed to deceive him, but that he did not think it worth his while to dissemble with her.

Elizabeth was too well aware of Henry III.'s weakness, both as a monarch and a man, to entertain the slightest

[1] Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf.

uneasiness on the score of his resentment. Her great and sole cause of apprehension was, lest a coalition should be formed against her between Spain, Scotland, and France for the invasion of England, under the pretext of avenging the murder of the Scottish queen. From this danger, she extricated herself with her usual diplomatic address, by amusing the court of Spain with a deceptive treaty, in which she affected to be so well disposed to give up her interest in the Netherlands, for the sake of establishing herself on amicable terms with her royal brother-in-law, that her Dutch allies began to suspect it was her intention to sacrifice them altogether.

The threatening demeanour of the king of Scotland, she quelled, by artfully bringing forward an embryo rival to his claims on the succession of the English throne, in the person of his little cousin, lady Arabella Stuart. This young lady, whom Elizabeth had scarcely ever seen, and never, certainly, taken the slightest notice of before, she now sent for to her court, and though she was scarcely twelve years of age, she made her dine in public with her, and gave her precedence of all the countesses, and every other lady present. This was no more than the place which Arabella Stuart was, in right of her birth, entitled to claim in the English court, being the nearest in blood to the queen, of the elder female line, from Henry VII., and next to the king of Scotland, in the regular order of succession to the throne of England.

L'Aubespine, in his despatch of the 25th of August, 1587, relates the manner in which queen Elizabeth called the attention of his lady (who had dined with her majesty, on the preceding Monday, at the same table) to her youthful relative. "After dinner, the queen being in a lofty grand hall with Madame L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf, and all the countesses and maids of honour near her, and surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, her majesty asked the ambassadress, 'if she had noticed a little girl, her relation, who was there,' and called the said Arabella to her. Madame de Chasteauneuf said much in her commendation, and remarked how well she spoke French, and that she 'appeared very sweet and gracious.'"

"'Regard her well,' replied the queen, 'for she is not so simple as you may think. One day, she will be even

as I am, and will be lady-mistress; but I shall have been before her.'"

These observations were doubtless intended, as L'Aubespine shrewdly remarks, to excite the apprehensions of the king of Scots, and to act as a check upon him.

Some years later, the innocent puppet of whom Elizabeth had made this artful use, became an object of jealous alarm to herself, and would, probably, have shared the fate of all the other royal ladies who stood in juxtaposition to the throne, if her own life had been prolonged a few months.

This dark chapter of the annals of the maiden monarch closed with the farce of her assuming the office of chief mourner, at the funeral of her royal victim, when the mangled remains of Mary Stuart, after being permitted to lie unburied, and neglected for six months, were, at last, interred, with regal pomp, in Peterborough Cathedral, attended by a train of nobles, and ladies of the highest rank, in the English court. The countess of Bedford acted as queen Elizabeth's proxy on that occasion, and made the offering in her name.[1] "What a glorious princess!" exclaimed the sarcastic pontiff, Sixtus V., when the news reached the Vatican,—"it is a pity," he added, "that Elizabeth and I cannot marry, our children would have mastered the whole world."

It is a curious coincidence, that the Turkish sultan, Amurath III., without being in the slightest degree aware of this unpriestly, or, as Burnet terms it, this profane jest on the part of Sixtus, was wont to say, "that he had found out a means of reconciling the dissensions in the Christian churches of Europe, which was, that queen Elizabeth, who was an old maid, should marry the pope, who was an old bachelor."[2]

Sixtus entertained so high an opinion of Elizabeth's regnal talents, that he was accustomed to say, "there were but three sovereigns in Europe who understood the art of governing—namely, himself, the king of Navarre, and the queen of England,—of all the princes in Christendom but

[1] Archæologia, vol. i. p. 355. See also, as more generally accessible, Letters of Mary queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii. p. 313, second edition.

[2] Bishop Goodman's court of king James, vol. i. p. 367.

two, Henry and Elizabeth, to whom he wished to communicate the mighty things that were revolving in his soul, and, as they were heretics, he could not do it."[1] He was even then preparing to reiterate the anathemas of his predecessors, Pius V. and Gregory XIII., and to proclaim a general crusade against Elizabeth.

[1] Perefixe Hist. Henry le Grand.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Renewed influence of the earl of Leicester with Elizabeth—An impostor pretends to be their son—Hostile proceedings of Spain—Philip II. sends an insulting Latin tetrastic to Elizabeth—Her witty reply—The Armada—Female knight made by queen Elizabeth—The queen's prayer—Her heroic deportment—Leicester's letter to her—Her visit to the camp at Tilbury—Enthusiasm of her subjects—Defeat and dispersion of the Spanish fleet—Medals struck on the occasion—Death of Leicester—His legacy to the queen—She distrains his goods—Elizabeth goes in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada—Her popularity—Way of life—Her love of history—Characteristic traits and anecdotes of Elizabeth—Margaret Lambrun's attempt on her life—Her magnanimity—Religious persecutions—Her imperious manner to the House of Commons—Arbitrary treatment of the earl of Arundel—Her love for Essex, and jealousy of lady Mary Howard—The escapade of Essex—Joins the expedition to Lisbon—His return—Increasing fondness of the queen—Her anger at his marriage—His temporary disgrace, and expedition to France—Elizabeth's letter to Henry IV., describing Essex's character—Her political conduct with regard to France—Takes offence with Henry—Her fierce letter to him—She favours the Cecil party—Sir Robert Cecil's flattery to the queen—Her progress—Splendid entertainment at Elvetham—Her unkind treatment of Hatton—Endeavours to atone for it in his last illness—His death—Angry expressions against Essex to the French ambassador—Recals him home—His expostulation—She insists on his return—He sends Carey to her—Essex returns—Their reconciliation—Elizabeth visits Oxford and Ricote—Her friendship for lady Norris.

It is worthy of observation, that while Burleigh, Walsingham, Davison, and even Hatton, experienced the effects of the queen's displeasure, which was long and obstinately manifested towards the members of her cabinet, even to the interruption of public business, Leicester escaped all

blame, although as deeply implicated in the unauthorized despatch of the warrant, for the execution of the Scottish queen, as any of his colleagues. It seemed as if he had regained all his former influence over the mind of his royal mistress since his return from the Netherlands; yet he had evinced incapacity, disobedience, and even cowardice, during the inauspicious period of his command there. English treasure and English blood, had been lavished in vain, the allies murmured, and the high-spirited and chivalric portion of the gentlemen of England complained, that the honour of the country was compromised in the hands of a man, who was unworthy of the high charge that had been confided to his keeping. Instead of punishing him, his partial sovereign had bestowed preferments and places of great emolument upon him. As if to console him for the popular ill-will, she made him lord steward of her household, and chief justice in eyre south of the Trent, and finally sent him back with a reinforcement of 5000 men, and a large supply of money.[1]

Matters had gone from bad to worse in his absence, even to the desertion of a large body of English troops to the king of Spain. Leicester endeavoured to make up for his incapacity, both as a general and a governor, by ostentatious fasting and daily attending sermons. The evil tenour of his life from his youth upward, and his treacherous underhand practices against those illustrious patriots, Barneveldt and Maurice, prince of Orange, rendered these exhibitions disgusting to persons of integrity and true piety. He lost the confidence of all parties. One disaster followed another, and the fall of Sluys completed the measure of public indignation. Articles of impeachment were prepared against him at home, and the queen was compelled to recall him, that he might meet the inquiry.

That the royal lioness of Tudor, was roused by the disgrace the military character of England had suffered under his auspices, to the utterance of some stern threats of punishment, may be easily surmised, for Leicester hastened to throw himself at her feet on his return, and with tears in his eyes, passionately implored her, "not to bury him alive,

[1] Camden. Lingard.

whom she had raised from the dust,"[1] with other expressions meet only to be addressed by the most abject of slaves to an oriental despot. Elizabeth was, however, so completely mollified by his humiliation, that she forgave and reassured him with promises of her powerful protection. The next morning, when summoned to appear before the council to answer the charges that were preferred against him, he appeared boldly, and instead of kneeling at the foot of the table, took his usual seat at the board; and when the secretary began to read the list of charges against him, he rose and interrupted him, by inveighing against the perfidy of his accusers, and appealing to the queen, came off triumphantly.[2] Lord Buckhurst, by whom his misconduct had been denounced, received a severe reprimand, and was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his own house, during the royal pleasure. The haughty peer, though nearly related to the queen, submitted to this arbitrary and unjust sentence with the humility of a beaten hound; and even debarred himself from the solace of his wife and children's company during the period of his disgrace, which lasted during the residue of Leicester's life.[3]

The many instances of partial favour manifested by the queen towards Leicester, through good report and evil report, during a period of upwards of thirty years, gave colour to the invidious tales that were constantly circulated in foreign courts, and occasionally in her own, of the nature of the tie which was supposed to unite them. It has frequently been asserted by the scandalous chroniclers of that day, and even insinuated by the grave documentarian Camden, that Elizabeth had borne children to the earl of Leicester; and the report of an English spy, at Madrid, to lord Burleigh certifies, that, about this period, a young man, calling himself Arthur Dudley, was then resident at the court of Spain, who had given it out, "that he was the offspring of queen Elizabeth, by the earl of Leicester; pretending, that he was born at Hampton Court, and was delivered by the elder Ashley into the hands of one Sotheron, a servant of Elizabeth's old governess, Mrs. Ashley, with charge to Sotheron, that he should not reveal the matter upon pain of death, but bring the babe up as his own, which

[1] Camden. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid., and Sidney Papers. Sidney Papers. Lingard.

he had done; but, finally, confided the secret to the youth, "who, in consequence, took upon himself the character of her majesty's son." The writer of this letter notices, "that the youth," as he calls him, "is about seven-and-twenty years of age, and is very solemnly warded and kept at the cost to the king of six crowns a day;" adding, "If I had mine alphabet," meaning his cipher, "I would say more touching his lewd speeches."[1]

Dr. Lingard has, with great care, gleaned a few more particulars, touching this mysterious person, from the Spanish records of Simanças,[2] by which it appears, that he had been, in the first instance, arrested as a suspicious person at Pasage, by the Spanish authorities there, and being sent as a prisoner to Madrid, he was required to give an account of himself in writing. This he did in English, and sir Francis Englefield translated his narrative into Spanish for the king. This document is dated 17th of June, 1587, and proves, that Burleigh's spy had obtained very accurate information as to the statement of the adventurer, which is, "that he, Robert Dudley, is the reputed son of Robert Sotheron, once a servant of Mrs. Ashley, residing at Evesham, in Worcestershire. By order of Mrs. Ashley, Sotheron went to Hampton Court, where he was met by N. Harrington, and told by her, 'that a lady at court had been delivered of a child; that the queen was desirous to conceal her dishonour, and that Mrs. Ashley wished him to provide a nurse for it, and to take it under his care.' Being led into the gallery near the royal closet, he received the infant from her, with directions to call it Arthur, and intrusted it to the care of a miller's wife, at Moulsey, on the opposite bank of the Thames, and afterwards conveyed it to his own house. Some years later, Sotheron conducted the boy to a school in London: whence he was sent to travel on the Continent; and, in 1583, he returned to his reputed father at Evesham."

He now concluded that there was some mystery respecting his birth, from the different manner in which he and his supposed brothers and sisters had been educated, but could not draw the secret from Sotheron till a few days before the old man's death, when he learned from him that he was the son of

[1] Ellis's Letters, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 135, 136.
[2] Lingard's Hist. of England, vol. viii. 4th edition. Appendix x. p. 458.

queen Elizabeth and the earl of Leicester. He then consulted Sir John Ashley and Sir Drue Drury, who advised him to keep his secret, and return to the Continent. This he had done, yet not before he had obtained an interview with Leicester,[1] but what passed between them is not stated, nor indeed any particulars of what became of this young man. Dr. Lingard observes, "that Philip did not consider him an impostor, appears from this,—that we find him, even as late as a year after his apprehension, treated as a person of distinction, very solemnly warded and served with an expense to the king of six crowns (almost two pounds) a day."

If Philip really believed this person to be the illegitimate son of his royal sister-in-law, he was certainly treating him with a greater degree of civility than could reasonably have been expected of any nominal uncle under such circumstances. What, however, could be the motive of the haughty Spanish monarch in thus countenancing the said Arthur Dudley? Was it his brotherly affection for Elizabeth, or a tender respect for the memory of his deceased consort, Mary of England, that induced Philip to lavish money and marks of distinction on so disreputable a family connexion of the female Tudor sovereigns? The more probable supposition is, that Philip availed himself of the cunningly-devised tale of an audacious impostor, to injure the reputation of his fair foe, by pretending to believe his statement, which seems, indeed, as if contrived to give a colour to the horrible libels that were soon after printed and circulated against queen Elizabeth, during the preparations for the invasion of her realm by the Armada. Rapin, who wrote upwards of a century later, notices, "that it was pretended, that there were then in England descendants from a daughter of queen Elizabeth by the earl of Leicester," but makes no allusion to a son.

The breach between Philip and Elizabeth, was every day becoming wider, and, though they endeavoured to beguile each other with deceitful negotiations for a peace, the Spaniard was daily increasing his naval appointments for the mighty expedition, with which he fondly imagined he should overwhelm his female antagonist, and Elizabeth,

[1] Translated by Lingard from the Records of Simanças. See Hist. England in Elizabeth, vol. viii. p. 460.

meantime, was like an active chess-queen checking his game in every unguarded point, by means of her adventurous maritime commanders, who, from their bold and unexpected exploits, might be compared in their movements to the knights in that game. Drake, at this threatening crisis, sailed fearlessly into Cadiz harbour, and burned, sunk, or destroyed upwards of eighty of Philip's vessels, which he facetiously termed "singeing the don's whiskers;" he then bore on triumphantly to the coast of Portugal, and, in the mouth of the Tagus, defied the admiral of Spain to come out with all his fleet, and do battle with him on the sea; and, finally, returned home laden with the spoils of the St. Philip, (the largest of all the Spanish treasure-ships,) returning with her precious lading, from the New World.

Although Drake had been commissioned by the queen for these daring enterprises, she would not openly avow it, because it was inconsistent with the pacific treaty that was still in the course of negotiation, between her and Spain, but tacitly allowed the stigma of piracy to sully the well-earned laurels of her brave seamen.

When Philip's gigantic preparations were sufficiently advanced to intimidate, as he imagined, the most courageous female sovereign that ever swayed a sceptre, he offered Elizabeth, by his ambassador, the following insulting conditions of peace, in a Latin tetrastic, which was to be considered his ultimatum:

"Te veto ne pergas bello defendere Belgas,
Quæ Dracus ereperit, nunc restituantur oportet:
Quas pater overtit, jubea te cendere cellas:
Religio papæ fac restituatur ad unquam."

Which may be thus rendered in English:—

"Belgic rebels aid no more,
Treasures seized by Drake restore;
And whate'er thy sire o'erthrew,
In the papal church, renew."

"*Ad Græcas, bone rex fient mandata kalendas*," was the contemptuous rejoinder of Elizabeth, of which the popular version is as follows:

"Mighty king, lo, this thy will
At latter Lammas we'll fulfil!"

The literal sense is, "Your order, good king, shall be

obeyed in the days when the Greeks reckoned by kalends," meaning, never; for kalends were not known among the Greeks, and she shrewdly appoints a time past for the performance of that which is yet to be done. Horace Walpole extols this classic jest, as one of the most brilliant of the maiden monarch's impromptu repartees, but it certainly requires a little explanation, to render it intelligible to persons less accustomed to the sharp encounter of keen wits than Philip of Spain, and queen Elizabeth.

An encounter of a sterner nature, was now about to take place, between the "royal vestal throned by the West," and the haughty suitor, whom she had thirty years before rejected as a consort. Though Philip had wooed and wedded two younger and fairer princesses, since his unsuccessful courtship of herself, Elizabeth never ceased to speak of him as a disappointed lover of her own, and coquettishly attributed his political hostility to no other cause. It was not, however, in the spirit of a Theseus, that the Spanish monarch prepared to do battle with the royal amazon, but with the vengeful intention of stripping her of her dominions, establishing himself on the throne of England, and sending her, like another Zenobia, in chains to Rome, to grace a public triumph there. Such was, at any rate, the report of one of Burleigh's spies, who states, that J. Dutche, formerly of the queen's guard, but now mace-bearer to cardinal Allen, told him, "that he heard the cardinal say, that the king of Spain gave great charge to duke Medina, and to all his captains, that they should in nowise harm the person of the queen; and that the duke should as speedily as he might, take order for the conveyance of her person to Rome, to the purpose, that his holiness, the pope, should dispose thereof in such sort as it should please him."[1]

This was, indeed, a premature arrangement on the part of the confederate powers of Spain and Rome, a modern and practical illustration of the fable, of disposing of the bearskin before the bear was taken. Elizabeth met the threatening crisis, like a true daughter of the conquering line of Plantagenet, and graced a triumph of her own, when those, who had purposed her humiliation, were themselves

[1] Burleigh MS. in Strype.

scattered and abased. The events of this spirit-stirring epoch, must however, be briefly recounted.

In the hope of depriving Elizabeth of the services of at least a third of her subjects; pope Sixtus V., had reiterated the anathema of his predecessors, Pius and Gregory, and proclaimed withal, a crusade to Papal Europe, against the heretical queen of England. Elizabeth was advised to avert the possibility of a Catholic revolt, by a general massacre of the leading men of that persuasion throughout her realm. She rejected the iniquitous counsel with abhorrence, and proved her wisdom, even in a political sense by her decision, for the Catholic aristocracy and gentry performed their duty, as loyal liegemen, on that occasion, and were liberal in their voluntary contribution of men and money, for the defence of queen and country, from a foreign invader.[1]

Cardinal Allen, by birth an Englishman, gave general disgust to all good men of his own faith, at this time, by the publication of a furious libel against Elizabeth, couched in the coarsest language, reviling her by the names of "usurper, the firebrand of all mischief, the scourge of God, and rebuke of woman-kind." It was falsely reported, that Elizabeth had sent a private agent to Rome, to negotiate the preliminaries of a reconciliation with the pontiff; but so far was the royal lioness of Tudor, from stooping from the lofty attitude she had assumed, that she retorted the papal excommunication, by causing the bishop of London, to anathematize the pope in St. Paul's cathedral.

Philip II., now openly asserted his rival claim to the throne of England, as the legitimate heir of the line of Lancaster, through his descent from Philippa Plantagenet, queen of Portugal, and Catharine Plantagenet, queen of Castille, the daughters of John of Gaunt. This antiquated pretension, however laughable it might have been under other circumstances, was sufficient to create uneasiness in a reigning sovereign, who was threatened with the descent of so formidable an invading force, from the pretender. It proved, in the end, a favourable circumstance to Elizabeth, as it not only deterred the king of Scots from allying himself with Philip, but bound him to her cause by the

[1] Camden, 566.

strong ties of self-interest, as he was the undoubted heir of the line, whence her title was derived.

While every day brought fresh rumours of the increase of the overwhelming armament, with which the Spanish monarch fondly thought to hurl the last of the Tudors from her seat of empire, and degrade England into a province of Spain, Elizabeth rallied all the energies of her fearless spirit, to maintain the unequal contest valiantly. The tone of her mind at this period, was to be perceived, even from the following trifling incident. Going one day to visit Burleigh, at his house in the Strand, and being told he was confined to his bed with the gout, she desired to be conducted to his apartment. When the tapestry was raised, that covered the little door that led to his chamber, it was feared that her majesty's lofty head-tire would be disarranged in passing under, and she was therefore humbly requested by Burleigh's man to stoop.

"For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop, but not for the king of Spain."

The mightiest fleet that had ever swept the ocean, was at that time preparing to sail from the coast of Spain, consisting of 130 men of war, having on board 19,290 soldiers, 8350 mariners, 2080 galley-slaves, besides a numerous company of priests to maintain discipline and stir up religious fervour in the host. There was not a noble family in Spain that did not send forth, in that expedition, son, brother, or nephew, as a volunteer, in quest of fame and fortune.[1] A loftier spirit animated the queen and people of the threatened land. All party feelings—all sectarian divisions and jealousies were laid aside, for every bosom appeared overflowing with that generous and ennobling principle of exalted patriotism which Burke has truly called "the cheap defence of nations."

The city of London, when required, by her majesty's ministers, to furnish a suitable contingent of ships and men to meet the exigence of the times, demanded—"How many ships and men they were expected to provide?" "Five thousand men and fifteen ships," was the reply. The lord-mayor requested two days for deliberation, and then, in the name of his fellow-citizens, placed 10,000 men at arms, and thirty well-appointed vessels, at the command of

[1] Camden.

the sovereign:[1] conduct which appears more deserving of the admiration of posterity than the proceedings of the churlish patriots, who, half a century later, deluged three realms in blood, by refusing to assist their needy sovereign to maintain the honour of England, by contributing a comparatively trivial contingent, towards keeping up his navy, during a war, into which he had been forced by a parliament that refused to grant the supplies for carrying it on.

The illustrious lord-mayor and his brethren, thought not of saving their purses, under the plea that the demand of the crown had not been sanctioned by the vote of parliament; they gave like princes, and preserved their country from a foreign yoke. The example of the generous Londoners was followed by all the wealthy towns in England; and private individuals also contributed to the utmost of their means.

Elizabeth took upon herself the command of her forces in person. She was the nominal generalissimo of two armies. The first, commanded by the earl of Leicester, by the title of lieutenant-general, consisting of 23,000 men, was stationed at Tilbury; the other, meant for the defence of the metropolis, and termed the Army Royal, or Queen's Body Guard, was placed under lord Hunsdon. She chose, for her lord high admiral, baron Effingham, whose father, lord William Howard, and whose grandfather, Thomas duke of Norforlk, had filled the same station with great distinction. Sir Francis Drake was her vice-admiral.

Stowe describes, in lively terms, the gallant bearing of the newly-raised bands of militia, as they marched towards the rendezvous, at Tilbury. "At every rumour of the approach of the foe, and the prospect of doing battle with them, they rejoiced," he says, "like lusty giants about to run a race." Every one was in a state of warlike excitement, and Elizabeth herself was transported by the enthusiasm of the moment, into the extraordinary act of bestowing the accolade of knighthood on a lady, who had expressed herself in very valiant and loyal terms on the occasion. This female knight was Mary, the wife of sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, and was distinguished by the name of "the bold lady of Cheshire."[2]

[1] Stowe's Annals.

[2] See Nichols Progresses of James I., vol. iii. p. 406.

While female hearts were thus kindling with a glow of patriotism, which disposed the more energetic of the daughters of England to emulate the deeds of Joan of Arc, if the men had waxed faint in the cause of their threatened country, the Spanish fleet sailed from the mouth of the Tagus, in the full confidence of victory, having received from the haughty monarch, who sent it forth for conquest, the name of the Invincible Armada.

One battle on sea and one on land, the Spaniards deemed they should have to fight, and no more, to achieve the conquest of England. Little did they know of the unconquerable spirit of the sovereign and people of the land, which they imagined was to be thus lightly won; and when presumptuously relying on the fourfold superiority of their physical force, they forgot that the battle is not always to the strong. The elements, from the first, fought against the Invincible Armada, and guarded England.

The 29th of May, 1588, beheld the mighty array of tall vessels leave the bay of Lisbon. Off Cape Finisterre, a storm, from the west, scattered the fleet along the coast of Gallicia, and, after much damage had been done, compelled the duke of Medina Sidonia, the inexperienced grandee by whom this stupendous naval force was commanded, to run into the harbour of Corunna for the repair of his shattered vessels. This disaster was reported in England as the entire destruction of the Armada, and Elizabeth, yielding to the natural parsimony of her disposition, sent orders to her lord admiral, lord Howard of Effingham, to dismantle, immediately, four of her largest vessels of war. That able and sagacious naval chief promised to defray the expense out of his private fortune, and detained the ships.[1] His foresight, firmness, and generous patriotism saved his country. On the 19th of July, after many days of anxious watching, through fog, and adverse winds, Howard was informed by the bold pirate, Fleming, that the Armada was hovering off the Lizard Point, and lost no time in getting out of harbour into the main sea. "The next day," says Camden, "the English descried the Spanish ships, with lofty turrets, like castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being, as it

[1] Lingard.

were, tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning with the weight of them."

On the 21st, the lord admiral of England, sending a pinnace before, called the "Defiance," denounced war by discharging her ordnance, and presently, his own ship, called the "Ark Royal," thundered thick and furiously upon the admiral (as he thought) of the Spaniards, but it was Alphonso de Leva's ship. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly, with their ordnance, upon the hindmost squadron. But while the first day's battle of this fierce contest was thus gallantly commenced, by England's brave defenders, on the main, within sight of the shore, England's stout-hearted queen performed her part no less courageously on land. The glorious achievements of the naval heroes who for eighteen days grappled with the Invincible, upon the waves, and finally quelled the over-weening pride of Spain, have been recorded by Camden, and all the general historians of the age; the personal proceedings of queen Elizabeth, at this time, must occupy the attention of her biographer.

During the awful interval, the breathless pause of suspense which intervened between the sailing of the Spanish fleet, after its first dispersion, and its appearance in the Channel, Elizabeth, who had evidently not forgotten the pious example of her royal step-mother, queen Katharine Parr, composed the following prayer for the use of the threatened church and realm of England:—

"We do instantly beseech Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, to be merciful to the Church militant here upon earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtle adversaries. O let Thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they most of all for Thy gospel's sake do malign, into Thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, and a defence to Thy church and people, persecuted abroad. And, forasmuch, as this cause is new in hand, direct and go before our armies both by sea and land. Bless them, and prosper them: and grant unto them Thy honourable success and victory. Thou art our help and shield: O give good and prosperous success to all those that fight this battle against the enemies of Thy gospel."[1]

This prayer was read in all churches, on every Friday and Wednesday, for deliverance and good success. Fasting and alms-giving were also recommended, by the royal command, from all the pulpits.

[1] Public form of Prayer in Strype.

The following glorious national lyric, from the pen of an accomplished literary statesman, conveys a masterly description of the tumultuous excitement which thrilled every pulse in England, at this epoch:—

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY THOMAS MACAULAY, ESQ., M.P.

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
But the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase;
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And, with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post,
* * * * * * *
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes.
And haughtily the trumpets peel, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look, how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down;
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to fight on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield!
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned at bay.
And crush'd and torn, beneath his paws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir Knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute! ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft her wide—
Our glorious *semper eadem*—the banner of our pride."
The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be;
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourn's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu;
Right sharp and quick the bells, all night, rang out from Bristol town,
And, ere the day, three thousand horse had met on Clifton Down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;
The bugles' note and cannons' roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires—
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes flashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round, the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright coursers forth,
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

The beacon telegraph here described, was not the only medium, whereby the people of England received intelligence of the conflict in the Channel.

One of the signs of the time of the Armada, was the publication of the first genuine newspaper, entitled, "The English Mercurie," imprinted by Christopher Barker, the queen's printer, by authority, for the prevention of false reports;[1] it is dated July 23, 1588, from Whitehall. It contained despatches from sir Francis Walsingham, stating, "that the Spanish Armada was seen, on the 20th ult., in the chops of the Channel, making for its entrance, with a favourable gale; that the English fleet, consisting of eighty sail, was divided into four squadrons, commanded by the high admiral Howard, in the 'Ark Royal,' and the other divisions by admirals sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. The Armada amounted to at least 150 sail of tall ships, but so undaunted was the spirit of the English sailors, that when the numbers of the enemy were descried from the top-mast of the 'Ark Royal,' the crew shouted for joy." A narrative of the attack and defeat of the unwieldy Spanish force, July 21st, follows, and the official

[1] This celebrated Mercury which, on what grounds I know not, has incurred the suspicion of being a forgery of modern times, is preserved in a collection in the British Museum. It is printed in Roman characters, not in the black letter.

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assurance is added, "that if the Armada should rally again, and attempt a landing, such preparations were made, not only at Blackheath and Tilbury, but all along the English coast, that nothing was to be apprehended." The whole is wound up with the detail of a loyal address presented to the queen, at Westminster, by the lord-mayor and corporation of the city of London—a composition worded in generalities so very successfully, that with the simple variation of the word "Spaniards," it has served as a model for all such addresses ever since. The queen's answer is likewise couched in terms that have, by imitation, become conventional, although, at the time spoken, they were the original breathings of her own intrepid spirit. "I do not doubt," she said to the citizens, "of your zealous endeavours to serve your sovereign on the present very important occasion, for my part, I trust to the goodness of my cause, and am resolved to run all risks with my faithful friends." A series of these official journals were published while the Spanish fleet was in the Channel. These were, however, only extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published, but they were directed by the queen and Burleigh, with great policy—for instance, a letter from Madrid is given, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. Under the date of July 26, 1588, there is this intelligence:—"Yesterday, the Scots' ambassador being introduced to sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interest and those of the protestant religion."

Some allusion to a prior attempt, on the part of Elizabeth and her ministers, to render the press an official oracle of the crown, by sending forth printed circulars, announcing such occurrences, as it might be deemed expedient to make known to the great body of the people, is contained in a letter from Cecil to Nicholas Whyte, dated Sept. 8, 1569, in which the premier says—

"I send you a printed letter of truth."[1] This, as Mr. Wright, whose acute observation first drew attention to the

[1] Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times.

circumstance, observes, is full twenty years before the publication of the "Armada Mercury."

Little did queen Elizabeth and Burleigh imagine, when they devised and published the first crude attempt at a government newspaper, how soon the agency of the periodical press would be employed in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and rendered, through the medium of independent journals, a more powerful instrument for checking the oppression of rulers, than the swords of an opposing army.

The ardent desire of the queen to proceed to the coast, for the purpose of being the foremost to repel the invaders, in the event of the hosts of Spain effecting a landing, was, in the first instance, over-ruled by her council, and she took up her abode at her palace of Havering Bower, a central station between the van and rear of her army, and at a convenient distance from the metropolis. The eligibility of this situation was pointed out to her, at this crisis, by her favourite, Leicester, in an epistle, which unites, in a remarkable manner, the character of a love-letter with a privy-council minute of instructions, and completely directs the royal movements, under the veil of flattering anxiety for her safety. There is, however, sound sense and graceful writing in this interesting specimen of ministerial composition:

"My most dear and gracious lady,[1]

"It is most true, that these enemies that approach your kingdom and person are your undeserved foes, and being so, hating you for a righteous cause, there is the less fear to be had of their malice or their forces; for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocency of your heart, and the cause you are assailed for is His, and that of His church, and He never failed any that do faithfully put their trust in His goodness. He hath to comfort you withal, given you great and mighty means to defend yourself, which means, I doubt not, your majesty will timely and princely use them; and your good God, which ruleth over all, will assist you and bless you with victory.

"It doth much rejoice me to find by your letters your noble disposition, as well in present gathering your forces as in employing your own person in this dangerous action. And because it pleaseth your majesty to ask my advice, touching your army, and to acquaint me with your secret determination touching your person, I will plainly, and according to my poor knowledge, deliver my opinion to you. For your army, it is more than time it were gathered about you, or so near you, that you may have the use of it upon a few hours' warning; the reason is, that your mighty enemies are at

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, Miscellaneous, vol. i. p. 575. In the original orthography, Leicester prefixes an *h* to some words commencing with a vowel, as *hit* for it: no doubt he pronounced them thus, according to the intonation of the mid-counties, from whence his fathers came.

hand, and if God suffer them to pass by your fleet, you are sure they will attempt their purpose in landing with all expedition. And, albeit your navy be very strong, yet as we have always heard the other is far greater, and their forces of men much beyond yours, else it were in vain for them to bring only a navy provided to keep the sea, but furnished so as they both keep the seas with strength sufficient, and to land such a power as may give battle to any prince; and no doubt if the prince of Parma come forth, their forces by sea shall not only be greatly augmented, but his power to land shall the easier take effect, wheresoever he will attempt; therefore, it is most requisite for your majesty to be provided for all events with as great a force as you can devise; for there is no dallying at such a time, nor with such an enemy, since you shall hazard your own honour, beside your person and country, and must offend your gracious God, that gave you these forces and power, an you use them not when ye should.

"Now, for the placing of your army, no doubt I think about London the meetest, for mine own part, and suppose others will be of the same mind; and your majesty do forthwith give the charge thereof to some special nobleman about you, and likewise to place all your chief officers, that every man shall know what he shall do, and gather as many good horses,[1] above all things, as you can, and the oldest, best, and readiest captains to lead, for therein will consist the greatest hope of success under God; and as soon as your army is assembled, that they be, by and by, exercised, every man to know his weapon."

Let us here pause, to consider how multifarious were Elizabeth's duties at this crisis, and how heavy was her responsibility in the task of officering this undisciplined *landwehr*, for *militia* they could scarcely be called; and if the feudal system had not in some degree still prevailed, how unmanageable would these untrained masses of men and horses have proved, which had to be got into efficient training *after* the dark crescent of the Armada had been espied bearing down the Channel, with a favouring wind! England was fortunately defended by a navy.

Leicester's career in the Netherlands afforded an indifferent specimen of his military prowess; how the fortunes of England might have sped under the auspices of such a chief, if the Spanish armament had effected a landing, it is difficult to say. As a leader of tournaments, reviews, and martial pageants, he was certainly unrivalled, and the queen, at this crisis, reposed unbounded confidence in him, and acted in perfect conformity to his advice, which was, as the event proved, most judicious:

"All things," continues he, "must be prepared for your army, as if they should have to march upon a day's warning, specially carriages, and a commissary of victuals, and your master of ordnance. Of these things, but for

[1] The unorganized state of the English army, especially the cavalry, may be ascertained from this curious passage. It was the queen's part to appoint the officers as well as the generals.

your majesty's commandment, others can say more than I; and, partly, there is orders set down.

"Now, for your person, being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, much more for advice to be given in the direction of it, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, specially, finding your majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to your utmost confines of your realm to meet your enemies, and to defend your subjects. I cannot, most dear queen, consent to that, for upon your well doing consists all and some, for your whole kingdom; and, therefore, preserve that above all. Yet will I not that (in some sort) so princely and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is. And thus far, if it may please your majesty, you may do: withdraw yourself to your house at Havering, and your army, being about London, as at Stratford, East Ham, Hackney, and the villages thereabout, shall be, not only a defence, but a ready supply to these counties, Essex and Kent, if need be. In the meantime, your majesty, to comfort this army and people, of both these counties, may, if it please you, spend two or three days, to see both the camp and forts. It (Tilbury) is not above fourteen miles, at most, from Havering Bower, and a very convenient place for your majesty to lie in by the way, (between Tilbury and London.) To rest you at the camp, I trust you will be pleased with your *pore* lieutenant's cabin;[1] and within a mile (of it) there is a gentleman's house, where your majesty also may lie. Thus shall you comfort, not only these thousands, but many more that shall hear of it; and so far, but no farther, can I consent to adventure your person. By the grace of God, there can be no danger in this, though the enemy should pass by your fleet; and your majesty may (in that case) without dishonour, return to your own forces, their being at hand, and you may have two thousand horse well lodged at Romford, and other villages near Havering Bower, while your foot men (infantry) may lodge near London.

"Lastly, for myself, most gracious lady, you know what will most comfort a faithful servant; for there is nothing in this world I take that joy in, that I do in your good favour; and it is no small favour to send to your *pore* servant, thus to visit him. I can yield no recompence, but the like sacrifice I owe to God, which is, a thankful heart: and humbly, next my soul to Him, to offer body, life, and all, to do you acceptable service. And so will I pray to God, not only for present victory over all your enemies, but longest life, to see the end of all those who wish you evil, and make me so happy as to do you some service.

"From Gravesend, ready to go to your *pore*, but most willing soldiers, this Saturday, the 27th day of July.

"Your majesty's most faithful and ever obedient servant,

"R. LEICESTER.

"P.S. I have taken the best order possible with the (sub) lieutenants of Kent to be present at Dover themselves, and to keep there 3 or 4000 men to supply my lord admiral, if he come thither, and with anything else that he needs, that is to be had. I wish there may be some quantity of powder, to lie in Dover for all needs."

Gravesend was then fortified, and a bridge of barges drawn across the Thames, both to oppose the passage of the invading fleet, should any portion of the expedition

[1] Meaning himself, and his residence at Tilbury. He was lieutenant-general under the queen, who was generalissimo.

have succeeded in entering the Nore, and to afford a means of communication for supplies of men and munition from Kent and Essex. Everything wore a martial and inspiring aspect, and all hearts were beating high with loyal and chivalric enthusiasm.

A picturesque description is given, by the contemporary poet, James Aske, of the deportment of the noble young volunteers, who had betaken themselves to the camp at Tilbury, in the earnest hope of performing good and loyal service for their country and queen:

"Now might you see the field, late pasture-green,
Wherein the beasts did take their food and rest,
Become a place for brave and worthy men;
Here noblemen, who stately houses have,
Do leave them void, to live within their tents;
Here worthy squires, who lay on beds of down,
Do cabin now upon a couch of straw;
Instead of houses strong, with timber built,
They cabins make of poles, and thin green boughs;
And where, of late, their tables costly were,
They now do dine but on an earthie bank;
Ne do they grieve at this, so hard a change,
But think themselves thereby thrice happy made."[1]

The day on which Elizabeth went, in royal and martial pomp, to visit her loyal camp at Tilbury, has generally been considered the most interesting of her whole life. Never, certainly, did she perform her part, as the female leader of an heroic nation, with more imposing effect than on that occasion. A few lines from the contemporary poem, "Elizabetha Triumphans," which affords a few additional particulars connected with the royal heroine's proceedings at that memorable epoch of her life, may be acceptable to the admirers of that great sovereign:

"On this same day—a fair and glorious day—
Came this, our queen—a queen most like herself,
Unto her camp (now made a royal camp)
With all her troop, (her court-like, stately troop;)
Not like to those who couch on stately down,
But like to Mars, the god of fearful war;
And, heaving oft to skies her warlike hands,
Did make herself, Bellona-like, renowned.
The lord-lieutenant notice had thereof,
Who did, forthwith, prepare to entertain
The sacred goddess of the English soil."

From the same metrical chronicle we find, that Eliza-

[1] "Elizabetha Triumphans," by James Aske.

beth and her train came by water to Tilbury, and that Leicester with the other officers, whom she had appointed as the commanders of her forces, were waiting to receive her when the royal barge neared the fort:

"The earl of Leicester, with those officers
Which chosen were to govern in the field,
At water-side, within the Block House stay'd,
In readiness there to receive our queen,
Who, landed, now doth pass along her way;
She thence some way, still marching kinglike on;
The cannons at the Block House were discharged;
The drums do sound, the fifes do yield their notes;
And ensigns are displayed throughout the camp.
Our peerless queen doth by her soldiers pass,
And shews herself unto her subjects there.
She thanks them oft for their (of duty) pains,
And they, again, on knees, do pray for her;
They couch their pikes, and bow their ensigns down,
When as their sacred royal queen passed by."

Midway, between the fort and the camp, her majesty was met by sir Roger Williams, the second in command, at the head of two thousand horse, which he divided into two brigades, one to go before her, and the other behind to guard her person, and, together with two thousand foot soldiers, escorted her to master Rich's house, about three miles from the camp, where she was to sleep that night. Aske continues:

"The soldiers which placed were far off
From that same way through which she passed along,
Did hallo oft, 'The Lord preserve our queen!'
He happy was that could but see her coach,
The sides whereof, beset with emeralds
And diamonds, with sparkling rubies red,
In checkerwise, by strange invention,
With curious knots embroider'd with gold;
Thrice happy they who saw her stately self,
Who, Juno-like, drawne with her proudest birds,
Passed along through quarters of the camp."

The grand display was reserved for the following morning, when the female majesty of England came upon the ground, mounted on a stately charger, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and forbidding any of her retinue to follow her, presented herself to her assembled troops, who were drawn up to receive their stout-hearted liege lady on the hill, near Tilbury church. She was attended only by the earl of Leicester, and the earl of Ormond, who bore the sword of state before her, a page followed, carrying her white plumed regal helmet. She wore a polished steel

corslet on her breast, and below this warlike boddice descended a fardingale of such monstrous amplitude, that it is wonderful how her mettled war-horse submitted to carry a lady encumbered with a gaberdine of so strange a fashion,[1] but in this veritable array the royal heroine rode, bareheaded, between the lines, with a courageous but smiling countenance; and when the thunders of applause, with which she was greeted by her army, had a little subsided, she harangued them in the following popular speech:

"My loving people,—We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but, I do assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength, and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king[2]—and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns, and, we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. For the meantime, my lieutenant-general, shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

The soldiers, many of whom, be it remembered, were

[1] It is thus Elizabeth appears in an engraving of the times, in the Grainger portraits, only wearing her helmet.

[2] Meaning the pride and courage of a king.

volunteers of gentle blood and breeding, unanimously responded to this address, by exclaiming, "Is it possible that any Englishman can abandon such a glorious cause, or refuse to lay down his life in defence of this heroic princess."[1]

Elizabeth was then fifty-five years old—she had borne the sceptre and the sword of empire with glory for thirty-years. Time, which had faded her youthful charms, robbed the once-plump cheek of its roundness, and elongated the oval contour of her face, had, nevertheless, endeared her to her people, by rendering her every day more perfect in the queenly art of captivating their regard, by a gracious and popular demeanour. She had a smile and a pleasant speech for every one, who approached her with demonstrations of affection and respect. Her high palé forehead was, indeed, furrowed with the lines of care, and her lofty features sharpened, but her piercing eye retained its wonted fires, and her majestic form was unbent by the pressure of years. The protestants hailed her as a mother in Israel—another Deborah, for the land had had rest in her time. The persecuted catholics felt like patriots, and forgot their personal wrongs, when they saw her, like a true daughter of the Plantagenets, vindicating the honour of England, undismayed by the stupendous armament that threatened her coast, and united with every class and denomination of her subjects in applauding and supporting her, in her dauntless determination. Perhaps there was not a single man among the multitudes, who that day beheld their maiden monarch's breast sheathed in the warrior's iron panoply, and heard her declaration "that she would be herself their general," that did not feel disposed to exclaim—

> "Where's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a queen?"

The wisdom and magnanimity of the union of rival creeds and adverse parties in one national bond of association, for the defence of their threatened land, doubtless inspired the immortal lines with which Shakespeare concluded his historical play of King John, which, from the many allusions it contains to the state of the times, was evidently written at the epoch of the Armada:

[1] Madame Keralio's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

"This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now those her princes are come home again—
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them! nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true."

Although the news from her majesty's fleet was of the most cheering nature, the Armada was still formidable in numbers and strength, and serious apprehensions were entertained of the landing of the prince of Parma, with the Flemish armament and flotilla, while the English navy was engaged in battling with Medina Sidonia in the Channel. We find from a paragraph, in a letter from sir Edward Ratcliffe, that while the queen was dining with Leicester in his tent, a post entered with the report, that the duke was embarked for England with all his forces, and would be there with all speed. This news was presently published through the camp.[1]

"Her majesty," says Ratcliffe,[2] in another part of his letter, "hath honoured our camp with her presence, and comforted many of us with her gracious usage. It pleased her to send for me to my lord general's tent, and to make me kiss her hand, giving me many thanks for my forwardness in this service, telling me, 'I shewed from what house I was descended,' and assuring me, 'that before it was long, she would make me better able to serve her;' which speech being spoken before many, did well please me, however the performance may be."[3]

While Elizabeth was at Tilbury, Don Pedro Valdez, the second in command in the Spanish fleet, whose ship was taken by sir Francis Drake, in the action of July 22nd, was by his bold captor sent to sir Francis Walsingham, to be presented to her majesty, as the first pledge of victory.

[1] Cabala, 3rd ed. [2] Letter of sir E. Ratcliffe to the earl of Sussex, in Ellis.

[3] Sir Edward Ratcliffe was probably the gentleman of whom lord Bacon relates the following incident:—"Queen Elizabeth, seeing one of her courtiers, whom Bacon calls 'sir Edward,' in her garden, put her head out of her window, and asked him, in Italian, 'What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?'"

"Sir Edward, who was a suitor for some grants which had been promised, but delayed, paused a little, as if to consider, and then answered, 'Madame, he thinks of a woman's promises.'"

"The queen drew in her head, saying, 'Well, sir Edward, I must not confute you.' He never obtained the preferment he sued for."

Whether Drake's earnestly expressed desire was complied with to the letter is doubtful:[1] but, it is certain, that the unlucky Spaniard's name was very freely used by Elizabeth's ministers, for the delusion of the credulous souls who had been persuaded, that the sole object of the Spanish invasion was the pleasure of inflicting tortures and death upon the whole population of England.

"The queen lying in the camp one night, guarded by her army," writes Dr. Lionel Sharp, one of the military chaplains, "the old treasurer (Burleigh) came thither, and delivered to the earl (Leicester) the examination of Don Pedro, which examination, the earl of Leicester delivered to me, to publish to the army in my next sermon."[2] A piece of divinity, which doubtless, would have been well worth the hearing. The paragraph, concocted by Burleigh for this popular use, purported to be the ferocious replies of Don Pedro, in his examination before the privy-council. Being asked what was their intent in coming out, he stoutly answered, "What but to subdue your nation, and root you all out!" "Good," said the lords, "and what meant you to do with the catholics?" "We meant," he replied, "to send them, good men, directly to heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell," &c. The news of the final defeat and dispersion of the Armada, was brought to her majesty while she was yet at Tilbury, on the 8th of August, by those gallant volunteers, the young earl of Cumberland, and her maternal kinsman, Robert Carey, who had joined the fleet as volunteers at Plymouth, and distinguished themselves in the repeated fierce engagements in the Channel, between the ships of England and Spain.[3]

A mighty storm—a storm, which, to use the emphatic expression of Strada, "shook heaven and earth"—finally decided the contest, and delivered England from the slightest apprehension of a rally, and fresh attack, from the scattered ships of the Armada. The gallant Howard chased them northward as long as he could, consistently with the safety of his own vessels and the want of ammunition, of which the

[1] See Drake's despatch, in Wright, vol. ii. p. 382. [2] Cabala.

[3] A brief, but very spirited narrative of these successive naval triumphs of English valour and nautical skill over the superior force of Spain, is given by Robert Carey, in his autobiography, which fills up one or two omissions in Camden's eloquent account of the operations of the rival fleets.

parsimonious interference of the queen, in matters really out of a woman's province, had caused an insufficient supply to be doled out to her brave seamen. But winds and waves fought mightily for England, and while not so much as a single boat of ours was lost, many of the stateliest ships of Spain were dashed upon the shores of Ireland and Scotland, where their crews perished miserably.[1]

But to return to Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury: "Our royal mistress hath been here with me," writes Leicester to the earl of Shrewsbury, "to see her camp and people, which so inflamed the hearts of her good subjects, as I think the weakest person among them is able to match the proudest Spaniard that dares land in England. But God hath also fought mightily for her majesty, and I trust they be too much daunted to follow their pretended enterprise."[2]

The queen had given the post of captain-general of the cavalry to Essex, an inexperienced youth, not yet two-and-twenty, and, on the day of her visit to the camp, treated him with peculiar marks of her regard. Elizabeth's farewell to her army is thus gracefully described by Aske:—

"When Phœbus' lights were in the middle part
'Twixt east and west, fast hasting to his home,
Our soveraigne, her sacred, blissful queen,
Was ready to depart from out her camp;
Against whose coming every captain was
There prest to shew themselves in readiness
To do the will of their high general.
There might you see most brave and gallant men,
Who lately were beclad in Mars his clothes,
In ranked then in courtlike, costly suits,
Through whom did pass our queen, most Dido-like,
(Whose stately heart doth so abound in love,
A thousand thanks it yields unto them all,)
To waterside to take her royal barge.
Amidst the way, which was the outward ward
Of that, her camp, her sergeant-major stood,

[1] One of the Armada ships, called the "Florida," was wrecked on the coast of Morven, in that memorable storm on the 7th of August, 1588, and her shattered hulk has lain there ever since. During my late visit to Scotland, a very amiable lady, Miss Morris, whose family reside on the spot, presented me with a pretty little broach, in the form of a cross, made of a fragment of the timber of that vessel, Spanish oak, black and polished as ebony, and set in gold, which will ever be worn by me as a memorial, not only of the signal deliverance of England and her Elizabeth, but of the gratifying manner in which I was welcomed on this, my first historical pilgrimage to the hospitable land of the mountain and the stream.

[2] Wright.

Among those squadrons which there then did ward.
Her eyes were set so earnestly to view,
As him unseen she would not pass along;
But calls him to her rich-built coach's side,
And, thanking him, as oft before she had,
Did will him do this message from her mouth."

The message is merely a brief repetition of her former address to the troops.

The long continuance of dry weather, which had rendered the encampment of the army on the banks of the Thames so agreeable to the gallant recruits and volunteers, who were there assembled, is noticed in the "Elizabetha Triumphans," and also the storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, which befell the same evening the queen departed from Tilbury. This was, doubtless, the skirts of one of the tempests, which proved so fatal to the scattered ships of the Armada. James Aske, after recording the embarkation of the queen on the Thames, thus quaintly describes the thunder following the royal salute at her departure:—

"Where, once im-barged, the roaring cannons were
Discharged, both those which were on Tilbury Hill,
And also those which at the Block House were,
And there, even then, the fore white mantled air,
From whence the sun shed forth his brightest beams,
Did clothe itself with dark and dusky hue,
And with thick clouds barr'd Phœbus' gladsome streams;
From lightning, then, the earth with glorious shew,
It pours forth showers in great and often drops:
Signs of the grief for her departure thence;
And Terra now, her highness' footstool late,
Refuseth quite those drops desired before,
To moisten her dried up and parched parts,
And of herself, e'en then, she yielded forth
Great store of waters from her late dried heart,
Now deeply drown'd for this the parted loss
Of this her sacred and renowned queen."[1]

Great crowds of noblemen and gentlemen met, and welcomed the queen, at her landing, at Westminster, and

[1] In culling these extracts from the poem which celebrates the glories of England's Elizabeth, twelve hundred lines of bathos have been waded through for the sake of adding the interesting little facts that are there chronicled, aided by the letters of Leicester and Ratcliffe, to the brief narrative general history has given of Elizabeth's visit to her camp. As a contemporary document, the "Elizabetha Triumphans" is valuable for costume, and minor incidents; but its staple commodity consists in vituperation against the popes, by whom Elizabeth had been anathematized, and he fairly out curses them all, besides transforming their bulls into horned beasts. It affords, however, a sample of the popular style of poetry of that epoch.

attended her to St. James's palace, and, day after day, entertained her with warlike exercises, tilts, and tourneys. Everything then assumed a martial character.

Appropriate medals were struck in commemoration of the victory, with the device of a fleet flying under full sail, with this inscription, "*Venit, vidit, fugit*"—"It came, it saw, and fled." Others, in compliment to the female sovereign, bore the device of the fire-ships, scattering the Spanish fleet, with this legend, "*Dux fœmina facti*"—"It was done by a woman."

This was an allusion to the generally-asserted fact, that the idea of sending the fire-ships into the Spanish fleet, originated with queen Elizabeth herself.

It has been finely observed, by mademoiselle Keralio, in reply to the detracting spirit in which the Baron de Sainte-Croix, speaks of Elizabeth's exultation in the victory, as not owing to her, but the elements: "It was not to the elements, but to her that the victory was due. Her intrepidity of demeanour, the confidence she shewed in the love of her subjects, her activity, her foresight, inspired the whole nation with an ardour, which triumphed over all obstacles. She inflamed their imaginations, by representing objects according to their wishes. The generosity of the English nation contributed its part to the success. Effingham profited by the faults of Medina, and the apathy of Parma, and the difficulty experienced by the Spanish seamen, in manœuvring their floating castles.

"The experiment he employed, produced an effect he had scarcely dared to promise himself. He pursued the remaining Spanish ships, which his valour had scattered in disorder. The elements did the rest, it is true, but then the fleet of Medina was already vanquished, and flying before that of Howard."

Very fully did the people of England appreciate the merits of their sovereign on this occasion, and by them she was all but deified in the delirium of their national pride and loyalty.

Mention is made by Stowe, of a foolish little tailor, of the city of London, who about that time, suffered his imagination to be so much inflamed, by dwelling on the perfections of his liege lady, "that he whined himself to death for love of her." Lord Charles Cavendish, one of the wits of

the court, alluded to this ridiculous circumstance, in the following impromptu, which is merely quoted as a confirmation of the tale:

"I would not, willingly,
Be pointed at in every company,
As was the little tailor that to death
Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth."

The king of Scotland, not only remained true to the interests of his future realm, at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion, but he celebrated the defeat of the Armada, in a sonnet, which possesses some poetic merit, and as the production of a royal muse is highly curious; but he carefully abstains from complimenting queen Elizabeth:

"The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
Prepared a force and set them in the way;
Mars dressed himself in such an awful plight,
The like thereof was never seen, they say:
They forward came in such a strange array—
Both sea and land beset us everywhere,
Their brags did threat our ruin and decay;
What came thereof, the issue did declare:
The winds began to toss them here and there;
The seas began in foaming waves to swell;
The number that escaped, it fell them fair;
The rest were swallow'd up in gulph of Hell.
But how were all these things so strangely done?
God looked at them from out his heavenly throne." [1]

Elizabeth bestowed a pension on her brave kinsman, the lord-admiral Howard, and provided for all the wounded seamen. She told Howard "that she considered him and his officers as persons born for the preservation of their country." The other commanders and captains, she always recognised whenever she saw them, graciously saluting them by their names. Her young kinsman, Essex, she made knight of the garter. Her great reward was, however, reserved for Leicester, and for him she created the office of lord-lieutenant of England and Ireland—an office that would have invested him with greater power, than any sovereign of this country had ever ventured to bestow on a subject—so strangely had he regained his influence over her mind, since his return from the Netherlands. The patent for this unprecedented dignity was made out, and only awaited the royal signature, when the earnest remonstrances of Burleigh and Hatton, deterred her majesty from committing so great an error.

[1] Milles' Catalogue of Honour, 239.

Leicester was bitterly disappointed, and probably did not forego the promised preferment, without an angry altercation with his sovereign; for it is stated, that she became so incensed with him, that she declined all reconciliation, and brought him into a despondency, which ended in his death.[1] He quitted the court in disgust, and being seized with a burning fever, probably one of the autumnal endemics, caught in the Essex salt-marshes, while disbanding the army at Tilbury, he died on the fourth of September, at Cornbury park, in Oxfordshire, on his way to Kenilworth.[2]

Others have asserted, that his death was caused by a cup of poison, which he had prepared for his countess, of whom he had become franticly jealous, but my lady Lettice, having by some means acquainted herself with his intention, took the opportunity of exchanging his medicine, during a violent fit of indigestion, for the deadly draught he had drugged for her. She next married his equerry, sir Christopher Blount, the object of his jealousy.[3]

Leicester had been remarkable for his fine person, but he had grown corpulent and red faced, during the latter years of his life. He was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death. His will is a very curious document, especially that portion of it which regards queen Elizabeth:

"And first of all, before and above all persons, it is my duty to remember my most dear and most gracious sovereign, whose creature, under God, I have been, and who hath been a most bountiful and princely mistress unto me, as well as advancing me to many honours, as in maintaining me many ways, by her goodness and liberality; and as my best recompence to her most excellent majesty can be, from so mean a man, chiefly in prayer to God, so, whilst there was any breath in my body, I never failed it, even as for mine own soul. And as it was my greatest joy in my lifetime to serve her to her contentation, so it is not unwelcome to me, being the will of God, to die, and end this life in her service. And yet, albeit I am not able to make any piece of recompence for her great goodness, yet will I presume to present unto her a token of an humble and faithful heart, as the least that ever I can send her, and with this prayer withal, that it may please the Almighty God, not only to make her the oldest prince that ever reigned over England, but to make her the godliest, the *virtouest*, and the worthiest in his sight, that he

[1] Bohun. [2] Camden.

[3] Anthony A. Wood's Athenæ, by Bliss, ii. p. 94. Leicester had been publicly accused of poisoning this lady's first husband, Walter earl of Essex, and many others. Pennant, after relating Leicester's persecution of sir Richard Bulkeley, says, "the earl made up his quarrel by inviting sir Richard to dinner with him." But he did eat or drink of nothing but what he saw the earl of Leicester taste, remembering *sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who was said to be poisoned by a fig, eaten at his table.*

ever gave over any nation, that she may indeed be a blessed mother and nurse to this people and church of England, which the Almighty God grant, for Christ's sake. The token I do bequeath unto her majesty, is the jewel with three fair emeralds, with a fair large table diamond in the midst, without a foil, and set about with many diamonds, without foil, and a rope of fair, white pearl, to the number of six hundred, to hang the said jewel at, which pearl and jewel was once purposed for her majesty, against her coming to Wansted, but it must now thus be disposed, which I do pray you, my dear wife, to see performed and delivered to some of those whom I shall hereafter nominate and appoint to be my overseers for her majesty."[1]

The dying favourite might have spared himself the trouble of bequeathing this costly legacy to his royal mistress, together with the elaborate preamble of honeyed words, that introduced this bequest; for though she received the unexpected tidings of his death with a passionate burst of tears, her avarice got the better of her love, and she ordered, in the same hour, her distringas to be placed on his personal effects, and had them sold by public auction, to liquidate certain sums in which he was indebted to her exchequer—a proceedings which says little for her sensibility or delicacy.

A brief description of a few of the gifts, which Leicester was accustomed to present to his royal mistress at new year's tide, may possibly be interesting to the fair readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England." His name is generally placed at the head of the list of the courtiers, male and female, who thus sought to propitiate her favour. In the fourteenth year of her reign, he gave—

"An armlet, or shackle of gold, all over fairly garnished with rubies and diamonds, having within, in the clasp, a watch, and outside, a fair lozenge diamond, without a foil, from which depended a round jewel, fully garnished with diamonds and a pendent pearl, weighing upwards of sixteen ounces. This was inclosed in a case of purple velvet, embroidered with Venice gold, and lined with green velvet."[2]

The next year, he gave her a rich carcanet or collar of gold, enriched with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. His new year's gift, in the year 1574, savours more of a love-token, being—

"A fan of white feathers, set in a handle of gold, garnished, on one side, with two very fair emeralds, and fully garnished with diamonds and rubies; the other side garnished with rubies and diamonds, and on each side a white

[1] The probate of this will bears date 6th Sept. 1588. It is printed at length in the Sydney papers. He there styles his son, by his forsaken wife, the lady Douglas Sheffield, "my base son, Robert Dudley." This, his only surviving son, assumed a loftier title than Leicester, calling himself "the duke of Warwick."

[2] Sloane MS., No. 814, British Museum.

bear, (his cognizance,) and two pearls hanging, a lion ramping, with a white muzzled bear at his foot."

The ragged staves, his badge, are audaciously introduced with true-love-knots of pearls and diamonds, in a very rich and fantastic head-dress, which he presented to his royal mistress, in the twenty-second year of her reign, together with thirty-six small buttons of gold, with ragged staves and true-love knots. It is to be hoped, for the honour of female royalty, that Elizabeth never degraded herself by using these jewels, since the ragged staves were worn by his vassals, retainers, and serving-men as the livery-badge of the aspiring, but *parvenue* house of Dudley, in imitation of the princely line of Beauchamp.

In the list of Elizabeth's jewels, published by sir H. Ellis, we also observe, "a little bottle of amber, with a gold foot, and on the top thereof, a bear with a ragged staff."

In the twenty-third year of Elizabeth's reign, Leicester gives—

"A chain of gold, made like a pair of beads, containing eight long pieces, garnished with small diamonds, and fourscore and one smaller pieces, fully garnished with like diamonds, and hanging thereat a round clock, fully garnished with diamonds, and an appendage of diamonds hanging thereat."

A more splendid device for a lady's watch and chain, could scarcely have been imagined; but the watch or round clock, as it is there styled, must have been of considerable size. This was the third or fourth jewel, with a watch, presented by Leicester to the queen. One of these was in a green enamel case, to imitate an apple.

A series of public thanksgivings took place in the city of London, to celebrate the late national deliverance; but it was not till the twenty-fourth of November, that her majesty went in state to St. Paul's for that purpose. She was attended on that occasion, by her privy-council, bishops, judges, and nobles; the French ambassador, and many other honourable persons, all on horseback. She was herself, seated solus in a triumphal car, like a throne, with a canopy over it, supported by four pillars. The canopy being in the form of an imperial crown. In front of the throne were two low pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, supporters of the arms of England.[1] This chariot throne was drawn by two milk-white steeds, attended by

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. iii. from a contemporary tract.

the pensioners and state footmen. Next to the royal person, leading her majesty's horse of estate, richly caparisoned, rode her gay and gallant new master of the horse, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who appeared to have succeeded his deceased stepfather, the earl of Leicester, not only in that office, but in the post of chief favourite. After him, came a goodly train of ladies of honour, and on each side of them the guard on foot, in their rich coats, with halberds in their hands.

When the queen reached Temple Bar, Edward Schets Corvinus, an officer of her privy-chamber, presented her majesty a jewel, containing a crapon, or loadstone, set in gold, which she graciously accepting, said, "It was the first gift she had received that day,"—an observation, which, considering Elizabeth's constitutional thirst for presents, had in it, probably a covert tone of reproach. She got nothing more that day, however, except a book intituled "The Light of Britain," a complimentary effusion to her honour and glory, presented to her by Henry Lite, of Litescarie, gentleman, the author thereof.

Over the gate of Temple Bar, were placed the city waits, to salute her majesty with music. At the said bar, the lord-mayor and his brethren, the aldermen in scarlet, received and welcomed their sovereign to her city and chamber; and after going through the usual ceremonials with the city keys and sword, delivered the sceptre into her hand, which, after certain speeches she re-delivered to him, and he, taking horse, bare the same before her to St. Paul's. The streets, through which her majesty passed, were hung with blue cloth; and on one side of the way, from the Temple to St. Paul's, were marshalled the city companies with their banners; on the other, stood the lawyers and gentlemen of the inns of court.

"Mark the courtiers!" said Francis Bacon, who was present with his brethren of the black robe; "those who bow first to the citizens are in debt; those who bow first to us are at law." But how those unlucky wights bowed who were both at law and in debt, the English sage did not describe.[1] It was, however, a day on which private troubles were, for the most part, forgotten, in the general gush of na-

[1] Lord Bacon's works.

tional joy and national pride, which glowed in every English heart.

The queen dismounted from her chariot-throne at the great west door of St. Paul's cathedral, between the hours of twelve and one, where she was received by the bishop of London, the dean of St. Paul's, and other of the clergy, to the number of upwards of fifty, all in rich copes,[1] the gorgeous vestments of the church of Rome being still used on great festival occasions.

On entering the church, Elizabeth knelt down and made her hearty prayers to God, which prayers being finished, she was, under a rich canopy brought through the long west aisle, to her traverse in the choir, the clergy singing the litany, which being ended, she was brought to a closet made for the purpose out of the north wall of the church, towards the pulpit cross, where she heard a sermon made by Dr. Pierce, bishop of Salisbury. The text of this sermon is said to have been from the appropriate words, "Thou didst blow with thy winds, and they were scattered." The banners and other trophies from the conquered Armada were hung up in the church. After the service was concluded, her majesty returned through the church to the bishop of London's palace, where she dined, and returned in the same order as before, but with great light of torches.

The last of the Mercuries, relating to the Spanish Armada, bears the date of this memorable day, and under the head of London, it details the royal visit to the city, and the public thanksgiving for the glorious success of the English fleet. One of Burleigh's new year's gifts to queen Elizabeth, on the first of the next January, bore reference to the victory, being a plate of gold, graven on one side with astronomical designs, and on the other with a ship called the Triumph. This gift was in a case of murrey velvet, embroidered with a ship, and had strings and tassels of Venice gold, silver, and silk.

Cups and porringers, of white porcelain, ornamented with gold, are among the gifts to Elizabeth this year, but the greater portion of the nobility and all the bishops made their offerings in money, out of consideration, doubtless, of

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

the impoverished state of the exchequer. Bishop Goodman gives the following description of Elizabeth's deportment, a few weeks after the dispersion of the Armada:—

"I did then live in the Strand, near St. Clement's church,[1] when suddenly there was a report, (it was then December, about five, and very dark,) that the queen was gone to council, and I was told, 'If you will see the queen, you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the court gates were set open, and no man hindered us from coming in; there we staid an hour and a half, and the yard was full, there being a great number of torches, when the queen came out in great state. Then we cried—

"'God save your majesty!'

"And the queen turned to us, and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!'

"Then we cried again, 'God save your majesty!' And the queen said again to us, 'Ye may well have a greater prince, but ye shall never have a more loving prince.' And so the queen and the crowd there, looking upon one another awhile, her majesty departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk of what an admirable queen she was, and how we would all adventure our lives in her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily they might have gotten into the crowd and multitude to do her mischief." Bishop Goodman goes on to argue, from facts, that the numerous persons sacrificed for intended conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, were victims to the state-tricks of the ministers, and that neither the queen nor the government really deemed that she was ever in any danger.

About this era, she established the custom of remaining at Richmond palace till her coronation day. On that anniversary she removed to the metropolis, going, by water, to Chelsea, and dining by the way with Charles Howard, lord admiral; she then set out in her coach, at dark night, from Chelsea to Whitehall, the road being lined with people to behold her entry, and the lord-mayor and aldermen coming, in their state dresses, to meet her by torch-light.

[1] This scene probably took place at Somerset House. Bishop Goodman's Court of James, vol. i. p. 163.

Elizabeth occasionally made Chelsea palace her resting-place, on the way from Richmond to London.[1]

She frequently spent the winter in London, and, according to the witness of a contemporary, who has written much in her praise, led no idle life. Before day, every morning, she transacted business with her secretaries of state and masters of requests. She caused the orders in council, proclamations, and all other papers relating to public affairs, to be read, and gave such orders as she thought fit on each, which were set down in short notes, either by herself or her secretaries. If she met with anything perplexing, she sent for her most sagacious councillors, and debated the matter with them, carefully weighing the arguments on each side, till she was able to come to a correct decision. When wearied with her morning work, she would take a walk in her garden, if the sun shone, but if the weather were wet or windy, she paced her long galleries, in company with some of the most learned gentlemen of her court, with whom she was wont to discuss intellectual topics. There was scarcely a day in which she did not devote some portion of her time to reading history, or some other important study. She would commonly have some learned man with her, or at hand, to assist her, whose labour and talents she would well reward.[2]

Thus she spent her winter. In summer time, when she was hungry, she would eat something that was light of digestion, with the windows open, to admit the gentle breezes from the gardens, or pleasant hills. Sometimes she would do this alone, but oftener with the favoured few, whose company she preferred. She ate very little, and in her declining life, became still more abstemious. She seldom drank anything but common beer, fearing the use of wine, lest it should cloud her faculties. She strictly ob-

[1] At the end of the Duke's Walk, Chelsea, was an aged elm, called the queen's tree, so named from the accident of a violent shower of rain coming on while queen Elizabeth was walking with lord Burleigh, when she took shelter under this large elm. After the rain was over, she said "Let this be called the queen's tree." It was mentioned by this name in the parish books of Chelsea, in 1586, and had an arbour built round it by a person named Bostock, at the charge of the parish. A gigantic mulberry tree is still shewn in Mr. Druce's garden, at Chelsea, as queen Elizabeth's tree, from the tradition, that it was planted by her hand. Lord Cheyne's extract from Chelsea parish books, quoted in Faulkner's Chelsea.

[2] Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth.

served all the fast days, and then allowed no meat to be served up. When she dined in public, she ordered her table to be served with the greatest magnificence, and the side tables to be adorned with costly plate, taking great pride in displaying her treasures, especially when she entertained the foreign ambassadors. Her nobles then waited upon her very reverentially. The cupbearer never presented the cup without much ceremony, always kneeling when he gave or took it; but this was by no means remarkable, as she was always served on the knee. Songs and music were heard during the banquet.[1]

If she dined in private, she generally in summer reposed herself for a short time on an Indian couch, curiously and richly covered; but, in the winter, she omitted her noon sleep. At supper, she would relax herself with her friends and attendants, and endeavour to draw them into merry and pleasant discourse. After supper, she would sometimes listen to a song, or a lesson or two played on the lute. She would then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian, and other persons of the kind, to divert her with stories of the town, and any droll occurrences that befel; but would express her displeasure, if any uncourteous personality were used towards any one present, or the bounds of modesty transgressed. Tarleton, however, either from the natural presumption of his character, or suborned by Burleigh, took the liberty of aiming his sarcastic shafts at two of the men most distinguished by the favour of royalty. First, he, as before related, glanced at Raleigh's influence with the queen, and then unawed by her majesty's frown, he went on to reflect on the over-great power and riches of the earl of Leicester, which was received with such unbounded applause by all present, that Elizabeth affected to hear it with unconcern, but was inwardly so deeply offended, that she forbade Tarleton and the rest of her jesters from coming near her table any more.[2]

Elizabeth had had a previous warning of the folly of sovereigns, in allowing persons of more wit than manners, the opportunity of exercising their sharp weapons against royalty. One of her jesters, named Pace, having transgressed once or twice in that way, she had forbidden him her presence. One of his patrons, however, undertook to make his peace

[1] Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth. [2] Ibid.

with her majesty, and promised in his name, that he would conduct himself with more discretion if he were permitted to resume his office for the amusement of the court, on which the queen allowed him to be brought in. As soon as she saw him, she exclaimed, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults!"

"What is the use of speaking of what all the town is talking?" growled the incorrigible cynic.[1]

Elizabeth not unfrequently indulged in jests herself. Every one is familiar with the impromptu couplet she made on the names of four knights of the county of Nottinghamshire:

"Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion; and Sutton the lout."

She detested, as ominous, all dwarfs and monsters, and seldom could be induced to bestow an appointment, either civil or ecclesiastical, on a mean-looking, ugly man. "She always," says lord Bacon, "made sedulous inquiries regarding the moral qualifications of any candidate for preferment; and, then considered his mien and appearance. Upon one of these occasions, she observed to me, 'Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority, if the man be despised?'"

"My lord Bacon's soul lodgeth well," she observed, one day, after contemplating the ample brow of her lord-keeper. She always forbade her gouty premier to rise or stand in her presence, when she saw he was suffering from his malady, with this facetious remark; "My lord, we make use of you, not for your bad legs, but your good head."[2]

At the sales of crown property, the queen used to say, "her commissioners behaved to her as strawberry venders to their customers, who laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of the pottle, and all the rest were little ones, so they gave her two or three good prices at the first, and the rest fetched nothing."[3]

This great queen was very fond of singing-birds, apes, and little dogs; but her better taste and feeling manifested itself in her love for children. It has been seen, that when a prisoner in the Tower, she was wont to divert her

[1] Bacon. [2] Lloyd, State Worthies. [3] Bacon's Apophthegms.

cares and anxious forebodings, by talking with the warder's little ones, whose affections she certainly wholly captivated, at that time, by her endearing behaviour; and when age brought with it the painful conviction of the deceitfulness of court flatterers, her sick heart was soothed by the artless prattle of guileless infancy, and she exhibited almost maternal tenderness, when she was brought into personal contact with the children of her nobles. "You would scarcely believe me," writes one of the Shrewsbury retainers to his lord, when describing the demeanour of her majesty at a recent fête, "if I were to write how much her majesty did make of the little lady, your daughter, with often kissing, (which her majesty seldom useth to any,) and then amending her dressing with pins, and still carrying her in her own barge, and so homeward from the running. Her majesty said (and true it is) she was very like the lady, her grandmother."[1]

In moments, when her mind required relaxation of a graver character, Elizabeth displayed her sound judgment in the pleasure she took in the conversation of learned travellers, with whom she would talk publicly, and ask them many questions concerning the government, customs, and discipline used abroad. Sometimes, she recreated herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. Occasionally she played at cards and tables, and if she won, she would be sure to demand the money. When she retired to her bed-chamber, she was attended by the married ladies of her household, among whom, are particularly mentioned, the marchioness of Winchester, the countess of Warwick, and lady Scroop. The entrée of this apartment was chiefly, we are told, confined to Leicester, Hatton, Essex, the lord-admiral, and sir Walter Raleigh. When she found herself sleepy, she would dismiss those, who were there, with much kindness and gravity, and so betake herself to rest. Some lady of good quality, who enjoyed her confidence, always lying in the same chamber, and besides her guards, who were constantly on duty, there was always a gentleman of good quality, and some others up in the next chamber, who were to wake her in case anything extraordinary happened.[2]

"She was subject," says her warm panegyrist, Bohun, "to

[1] Lodge, vol. ii. [2] Bohun.

be vehemently transported with anger; and when she was so, she would shew it by her voice, her countenance, and her hand. She would chide her familiar servants so loud, that they, who stood afar off, might sometimes hear her voice. And it was reported, that for small offences, she would strike her maids of honour with her hand." This report is confirmed by the witness of her godson, Harrington, and many other contemporaries, who enjoyed the opportunity of being behind the scenes in the virgin court.

It is to be observed, however, that the stormy explosions of temper, to which queen Elizabeth occasionally gave way, were confined to the recesses of her palace. They were indulged without restraint in the bed-chamber, they shook the council-room, and they were sometimes witnessed in the presence-chamber, but they never were seen or heard beyond those walls. Her ladies complained, that they had felt the weight of the royal arm; foreign ambassadors, as well as her own courtiers, have reported her fierce rejoinders, her startling oaths; but to her people, she was all sunshine and good humour. Her strength, her wealth, her greatness, were centred in their affection; and she was too wise to incur, by any impatient gesture, or haughty expression, the risk of alienating the love, with which they regarded her.

In her progresses, she was always most easy of approach; private persons, and magistrates, men, women, and children, came joyfully, and without any fear to wait upon her, and to see her. Her ears were then open to the complaints of the afflicted, and of those who had been in any way injured. She would not suffer the meanest of her people to be shut out from the places where she resided, but the greatest and the least appeared equal in her sight. She took with her own hand, and read with the greatest goodness, the petitions of the meanest rustics, and disdained not to speak kindly to them, and to assure them that she would take a particular care of their affairs.[1]

She never appeared tired, nor out of temper, nor annoyed, at the most unseasonable or uncourtly approach, nor was she offended with the most impudent and importunate petitioner. There was no disturbance to be seen in her

[1] Bohun.

countenance, no reproaches nor reproofs escaped her, nor was there anything in the whole course of her reign, not even the glorious success of her navy against the boasted armament of Spain, that more won the hearts of her people than her condescension and facility of access, and the gracious manner in which she demeaned herself towards all who came to offer the unbought homage of their love and loyalty.

It is a pleasure to be able to call attention, with deserved praise, to one instance of true magnanimity on the part of queen Elizabeth, although it appears to rest on the authority of a popular historical tradition. Among the attendants of Mary queen of Scots was a Scotchwoman, named Margaret Lambrun, whose husband had also been in the service of that unfortunate queen, to whom he was so greatly attached, that his death was attributed to his excessive grief for the tragic fate of his royal mistress. Margaret, on this bereavement, took the desperate resolution of revenging the death of both on queen Elizabeth. For this purpose she put on male apparel, and, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke, proceeded to the English court, carrying a brace of loaded pistols, concealed about her, at all times, intending to shoot queen Elizabeth with one, and to evade punishment, by destroying herself with the other. One day, when her majesty was walking in the garden, Margaret endeavoured to force her way through the crowd, to approach close enough to the royal person to perpetrate her design, but, in her agitation, she dropped one of the pistols. This being observed, by the yeomen of the guards, she was instantly seized, but when they were about to hurry her away to prison, Elizabeth not suspecting the sex of the intended assassin said "she would examine the prisoner herself."

When Margaret was brought before her, she asked her name and country, and what had incited her to such a crime. Margaret, undauntedly, acknowledged who she was, and what she had intended. The queen heard her with unruffled calmness, and granted her a full and unconditional pardon. The president of the council protested that so daring an offender ought to be punished, whereupon, Margaret, with the characteristic caution of her country, implored her majesty to extend her goodness one

degree further, by granting her a safe conduct, with permission to retire to France, and this request was graciously complied with by the queen,[1] who, in this instance, chose to obey the impulse of her own feelings rather than the stern promptings of her minister.

It is ever to be lamented that Elizabeth stained the glorious year of the Armada with a series of cruel persecutions on the score of religion. January 14th, 1588, a wretched deist, named Francis Wright, alias Kit of Wymondham, was burned alive, in the castle ditch, at Norwich. He was the fourth who had suffered, in the same place, within the last five years, for promulgating erroneous opinions.[2] The same year, six catholic priests were hanged, drawn, and quartered; four laymen, who had embraced Protestantism, for returning to their old belief; four others and a gentlewoman, of the name of Ward, for concealing catholic priests, besides fifteen of their companions, who were arraigned for no other offence than their theological opinions.[3] Very heavy and repeated fines were levied on those whom it was not considered expedient to put to death. The fines of recusants formed a considerable item in the crown revenues at that period, and they were, of course, hunted out with keen rapacity by an odious swarm of informers, who earned a base living by augmenting the miseries of their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Another intolerable grievance of Elizabeth's government was the custom of borrowing privy seal loans, as they were called, but a more oppressive mode of taxation can scarcely be imagined. Whenever her majesty's ministers heard of any person who had amassed a sum of ready money, they sent, to the next magistrate of the district, papers sealed with her privy-seal, signifying her gracious intention of becoming his debtor to a certain amount.[4] The privy-seal

[1] Adams' Biographical Dictionary.

[2] Bloomfield's Norwich. [3] Stowe. Lingard.

[4] Lodge, vol. ii. 356, presents a most curious instance of the transfer of a privy-seal, which was sent to an unfortunate man, at Leek, in Staffordshire, who was impoverished by law-suits. From this unpromising subject, master Richard Bagot proposes, out of justice or revenge, to transfer the royal imposition to an old usurer, who bore the appropriate cognomen of Reynard Devil, (which name, civilly spelled, is Reginald Deville.) "Truly, my lord," writes Bagot, "a man that wanteth ability to buy a nag to follow his own causes in law, to London, pity it were to load him with the loan of any money to her majesty; but as for Reynard Devil, a usurer by occupation,

loan papers sometimes offered ten and twelve per cent. interest, but no other security than the personal one of the sovereign for the payment of either principal or interest, and, in case of death, left the liquidation of the debt to the honour of the successor to the crown. We have seen how heavily the unpaid privy-seal debts laid on the conscience of queen Mary I. in the hour of death. This expedient was first resorted to by cardinal Wolsey, to supply the exigencies of his profligate sovereign, Henry VIII. Such was the inauspicious dawn of a system of facile involvement.

There was the less necessity for partial and unconstitutional extortions, from private individuals, in the golden days of good queen Bess, since her parliaments were exceedingly liberal in according supplies. That which met February 1589, granted her two subsidies of two shillings and eightpence in the pound, besides four-tenths, and a fifteenth. The convocation of the clergy granted her six shillings in the pound on all church property. It is true that this parliament objected to grant the supplies till some abuses in the exchequer, and also in the conduct of the royal purveyors, should be reformed, observing, "that otherwise they were aware that they should be dissolved as soon as they had passed the bill for the subsidies." The queen took umbrage at the measures under consideration. Burleigh told the house "that her majesty misliked the bills." On which a committee of the commons, with the speaker, waited upon her with palliative apologies, and professions of loyal affection, under which Elizabeth plainly detected an intention of carrying the matter through, and, with unconstitutional haughtiness, told them, "that the regulations of her household and revenues belonged only to herself; that she had as much skill and power to rule and govern them, as her subjects had to rule and govern theirs, without the aid of their neighbours, but, that out of her loving-kindness to her people, who were dearer to her than herself, she had taken steps for the correction of these abuses."

If Mary Stuart had not been removed, it is plain that

without *wiff* or charge, and worth 1000*l.* he will never do good in his country; it were a charitable deed in your lordship to impose the privy seal on him. He dwelleth with his brother, John Devil, at Leek, aforesaid." Now, this country gentleman, like Cyrus with the great coat and little coat, certainly dealt more in equity than law, and the whole affair proves the absolute despotism of Elizabeth and her Privy Council.

Elizabeth would not have ventured either to interfere with the business before the house, or to speak of the free realm of England as if it had been her personal estate, and her jurisdiction over it subject to no restraining influence from the representatives of the people. Elizabeth was, at this period, so secure of the strength of her position, that she felt she could not only *do* as she pleased, but say *what* she pleased; the more dangerous indulgence of the royal will of the two.

On the 29th of March this parliament was dissolved, preparatory to the arraignment of the earl of Arundel in Westminster hall, before a select number of peers and privy councillors, appointed by Elizabeth for his trial, if such it may be termed, after five years imprisonment in the Tower. The heads of his impeachment were, "that he had maintained a correspondence with cardinal Allen; that he had attempted to withdraw privily from the realm; that he was privy to pope Sixtus's bull against the queen; and that he had caused a mass to be said in his prison for the success of the Spanish Armada, and had even composed a special prayer himself on that occasion."

The noble prisoner, pale and emaciated with sickness and long confinement, was brought into court by sir Owen Hopton, the lieutenant of the Tower, sir Drue Drury, and others, the axe being carried before him. He made two obeisances when he presented himself at the bar. There the clerk of the court told him he was indicted of several offences, and said, "Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, late of Arundel in the county of Sussex, hold up thy hand." He held up his hand very high, saying, "Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this hall."

So frivolous was the evidence against this unfortunate nobleman, that an emblematical piece found in his cabinet, having on one side a hand shaking a serpent into the fire, with this motto, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" and on the other a rampant lion, without claws, and with this inscription, "Yet a lion,"[1] was produced in court, as one proof of his evil intentions. The earl replied, "that this was a toy given to him by his man," and greatly must he have marvelled how, by any subtlety, such a device could have been construed into treason against the queen. It was, in-

[1] Camden.

deed, of a piece with the pretence on which his accomplished grandfather, Surrey, was brought to the block by the sanguinary tyrant, Henry VIII. It was also urged against Arundel, that he had written a letter to the queen, reflecting severely on the justice of the laws by which his father and grandfather suffered death, and that he had assumed the title of Philip duke of Norfolk on the advice of cardinal Allen.[1]

The witnesses against Arundel were Bennet, the priest, who had said the mass at his request, and Gerard and Shelley, who were present at it. These accused him of having offered up his prayers for the success of the expedition. Arundel declared, "that his prayers were only for the preservation of himself and his fellow-catholics from the general massacre to which report had said they were doomed, in the event of the Spaniards effecting a landing," then fixing his eyes upon Gerard, and adjuring him "to speak nothing but the truth, as he must one day appear before the tribunal of the living God, to answer for what he should then say," he so daunted and disconcerted the witness, that he lost his utterance, and was unable to repeat his first assertion.

Against the testimony of Bennet, the earl produced one of his own letters, in which he acknowledged that his confession was false, and had been extorted by threats of torture and death. Yet every one of the lords commissioners appointed for the trial of this ill-treated nobleman, when asked to give their verdict, placed his hand upon his breast, and said, "Guilty, upon my honour!" Then the earl of Derby, who was special high steward of the court, pronounced the barbarous and ignominious sentence decreed by the laws of England against traitors, with all its revolting minutiæ.

"*Fiat voluntas Dei*," responded the noble prisoner, in a low voice; and making an obeisance, not to the packed junta, who had, for the most part, assisted in sending his father to the block, but to the throne, he was led out of court, with the edge of the axe towards him. He petitioned the queen, after his sentence was pronounced, to be permitted to see his wife and son, a child of five years old, whom he had never seen. No answer was returned to his

[1] Camden.

piteous supplication by Elizabeth, whose hatred to lady Arundel was deadly and implacable, even amounting to a repugnance to breathing the same air with her, since whenever she was going to take up her abode at St. James's palace, she invariably sent her commands to lady Arundel to leave London.[1]

Elizabeth was in the habit of accepting new years' gifts from the unfortunate earl. One that appears among the list of these offerings was, "a jewel of gold garnished with small diamonds and rubies, standing upon a slope, with small pearls pendent."[2] A more costly present was received by her majesty in the season of his sore adversity, when he had been stripped and impoverished by a fine of 10,000*l.*, but was apparently anxious to testify his loyalty and good-will to his angry queen. It was a carcanet or collar of gold, containing seven pieces of gold, six true love-knots of small sparks of diamonds, and many pearls of various bigness.

The regard manifested for Arundel by the hapless queen of Scots, was probably the head and front of his offending. Elizabeth, after all, did not take his life. She had never ceased to upbraid Burleigh, with having, by his ceaseless importunity, induced her to shed his father's blood—that blood which was kindred with her own, and she could scarcely have forgotten that this unfortunate peer was the grandson and representative of an earl of Arundel, to whose generous protection she was, in all probability, indebted for the preservation of her life, when herself a persecuted captive in the Tower. Her relentings on this point could scarcely be termed mercy, for she kept the axe suspended over the expecting victim for the residue of his wretched existence, so that every day he was in a state of suspense, expecting to receive a summons to the scaffold at an hour's notice. He was never permitted to behold again his devoted wife, or the unknown son, for whom his fond heart had yearned in his lonely prison-house, with the strong instinct of paternal love.[3] In this long-lingering bitterness of

[1] Contemporary MS. Life of the Countess of Arundel, in the Norfolk archives.

[2] List of new year's gifts, in Sloane MSS.

[3] Camden. Lingard. Howard Memorials. MS. Life of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.

death, Elizabeth was so pitiless as to keep her unhappy kinsman for upwards of six years, till sickness, brought on by pining sorrow, combined with want of air and exercise, terminated his life.[1]

How greatly his imprisonment had been embittered by the gratuitous harshness of the functionary who had him in ward, may be gathered from his pathetic entreaties to the lieutenant of the Tower, who came to see him, a few days before his death, not to use other prisoners as hardly as he had treated him. "You must think, master lieutenant," said the dying earl, "that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh, then, do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest, but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy, God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity."

He was buried at the queen's expense, in the same grave with his unfortunate father, the beheaded duke of Norfolk, in the Tower church, and the funeral service, that was devised for him, consisted, not of the beautiful and consoling form prescribed in our liturgy, for the burial rite, but of a series of unchristian-like insults to the dead. Among the sentences with which the chaplain, on his own authority, commenced this novel funeral service, were these words:— "Yet as it is said in the Scriptures, 'Go and bury yonder cursed woman, for she is a king's daughter,' so we commit his body to the earth, yet giving God hearty thanks that he hath delivered us of so great a fear.[1]

The national spirit of England had been so fiercely roused, by the threatened invasion of the Armada, that nothing less than some attempt at retaliation would satisfy the people. Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, was still a suppliant, at the court of Elizabeth, for assistance from her to establish him on the throne of his ancestors, and the last prayer of parliament to the queen, before its dissolution was, that she would send an expedition to make reprisals on the king of Spain for his hostilities. Elizabeth liked the policy, but not the cost of such a measure. She said,

[1] MS. Life of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, at Norfolk House, Dallaways, Sussex.

"she was too poor to bear the burden herself, but her brave subjects were welcome to fit out an armament, for the liberation of Portugal from the Spanish yoke, provided they would do it at their own expense, and she would lend them ships of war."[1]

Drake, Norris, and other valiantly-disposed gentlemen, took her majesty at her word, and formed an association for this purpose. Elizabeth subscribed six thousand pounds towards the adventure, and on the 18th of April, 1589, a gallant armament sailed from Plymouth for Lisbon, having on board the claimant of the crown of Portugal, and many noble young English volunteers, who were eager to assist in humbling the pride of Spain. To these ardent aspirants for glory was unexpectedly added the queen's reigning favourite, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who had made his escape from court, and, unknown to his royal mistress, put to sea in a ship of war called the "Swiftsure," and joined the fleet while it was detained by contrary winds.[2] Two years before, the young earl had, in like manner, stolen from the silken fetters of his courtly servitude, with the intention of signalizing himself by relieving the town of Sluys, which was, at that time, beseiged by the Spanish forces, but the queen sent his young kinsman, Robert Carey, after him, to forbid his voyage, Carey overtook him at Sandwich, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to return. It is doubtful whether the proffer of the crown matrimonial of England would have induced Essex to have given up his present enterprise, so thoroughly transported was he with the desire of playing the knight-errant on this occasion.

As soon as Elizabeth discovered the flight of her wilful favourite, she dispatched the earl of Huntingdon, with all speed, to follow, and bring the truant back, but he was already out of the reach of pursuit. He was the foremost man to leave the boats, and struggle through the opposing breakers, to the attack of the castle of Penicha, and, wading up to the shoulders, first reached the land. The castle presently surrendered to the English adventurers, and sir Henry Norris advanced so far as to take the suburbs of Lisbon, but for want of the promised co-operation of the king of Morocco, and indeed of the Portuguese themselves,

[1] Camden. Lingard. Mackintosh.
[2] Lodge. Camden. Lingard.

who probably liked not the prospect of such an alliance, and, above all, on account of the deficiency of the munitions of war in their own fleet, they were unable to follow up the brilliant successes with which they commenced the campaign. Essex, with all the ardour of a young chivalric novice, burning to perform deeds of high emprise, advanced to the gates of Lisbon, and beating a thundering summons there, challenged the governor to come forth, and encounter him hand to hand, in single combat. No notice was, of course, taken of this romantic defiance by the Spaniard.[1]

Sickness broke out in the English army and a fearful mortality ensued. Six thousand out of eighteen thousand were left on that ill-omened coast, victims to the pestilence, and the fleet returned to Plymouth, without effecting anything compensatory for the loss of valuable lives it had involved. Elizabeth has been severely blamed for allowing the expedition to be undertaken at all, unless provided with the means of maintaining the honour of England. She had not yet learned wisdom on that point, although the experience of all her foreign expeditions had proved that she should have counted the costs of her warfare at first, and, if she thought them too high, pursued a more pacific policy. But half-measures always prove in the end dear economy, and Elizabeth was exactly the person "to spoil the ship for a halfpenny-worth of tar."

She had amused herself, during the absence of Essex, with progresses and all sorts of recreations, calculated to impress her court and people with ideas of her juvenility, instead of the cares and infirmities of advancing years. "The queen is well, I assure you," writes sir John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of her privy-chamber, "six or seven galliards in a morning, besides music and singing, is her ordinary exercise.[2] She commanded lord Howard to return thanks for a well-trained palfrey he had sent her, saying, "she took it kindly and most graciously, that he should think of a thing that she did so greatly want, and that she never in her life had one she had taken a greater liking for." "Her majesty hath not yet ridden on him, but meaneth, the next time she rideth, to prove him. And, my lord, the day of the remove to the palace of Nonsuch, (which was on the 19th,) her majesty commanded me to ride on him,

[1] Camden. [2] Lodge, vol. ii., p. 386.

and I assure your lordship I could not give more commendations than he doth deserve." This was the gallant lord admiral Howard, of Effingham, useful in proving the paces of a royal lady's palfrey, as well as destroying an hostile Armada. Our naval heroes in these days, though equally renowned on the quarter-deck, have not so much equestrian skill.

Essex, having absented himself for several months from his duties as master of the horse, which office involved constant personal attendance on the queen, dreaded that some signal mark of her displeasure would be directed against him on his return. Nothing indeed less than fine and imprisonment could be anticipated, after the severe punishment that had been inflicted on the ill-fated earl of Arundel, for the contempt of essaying to leave England without the royal permission. Essex was, however, a privileged man, and the queen was so overjoyed at his return, that, instead of chastising, she loaded her beloved truant with favours and caresses, and consoled him by some valuable grants for his disappointment, on learning that sir Christopher Hatton had been preferred to the vacant chancellorship of Cambridge in his absence.[1] Essex was naturally of a generous, careless temper, but his personal extravagance had already involved him in debts to so large an amount, that he found himself in a manner necessitated to avail himself of the weakness of his royal mistress, by obtaining from her, as his predecessor, Leicester, had done, a plurality of lucrative places and monopolies. It was one of the great inconsistencies of Elizabeth's character, that while she was parsimonious, even to childishness, in matters of such vital importance to the honour of England, as the victualling and supplying fleets, that were to be employed, either on foreign service or the defence of her realm, with a needful quantity of ammunition, she lavished her bounty, with unsparing profusion, on the selfish succession of favourites who surrounded the throne, and, like the allegorical daughters of the horse-leech, were never tired of crying, "Give, give!"

That Elizabeth's affection for Essex betrayed her, not only into jealousy of one of her fairest maids of honour, but great irascibility of temper against the supposed object of his personal preference, may be seen by the details, given by

[1] Aikin.

one of her courtiers, of her conduct towards the young lady, who, being her majesty's near relation, and the court beauty withal, appears to have conducted herself, by-the-bye, with a singular want of duty and attention to her royal mistress.

"Her highness," writes Mr. Fenton, to sir John Harrington, "spake vehemently, and with great wrath, of her servant, the lady Mary Howard, forasmuch as she had refused to bear her mantle at the hour her highness is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke, did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress. Again, on another occasion, she was not ready to carry the cup of grace during the dinner in the privy-chamber, nor was she attending at the hour of her majesty's *going* to prayer; all which doth now so disquiet her highness, that she swore, 'she would no more shew her any countenance, but out with all such ungracious flouting wenches;' because, forsooth, she hath much favour and marks of love from the young earl, which is not so pleasing to the queen, who doth still exhort all her women to remain in the virgin state as much as may be. I adventured to say, so far as discretion did go, in defence of our friend, and did urge much in behalf of youth and enticing love, which did often abate of right measures in fair ladies; all which did nothing soothe her highness' anger, who said, 'I have made her my servant, and she will now make herself my mistress; but, in good faith, William, she shall not, and so tell her.'"

"In short," pursues the kind-hearted, but simple writer, "pity doth move me to save this lady, and would beg such suit to the queen, from you and your friends, as may win her favour to spare her on future amendment. If you could speak to Mr. Bellot, or my lord-treasurer, on this matter, it might be to good purpose, when a better time doth offer to move the queen than I had, for words were then of no avail, though as discreetly brought as I was able. It might not be amiss to talk to this poor young lady to be more dutiful, and not absent at prayers and meals, to bear her highness' mantle and other furniture, even more than all the rest of the servants, to make ample amends by future diligence, and always to go first in the morning to her highness' chamber, forasmuch as such kindness will much prevail to turn away all former displeasure. She must not entertain my lord the earl in any conversation, but shun

his company; and, moreover, be less careful in attiring her own person, for this seemeth as more done to win the earl than her mistress' good-will."[1]

The reader will remember, that lady Mary Howard, was the envied possessor of the rich velvet kirtle, with the costly border or flounce, which Elizabeth had taken a whimsical method of admonishing her not to wear any more. It was probably some lurking resentment caused by this prohibition, that occasioned the pretty little maid of honour, to demean herself so undutifully to her royal mistress, in regard to her cloak and grace-cup. The flirtations with Essex, who was the hero as well as the Adonis of the court, a noble bachelor, and the mark for every lady's eye, were natural enough, but were evidently the great matter of offence to her majesty.

"If we consider," continues Fenton, "the favours shewed her family, there is ground for ill-humour in the queen, who doth not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont, but since the Irish affairs seemeth more froward than commonly she used to bear herself towards her women, nor doth she hold them in discourse with such familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglects, in such wise as to make these fair maids cry, and bewail in piteous sort, as I am told, by my sister Elizabeth."[2]

Burleigh, who had fancied that the death of his ancient rival, Leicester, would have left him the undisputed lord of the ascendant in the council-chamber, was bitterly annoyed at finding himself circumvented and defeated in the royal closet, by the influence his late ward had acquired over the mind of the queen, who was thirty-three years his senior. The courtiers, both old and young, regarded the favour enjoyed by Essex with jealous eyes, and many were the devices used to divert her attention from him. On the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, after a series of jousts and chivalric exercises had been performed, old sir Henry Lee, who had so long supported the office of the queen's champion at all tilts and tourneys, made a public resignation of his office to the gallant young earl of Cumberland. They both advanced to the foot of the gallery where the queen was seated, attended by her ladies and

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 232. [2] Ibid.

officers of state to view the games, while the following elegant song was sung by a concealed performer:

"My golden locks time hath to silver turned.
Oh, time, too swift, and swiftness never ceasing!
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth both spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty and strength and youth, flowers fading been;
Duty, faith, love, are roots and evergreen.

My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms:
And so from court to cottage I depart;
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my saints this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think to do her wrong!
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight."

Meantime there rose, as if by magic, before the royal balcony, a pavilion of white taffeta, supported on pillars resembling porphyry, in imitation of a temple of the Vestal Virgins. Within it rose a rich altar, loaded with offerings for her majesty, and before the gate stood a crowned pillar wreathed with eglantine, supporting a votive tablet inscribed, "To Eliza."

The gifts and tablets being with great reverence presented to the queen, and the aged knight disarmed by his pages, he offered up his armour at the foot of the pillar; then kneeling, presented the earl of Cumberland to her majesty, praying her to be pleased to accept him for her knight in his place. The queen having graciously signified her assent, sir Henry Lee invested his brave young substitute with his arms, and mounted him on his horse. This done, he clothed himself in a long velvet gown, and covered his head, in lieu of a helmet, with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.[1] The queen presented her glove to the gallant representative of the proud house of Clifford, who had nobly distinguished himself in the triumphant fight

[1] Not long after old sir Henry Lee had resigned his office of especial champion of the beauty of his sovereign, he fell in love with her new maid of honour, the fair Mrs. Anne Vavasour, who, though in the morning flower of her charms, and esteemed the loveliest girl in the whole court, drove a whole bevy of youthful lovers to despair, by accepting this ancient relic of the age of chivalry.

with the Spanish Armada. He ever after wore the royal gage in his burgonet, and queen Elizabeth always spoke of him as "her knight."

Cumberland, nevertheless, soon perceived that neither he, nor any other gallant of the court, had any chance of entering the lists successfully against the favoured Essex, who was then in the zenith of his power and influence with the queen. To what fatal heights, both for herself and him, the infatuation of such a princess might have elevated the object of her last and most engrossing passion, may be imagined if he had been of a disposition to humour her infatuation. But Essex, in the first generous pride of manhood, had not yet lost that delicacy of feeling, which forms the poetry of early life, ere the bright impulses of love and chivalry are choked by worldcraft, and its degrading ends and aims. He would, at that time, have thought foul scorn of himself had he been capable of sacrificing the pure and holy sympathies of conjugal affection, on the sordid altar of ambition or avarice. Well had it been for Essex, if he had never condescended to barter his happiness, as a husband and father, for the glittering trammels in which he finally suffered himself to be entangled.

While, however, all the courtiers were burning with envy, at the undisguised marks of fondness which the queen publicly lavished on her youthful favourite, he secretly loved and was beloved by the fair widow of sir Philip Sidney. This lady was the only daughter of that celebrated statesman, sir Francis Walsingham, who was just dead, worn out with his long and arduous official labours, and having spent his fortune in the service of the queen. Sir Philip Sidney had been the model on which Essex had endeavoured to form his own character; and much that was noble, generous, and of fair promise in him may be, perhaps, attributed to his imitation of that stainless knight, while his faults were, after all, less than might have been expected from the pupil of Leicester. When Essex discovered that he, and he alone, had the power of consoling lady Sidney for the loss of the hero for whom she had mourned upwards of four years, he did not hesitate to dry her tears by plighting himself to her in marriage, though at the risk of forfeiting the favour of his enamoured queen.

These nuptials were solemnized with great secrecy; for though Essex was disinterested enough to wed the woman

of his heart, he had not the moral courage to avow to his royal mistress what he had dared to do.

The nineteenth of November, being St. Elizabeth's day, was always kept by the courtiers of queen Elizabeth as a national festival in honour of her name, and in opposition to the ungallant decision of pope Pius V., who had struck the name of St. Elizabeth out of the Romish calendar, to indicate, as some have insinuated, his ill-will to Elizabeth of England.

In the year 1590, grand jousts and tilting took place on that day in the presence of the queen, viscount Turenne, the new French ambassador, and an unusually splendid company. The earls of Cumberland and Essex, and lord Borough, challenged all comers for six courses, and Essex shone forth, as the pre-eminent cavalier on that occasion. The fact of his having presumed to take to himself a wife, had not then reached the royal ear, though it could scarcely, at that time, be termed a secret, since lady Walsingham, with prudential care for her daughter's fair fame, had caused her to be treated in her house as the countess of Essex, for the last month.

The paroxysms of rage with which Elizabeth was transported, when the tidings at last reached her, may be imagined from the hints which John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber, conveys to lord Talbot of her demeanour soon after:

"If," says he, "she could overcome her passion against my lord of Essex for his marriage, no doubt she would be much the quieter; yet doth she use it more temperately than was thought for, and, God be thanked, doth not strike *all* she threats. The earl doth use it with good temper, concealing his marriage as much as so open a matter may be; not that he denies it to any, but for her majesty's better satisfaction is pleased that my lady shall live very retired in her mother's house."[1]

The important movements of the political game, which, in consequence of the changes that had followed the assassination of Henry III. of France, was playing for the crown of that realm, between her old antagonist, Philip of Spain, and her favourite protegé, Henry of Navarre, the hero of the protestant cause, roused Elizabeth from the feminine

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 422.

weakness of amusing her courtiers with her irascibility, on account of the marriage of her youthful favourite. She felt the proud importance of her position in the contest, and that she could with one hand raise the drooping fortunes of the gallant Bourbon from the dust, and with the other inflict a death blow on the overweening pride of Spain. Henry of Navarre wooed her for succour in the tone of a lover; she was, in fact, his only hope, and she came forward to his assistance, like a true friend, in the hour of his utmost need. The sum of two-and-twenty thousand pounds in gold, which she sent to him, arrived at the moment when his Swiss and German auxiliaries were about to disband for want of pay, and Henry, with a burst of surprise and joy at the sight of the money, declared "that he had never before beheld so large a sum in gold in his life."[1]

Elizabeth further honoured her royal protegé, by embroidering a scarf for him with her own hands, and using every demonstration of affectionate regard for his person. She led his envoys into her privy-chamber to display his portrait, which she pronounced to be beautiful, with such expressions of admiration, that they assured her she would like the original, better, adding some insinuations which were far from offending her; and they recommended their royal master to cultivate her good-will by writing a flattering note to her, at least once a fortnight. Elizabeth levied 3000 men to send to his assistance. Essex threw himself at her feet, and implored her to honour him with the command of those troops. Elizabeth positively refused, though, with the importunity of a spoiled child, he remained kneeling before her for hours.[2]

She prudently conferred the trust on her old, experienced commander, sir John Norris. When Henry IV. solicited a further reinforcement, he requested his good sister that she would give the command to her gallant young master of the horse. Elizabeth reluctantly complied, and wrote a very remarkable letter to Henry on the subject—a letter which, although it has escaped the research of all her historians, except mademoiselle Kerqlio, is worthy of attention, both as the only one in which she dwells on the peculiar characteristics of Essex, and also from the endearing, yet dignified, manner in which she bespeaks the loving care of her ally

[1] Egerton Papers. [2] Ibid.

for her soldiers. It is certainly one of the most interesting and sensible letters ever penned by this great sovereign:

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

"27th July, 1591.

"According to the promise which I have always kept in your behalf, my dearest brother, I send 4000 men to your aid, with a lieutenant, who appears to me very competent. His quality, and the place he holds about me, are such, that it is not customary to permit him to be absent from me; but all these reasons I have forgotten on the present occasion, preferring, to our own necessity and convenience, the gratification of your wish; for which cause, I doubt not, you will respond, with an honourable and careful respect for your greatness, by giving him a favourable reception. In regard to his many merits, you may be assured, if (which most I fear) the rashness of his youth does not make him too precipitate, you will never have cause to doubt his boldness in your service, for he has given too frequent proofs that he regards no peril, be it what it may; and you are entreated to bear in mind, that he is too impetuous to be given the reins.

"But, my God, how can I dream of making any reasonable requests to you, seeing you are so careless of your own life: I must appear a very foolish creature. Only I repeat to you, that he will require the bridle rather than the spur. Nevertheless, I hope he will be found to possess skill enough to lead his troops on to do you worthy service; and I dare promise that our subjects are so well disposed, and have hearts so valiant, that they will serve you to ruin all your foes, if their good fortune corresponds with their desires. And now for the wages of all these forces, I must make you two requests: the first, on which depends their lives, your heart being such that nothing ought to be omitted that regards them, that you will cherish them, not as those who serve as mercenaries, but freely from good affection; also, that you will not carry them into too great danger. You are so wise a prince, that I am assured you will not forget that our two nations have not often accorded so well, but they would remember their ancient quarrels, not considering themselves of the same country, but separated by a mighty deep; and that you will so bear it in hand, that no inconveniences shall arise when they arrive. I have, on my part, inculcated good lessons on my people, which, I am assured, they will observe.

"And now, not to fatigue you with too long a letter, I will conclude with this advice: that, in approaching our coasts, you would not forget to *debouche* the way to Parma,[1] in all directions where he might enter, for I am assured that he has received orders to press towards the Low Countries, rather than to France.

"Your very assured good sister and cousin,

"E. R."[2]

In this last hint, Elizabeth's policy in sending her troops to the aid of Henry is explained. She had conditioned that her people were not to be employed in the contest, between the Huguenot king of France, and his malcontent catholic subjects, but only against the Spanish invaders, who had entered Bretagne, and were rather alarming neighbours to England. Henry violated his pact on this point, by direct-

[1] The Duke of Parma, Philip II.'s generalissimo in the Netherlands.

[2] Keralio. The original is in the perplexed French in which all Elizabeth's letters to Henry are written.

ing the English troops against his rebel subjects, in order to obtain, by force of arms, his recognition as sovereign of France, making all other considerations subservient to that leading object. Elizabeth remonstrated in vain, and at last her patience failed her; and in reply to some contumacious expressions from Henry IV., she addressed the following indignant language to him:—

"I am astonished that any one, who is so much beholden to us for aid in his need, should pay his most assured friend in such base coin. Can you imagine that the softness of my sex deprives me of the courage to resent a public affront? The royal blood I boast could not brook from the mightiest prince in Christendom such treatment as you have, within the last three months, offered to me. Be not displeased if I tell you roundly, that if thus you treat your friends, who freely, and from pure affection, are serving you at a most important time, they will fail you hereafter at your greatest need. I would instantly have withdrawn my troops, had it not appeared to me that your ruin would have been the result, if the others, led by my example, and apprehending similar treatment, should desert you. This consideration induces me to allow them to remain a little longer; blushing, meantime, that I am made to the world the spectacle of a despised princess.

"I beseech the Creator to inspire you with a better way of preserving your friends.

"Your sister, who merits better treatment than she has had,

"E. R."[1]

Henry knew how to soften, by seductive flattery, the wrath of the royal lioness, by whom his cause had been supported, when he had no other friend, and he always kept on the most agreeable terms with the brave and generous Essex. If the talents of Essex had been equal to his chivalry, he would have won the most brilliant reputation in Europe; but his achievements were confined to personal acts of valour, which procured him, in the French camp, the name of the English Achilles.[2]

"The old fox," as Essex always called his former guardian, Burleigh, had done the utmost to widen the breach between him and the queen, and he now made all the advantage he could of his absence, by incessantly entreating her majesty to give the place of secretary of state, to his son, Robert Cecil. Essex was the warm friend and patron of Davison, whose cause he was continually pleading to the queen, and had, by his powerful influence, kept his office vacant, in spite of the veteran premier's pertinacious solicitations to her majesty, to bestow it on his own son. The

[1] Letter from Elizabeth to Henry IV., dated Nov. 9th, 1591, in Keralio.
[2] Thuanus.

queen took a malicious pleasure in keeping Burleigh in suspense; and when she went in progress to Theobalds, in May, 1591, where she was entertained with great magnificence, and received many costly presents, she contented herself, at her departure, with bestowing the accolade of knighthood, on the crooked little aspirant, for the coveted office in her cabinet.

"I suppose," writes sir Thomas Wylkes, to sir Robert Sidney, "you have heard of her majesty's great entertainment at Theobalds, her knighting sir Robert Cecil, and of the expectation of his advancement to the secretaryship; but so it is, as we said in court, that the knighthood must serve for both."

On the 19th of July, Elizabeth honoured Burleigh with a visit at his house, in the Strand, and they went together, to take a private view of the house of the absent Essex, in Covent Garden, a proceeding that had somewhat the appearance of an impertinent piece of espionage. It was probably, during this visit, that sir Robert Cecil obtained his long delayed preferment, to the place of secretary of state; for, on the second of August, he was sworn of the privy-council, at Nonsuch. Soon after, the little man had the honour of entertaining her majesty at his own house, where he endeavoured to propitiate her favour, by getting up one of the most original pieces of flattery, that was ever devised for her gratification. A person, in the dress of a Post enters, with letters, exclaiming:—

"Is Mr. Secretary Cecil here? Did you see Mr. Secretary? Gentlemen, can you bring me to Mr. Secretary Cecil?

"*A Gentleman Usher.* Mr. Secretary Cecil is not here. What business have you with him?

"*Post.* Marry, sir, I have letters that import her majesty's service.

"*Usher.* If the letters concern the queen, why should you not deliver them to the queen? You see she is present, and you cannot have a better opportunity, if the intelligence be so important, and concern herself, as you say."

After some high-flown compliments to the various perfections of her majesty, the Post says:—

"Well, I am half persuaded to deliver the letters to her own hand; but, sir, they come from the emperor of China, in a language that she understands not.

"*Usher.* Why, then, you are very simple, Post. Though it be so, yet these princes, as the Great Turk and the rest, do always send a translation in Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin, and then it's all one to her.

"*Post.* Doth she understand all these languages, and hath never crossed the seas?

"*Usher.* Art thou a Post, and hast ridden so many miles, and met with so many men, and hast not heard what all the world knows, that she speaks and understands all the languages in the world, which are worthy to be spoken or understood?

"*Post.* It may be that she understands them in a sort, well enough for a lady, but not so well as secretaries should do.

"*Usher.* Tush! what talkest thou of secretaries? As for one of them, whom thou most askest for, if he have anything that is worth talking of, the world knows well enough where he had it, for he kneels every day where he learns a new lesson. Go on, therefore; deliver thy letters. I warrant thee she will read them, if they be in any Christian language.

"*Post.* But is it possible that a lady, born and bred in her own island, having but seen the confines of her own kingdom, should be able, without interpreters, to give audience and answer still to all foreign ambassadors?

"*Usher.* Yea, Post, we have seen that so often tried, that it is here no wonder. But, to make an end, look upon her. How thinkest thou—doest thou see her? Say truly, sawest thou ever more majesty or more perfection met together in one body? Believe me, Post, for wisdom and policy she is as inwardly suitable as externally admirable.

"*Post.* Oh, sir, why now I stand back, the rather you have so daunted my spirits with that word; for first you say she hath majesty, and that, you know, never likes audacity. Next you say, she is full of policy. Now, what do I know, if policy may not think fit to hang up a Post if he be too saucy?

"*Usher.* Oh, simple Post, thou art the wilfullest creature that liveth. Dost thou not know that, besides all her perfections, all the earth hath not such a prince for affability; for all is one.—Come gentleman, come serving-man, come ploughman, come beggar,—the hour is yet to come that ever she refused a petition. Will she, then, refuse a letter that comes from so great an emperor, and for her service? No, no; do as I bid thee. I should know some things, that have been a quarter-master these fifteen years. Draw near her, kneel down before her, kiss thy letters and deliver them, and use no prattling while she is reading them; and if ever thou have worse words than, 'God have mercy, fellow!' and 'Give him a reward!' never trust me while thou livest."[1]

This dialogue is not only valuable as a great literary curiosity, but as affording a correct description of the etiquette, observed by the ministers and officers of queen Elizabeth's household, in delivering letters, presenting papers for her signature, and listening to her instructions, which we find sir Robert Cecil did, on the knee. The

[1] Nichols' Progresses, from Harl. MSS. 286, f. 248, Brit. Mus.—Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of receiving complimentary letters from the sultan Amurath III., from the czar of Muscovy, and the emperors of Morocco and China. In the Archæologia there is a fac-simile of a highly curious letter of hers, addressed, "To the Right, High, Mighty and invincible Emperor of Cathaye." It was intended as the credential of Sir George Waymouth, on his voyage of discovery, in 1662. It has a richly illuminated border, on a red ground, and is signed at the bottom by the queen, in her largest sized hand. The royal arms have lions for supporters at the sides of the shield. The vellum letter was accompanied by separate translations, on paper, in Italian, Latin, and Portuguese.

hearty, popular manner, with which Elizabeth was wont to receive any act of service, or small present, from the humbler ranks of her subjects, and which always reminded those, who remembered her father, of bluff king Hal, in his cloth-of-gold days, is, of course, described to the life in this curious performance. The most surprising part of the matter was, that her majesty could sit quietly, to listen to so many fulsome compliments.

Sir Robert Cecil had deeply studied all the weak points of his royal mistress's character, and endeavoured, by flattering her to the top of her bent, to render himself so acceptable to her that his personal defects might be overlooked. It is just possible that, that mighty observer of the human heart, in all its erratic movements, Shakespeare, had the deformed secretary, Cecil, in his thoughts when, in defiance of historic truth, he made his royal hunchback, Richard III., prevail with the lady Anne, through the magic of his seductive flattery. It was with that potent weapon, that sir Robert Cecil presumed to enter the lists with the handsome, gallant and manly earls of Cumberland and Essex, with Mountjoye, with Carey, and with Raleigh, for the favour of the dainty queen, who certainly regarded ugliness as a greater sin than witchcraft. She was, however, amused at the idea of her new secretary affecting the airs of a lover in the privy-chamber.

A few days after queen Elizabeth had gratified sir Robert Cecil with the office of secretary, she went in progress, with her court, into Sussex and Hampshire. Her first visit was to Cowdray, the seat of the viscount Montague, the son of sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse to Henry VIII. Her majesty having dined at Farnham, proceeded with her train, on the 15th of August, to Cowdray, where she arrived about eight o'clock on the Saturday night. She was greeted, as soon as she came in sight, with a loud burst of music, which continued till she stepped on the bridge, where a person in armour was stationed between two figures, carved in wood to represent porters, and holding a club in one hand, and a golden key in the other, which he presented to her majesty, at the end of the most bombastic speech, in her praise, that had yet been addressed to her. Wherewithal her highness took the key, and said "she would swear for him there was none more faithful." She then alighted, and

embraced the lady Montague and her daughter, the lady Dormer. The noble hostess was so overpowered by her feelings on this occasion, that she wept upon her majesty's bosom, exclaiming, "Oh! happy time!—oh! joyful day."[1] That night the queen took her rest in a stately velvet bed; the chamber in which she slept was hung with tapestry taken from Raphael's cartoons; the sea-fight in which her great-uncle, the valiant sir Edward Howard, met his death in Brest harbour, was painted in fresco on the ceiling.

Three oxen, and one hundred and forty geese, furnished forth the Sunday morning's breakfast for the maiden monarch and her company.[2] On the Monday morning, by eight o'clock, her highness took horse, with all her train, and rode into the park, where a delicate bower was prepared, under which her own musicians were placed, who accompanied the vocal performance of a nymph, who, with a sweet song, delivered a cross-bow into the queen's hands, to shoot at the deer, some thirty in number, that were enclosed in a paddock, to be slaughtered by the fair hands of royal and noble ladies; no wonder their pastimes were of a savage nature, after devouring oxen and roasted geese by wholesale, for breakfast. Elizabeth killed three or four of the deer with her own hand, and the countess of Kildare one.

Then rode her grace to Cowdray to dinner, and about six of the clock in the evening, from a turret saw sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down with greyhounds on a lawn.

The next day her majesty was entertained at the priory by his lordship, who, in a sort of friendly rivalry to his lady, feasted the royal guest at his hunting-seat, where she was greeted, in the pleasance, first by a pilgrim, and secondly by a wild man, clad in ivy, who addressed quaint speeches to her, followed by what she, no doubt, considered something better—an excellent cry of hounds and a buck-hunt.

On the Wednesday, her majesty and all her ladies dined in the forest-walk, at a table four-and-twenty yards long, and were regaled with choice music. Among other devices with which she was entertained, an angler, after making a

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Ibid.

suitable harangue to the royal guest, netted all the fish in a fair pond, and laid them at her feet.

Elizabeth dined on the following day in the private walks of the garden, with her ladies and nobles, at a table forty-eight feet long. "In the evening, the country people presented themselves to her majesty, in a pleasant dance, with pipe and tabor, and the lord and lady Montague among them, to the great pleasure of the beholders, and the gentle applause of her majesty."

The royal guest departed on the morrow. As she was going through the arbour to take horse, there stood six gentlemen, whom she knighted, the lord-admiral laying the sword on their shoulders. Lord Montague, his three sons, with the high-sheriff, and all the gentlemen of the county, attended her majesty, on horseback, to the place where she dined.

Elizabeth next proceeded to Elvetham, the seat of the earl of Hertford.[1]

The earl, having received a shrewd hint that her majesty meant to come and take him by surprise, on this progress, set three hundred artificers to work to enlarge his house, and make the most magnificent arrangements for her reception, and then humbly solicited her to honour him by becoming his guest. The queen promised to be with him on the 20th of September, in time for the evening banquet. About three o'clock on that day, the earl, attended by three hundred followers, most of them wearing gold chains about their necks, and in their hats black and yellow feathers, set off to meet her majesty, midway between her own house of Odiham and Elvetham Park. The queen took this attention in good part, and received him graciously. Half way between the park-gate and the house, a poet, clad in green and crowned with laurel, met and welcomed the royal guest

[1] Whom, in the early part of her reign, she had so cruelly fined and imprisoned, for having presumed to steal a marriage with her kinswoman, lady Katharine Gray. Hertford was released after the death of his broken-hearted consort, in 1567, and immediately married one of the more favoured maternal cousins of the queen, lady Frances Howard, sister to the lord-admiral—a lady who had not escaped the breath of slander, on account of her passion for Leicester; but she, dying soon after her union with Hertford, he married, thirdly, another lady Frances Howard, the heiress of the first viscount Bindon, a young, fair widow, who had stolen a match with the handsome Henry Prannel, the vintner. She was also cousin to the queen; and, notwithstanding her first plebeian match, the proudest woman in England.

with a long Latin poem, which he rehearsed on his knees. His page offered him a cushion to kneel upon, on purpose for him to reject it with a Latin distich, which is thus translated:—

"Now let us use no cushion but fair hearts,
For now we kneel to more than common saints."

Then six fair virgins, crowned with flowers, three of them representing the graces and three the hours, with baskets of flowers on their arms, made lowly reverence to the queen, and walked before her to the house, strewing the way with flowers, and singing a sweet song of six parts—

"With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday;
For though this clime were blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!

Now air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth with verdure newly dight
Gives perfect sign of her delight.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody,
Now everything that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!"

The song ended with the queen's arrival at the hall door, where she alighted from her horse, and her kinswoman, the countess of Hertford, late widow to the handsome London vintner, Prannel, accompanied with divers honourable ladies, humbly on her knees welcomed her highness to that place, who, embracing her, took her up and kissed her, with many gracious words to her, as well as to the earl, to the great rejoicing of the beholders.

In the park, on a green hill-side, a summer pavilion was prepared in exquisite taste, with a large state room for the nobles, and a withdrawing room, at the end, for the queen. The outside of the structure was covered with boughs, and clusters of ripe hazel nuts; the interior hung with arras; the roof was lined with devices in ivy leaves, and the floor strewn with sweet herbs and green rushes. Between this pavilion and the mansion, in a deep valley, a goodly pond

was dug, in the figure of a half-moon, and filled with water, having three islands upon it; the first was to resemble a ship, a hundred feet in length, and forty in breadth, having three trees orderly set for masts; the second was a fort, twenty-feet square, overgrown with willows; the third was called the snail mount, rising to four circles, of green privet hedge. In all these were fireworks, music, and artillery, and the moment her majesty arrived, a volley of a hundred chamber pieces saluted her from the ship, the fortress, and the snail mount. After the morning festival, a fair and rich gift, from the countess of Hertford, was presented to the queen, "which greatly pleased and contented her highness," we are told, by the quaint chronicler of "the honourable entertainment of her majesty at Elvetham."[1]

The princely pleasures of Kenilworth were almost rivalled on this occasion. All the fabled mythological monsters of the deep were personated on the surface of the pond, which they peopled, in boats of every size and shape, and battled in grotesque fashions, the islands, by turns represented besieged castles, or fiery monsters vomiting flames. The fairy queen and her train, in allusion to the name of Elvetham, made their appearance under her majesty's windows, in the garden, with dances and songs, in honour of the royal guest.

FAIRIE'S SONG.

'Eliza is the fairest queen
That ever trod upon this green;
Eliza's eyes are blessed stars,
Inducing peace, subduing wars;
Eliza's hand is crystal bright,
Her words are balm, her looks are light;
Eliza's breast is that fair hill
Where virtue dwells, and sacred skill!
Oh, blessed be each day and hour,
Where sweet Eliza builds her bower!"

The queen gave noble largess, and expressed her great content at all she saw and heard. At her departure, the hours and graces attended to bid her farewell, wringing their hands in token of their grief. The poet, clad in a black cloak, and with yew boughs in his chaplet, to express that he was in mourning now, addressed her in a lamentable effusion of lame verse, and old Nereus came wading from

[1] A contemporary tract, embellished with pictures of the pond and its three islands, in Nichols' Progresses.

the other end of the pond to her majesty's coach, and, on his knees, thanked her for her late largess; and as she passed through the park gate a concert of musicians, hidden in a bower, played and sang the following song:—

"O come again, fair Nature's treasure,
Whose looks yield joy's exceeding measure;
O come again, world's star-bright eye,
Whose presence beautifies the sky;
O come again, heaven's chief delight,
Thine absence makes eternal night;
O come again, sweet lively sun,
When thou art gone, our joys are done!"

As this song was sung, her majesty, notwithstanding the great rain, stopped her coach, and pulled off her mask, giving great thanks, and assured lord Hertford, "that the beginning, process, and end of this, his entertainment, was so honourable, that hereafter he should find the reward thereof, in her special favour."[1] Elizabeth very soon forgot her promise, and all the return she made to her noble host for the immense expense and trouble he had put himself to on her account, was to provide him with lodgings in the Tower, on a very causeless fit of jealousy of his children, by his marriage with her hapless cousin, lady Katherine Gray, whose son, lord Beauchamp, was to her an object of peculiar ill will, as she suspected him of wishing to be appointed her successor.

The same autumn died the lord-chancellor, sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing celebrity, whose galliards are remembered, when his legal decisions have been long consigned to oblivion, thanks to the sarcastic records of his contemporary, sir Robert Naunton, and the following playful lines of Gray, which are quoted for the sake of the allusion to Elizabeth's suspected passion for the handsome lawyer:—

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,[2]
The seals and maces danced before him.

[1] Nichols' Progresses of queen Elizabeth.

[2] "The ancient English dance called a *brawl*," says Mr. Douce, "was an importation from France, with which balls were usually opened, the performers first uniting hands in a circle, and then, according to an authority printed in French, 1579, the leading couple placing themselves in the centre of the ring, the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his partner the gentlemen. Bassompierre declares, that the duke de Montpensier, only a very few days before he expired, in 1608, was removed from his bed, purposely to witness one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace by some of

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

Hatton lived long enough to experience the fickleness of royal regard, although he was the only one of Elizabeth's especial favourites, who was dutiful enough to remain a bachelor to please his liege lady. His death has been generally attributed to the harsh manner in which queen Elizabeth enforced the payment of a crown debt in the season of his declining health. The insinuation that it was regarded in the light of a default, distressed his mind so deeply, that he took to his bed. When the queen was informed of the effects of her unkindness, she was touched with compunction for what she had done, and came to visit him, endeavouring, by the most gracious behaviour and soothing words, to console him. She even carried her condescension so far, as to administer a posset to him with her own hands; but there are some wounds which no flattering balms can heal. The royal attentions came too late to revive the dying chancellor—his heart was broken.[1]

Elizabeth, meantime, who had not yet forgiven Essex for his marriage, hearing that he was a candidate for the chancellorship of Oxford, which became vacant at the death of Hatton, ordered the university to choose the rival candidate, lord Buckhurst. Essex was deeply mortified, and being then engaged at the siege of Rouen, wrote to one of his friends at home; "If I die in the assault, pity me not, for I shall die with more pleasure than I live with; if I escape,

the young nobility. We may suppose the term *brawls*, was derived from the romps and uproars that the saluting department occasioned. Sir Christopher Hatton, lord-keeper, at the palace of Greenwich, used to open the brawls with queen Elizabeth, and his graceful performance, as her partner, appears to have moved the wrath of her half-brother, sir John Perrot.

[1] Hatton's troubles and ill health commenced with his preferment to the office of lord-chancellor, for he had but a common smattering of law, and knew so little of his office, that the advocates refused to plead before him. His natural good sense, patience, and caution made him, in every case, take advice of able old lawyers. He studied with great application, yet he survived this singular elevation but four years. He probably died of a heart complaint, brought on by excessive anxiety regarding duties for which he was not qualified. He had large estates, which had been granted to him by the queen in the palmy days of his attendance on her person as vice-chamberlain, but was destitute of the sum of ready money necessary to liquidate his responsibility for the crown monies he had received.

comfort me not, for the queen's wrong and unkindness is too great."[1]

When the king of France sent Du Plessis de Mornay to request more troops of Elizabeth, and something was said by the ambassador implying, that the earl of Essex was favourable to his master's wish, she flamed into open anger, used the most bitter expressions against her offending favourite, and finished by saying, "that the earl of Essex would have it thought, that he ruled her realm; but that nothing was more untrue, that she would make him the most pitiful fellow in her realm; and instead of sending the king of France more troops, she would recal all those she had lent him."[2]

The astonished envoy found he had committed a desperate blunder, and endeavoured by a complimentary speech, to appease the storm he had unwittingly raised; but Elizabeth not being in a humour to listen calmly, rose up abruptly, declared herself very much indisposed, and told him, she was compelled, on that account, to cut short the audience. Du Plessis then offered to present her with a memorial which he had previously prepared; but she haughtily bade him give it to her lord-treasurer, and swept out of the room.[3] She well knew that she was in a position to assume the airs of a paramount sovereign to Henry of Navarre, at that moment, and the angry feelings the name of Essex had excited, were without ceremony vented on his ambassador.

She had some reason to be displeased with Henry, who had violated the solemn conditions on which she had assisted him with men and money, by employing them in a different manner from what she had prescribed. Fearing that the occupation of Bretagne by the armies of Spain, was a prelude to an invasion of her own shores, she had expressly directed, that her troops should be employed in repelling the Spanish force in that province; but, as Henry's first object was to establish his contested claims to the throne of France, he had with selfish policy made use of his English auxiliaries for his own interest, rather than that of their queen.

Elizabeth's anger against Essex, though imperiously and offensively expressed, was neither more nor less than the

[1] Murdin.
[2] Mem. Du Plessis Mornay. Rapin. [3] Ibid.

feverish irritability of the deep-seated passion, which neither pride, reason, nor the absence of the object of it, could subdue. She menaced and reviled him, while she loved him, and eagerly desired his presence. When she heard how much he exposed his person in battle, her affection took the alarm; but as soon as the news reached her, that his brother Walter was slain, she wrote to remand Essex home.

Much annoyed at this order, Essex sent sir Thomas Darcy, to assure her majesty, that if he withdrew at such a season, he should be covered with dishonour. He had already been reproached by the besieged with cowardice, for having failed to avenge his brother's death; whereupon he sent Villars, the governor of Rouen, a challenge "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter to decide, which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the fairest mistress." Villars declined the combat in very uncourteous terms, and added, with a sneer, "that as to the beauty of their mistresses, it was scarcely worth his while to put himself to much trouble about that."[1] A remark that was evidently intended to indicate his contempt for the *long-established* claims of her majesty of England to be treated as a beauty: indeed, as Elizabeth was fast approaching her sixtieth year, the less that was said by her friends of her charms, the better it would have been.

Soon after the town of Gornye surrendered to the united arms of France and England, and Essex sent sir Robert Carey home with letters to the queen, announcing the news, and entreating further leave of absence, that this great success might be followed up. Before the arrival of Carey, the queen, who could not brook the slightest opposition to her commands, had sent Darcy back, with a peremptory order to the earl, to return, without delay, as he would answer it at his utmost peril, with commission from her to sir Thomas Layton, to take the command of his troops. Carey gives a lively account of his mission.

"I arrived," says he, "at Oatlands, early in the morning, before the queen was stirring, and conferred with her council on the subject of his errand. They assured me that the queen was so determined, that it would be perilous to myself if I attempted to urge any persuasions for the earl's stay in France.

[1] Mezeray.

"About ten of the clock," pursues he, "the queen sent for me; I delivered her my lord's letter. She presently burst out in a rage against my lord, and vowed, 'she would make him an example to all the world if he presently left not his charge, and returned upon sir Francis Darcy's coming to him.' I said nothing to her till she had read his letter. She seemed meanly (tolerably) well contented with the success at Gornye; and then I said to her, 'Madam, I know my lord's care is such to obey all your commands, that he will not make one hour's stay after sir Francis hath delivered to him his fatal doom; but, madam, give me leave to let your majesty know beforehand, what you shall truly find at his return, after he hath had the happiness to see you, and to kiss your hand.'"[1]

Carey then went on to assure the queen, "that the earl would so keenly feel the disgrace of being recalled from the post of danger, that he would give up public life, forsake the court, and retire to some cell in the country for the rest of his days, which, assuredly, would not be long between his grief for his brother's death, and her majesty's displeasure, which, both together, would break his heart. Then your majesty," pursued his friend, "will have sufficient satisfaction for the offence he hath committed against you."[2]

"She seemed to be somewhat offended with my discourse," continues Carey, "and bade me go to dinner. I had scarcely made an end of my dinner, but I was sent for, to come to her again. She delivered a letter, written with her own hand, to my lord, and bade me tell him, that, "if there were anything in it that did please him, he should give me thanks for it." "It is evident," observes the noble editor of "Carey's Memoirs," "that her own heart, not the pleading of Robert Carey, however moving, drew from Elizabeth this letter. She satisfied herself with the pleasure of writing to Essex, when she could not, consistently with his glory, obtain the pleasure of seeing him." Carey, who was perfect in the delicate art of adapting himself to the humour of his royal mistress, humbly kissed her hand, and said, "he hoped there was that in the letter which would make the most dejected man living a new creature, rejoicing in nothing so much as that he served so gracious a mistress."

[1] Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth. [2] Ibid.

So peremptory, however, had been the mandate sent to Essex, by Darcy, that he dared not hesitate, and before the departure of Carey with this gracious missive from the queen, he had resigned his command to sir Thomas Layton, and, putting himself into a little skiff at Dieppe, made all the haste he could to England. Carey, who had used almost incredible expedition to bring the good tidings of the change in the sovereign's mind, to his friend, did not arrive till two hours after he had sailed. The earl, who expected to be received with an outburst of royal fury on his return, found himself pleasantly mistaken, for her majesty, charmed with his unlooked for obedience to her previous summons, used him with such grace and favour, that he stayed a week with her, passing the time in jollity and feasting; and, when the time of parting came, she, with tears in her eyes, manifested her affection to him, and, for repair of his honour, gave him leave to return to his charge again.[1]

When Essex met Carey, at Dieppe, he straightly embraced him, telling him "that when he had need of one to plead his cause, he would never use any other orator than him." Carey then delivered the precious, but as yet unopened letter, and Essex said, "Worthy cousin, I know by herself how you prevailed with her, and what a true friend I had of you, which I shall never forget." This reconciliation between Essex and the queen took place in April, 1592. She kept the annual festival of the garter on St. George's day, at Greenwich, while he was with her, and was conducted into the chapel by him and the lord-admiral Howard of Effingham, in the robes of the order, her train being borne by the lord-chamberlain and two of her ladies.[2]

Elizabeth visited Oxford again this summer, in the month of September, to do honour to the new chancellor, Buckhurst.[3] From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of lord and lady Norris, who both held a high place in her favour. Ties of no common nature had cemented a bond of friendship between the maiden monarch and this noble pair. Norris was the son of the unfortunate sir Henry Norris, once the favourite gentleman-in-waiting to king Henry VIII., and afterwards the victim of his vengeful fury

[1] Autobiography of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.
[2] History of the Orders of Knighthood, by sir H. Nicolas.
[3] Nichols.

when, being involved in the accusation that was preferred against queen Anne Boleyn, he had refused to purchase his own life by bearing false witness against that unhappy lady. Lady Norris was the daughter of the generous lord Williams of Tame, who had, in the time of Elizabeth's great adversity, when under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, treated her with such protecting kindness and munificent hospitality during her sorrowful journey to Woodstock, that it was impossible it could ever be effaced from her remembrance. Elizabeth's acquaintance with lady Norris having commenced under circumstances so romantic, had induced a greater degree of personal familiarity than is usual between sovereigns and their subjects, and her majesty was wont to call her caressingly, "her dear crow," in allusion to the blackness of her hair, or the darkness of her complexion, a hue "which," as Fuller observes, "no whit misbecame the faces of her martial offspring."

The queen's pet name for his lady was played upon by the time-honoured veteran, lord Norris, or at least by his representative, who, in the character of an old soldier, addressed a speech to her majesty, in which, after telling her that he was past the age of martial deeds, he says, "my horse, my armour, my shield, my sword, the riches of a young soldier, and an old soldier's relics, I should here offer to your highness, but my four boys have stolen them from me, vowing themselves to arms." Of these, the valiant sir John Norris was then commanding the English forces in France, sir Edward had distinguished himself in the Netherlands. The others were serving in Ireland. "The rumour of their deaths," pursued the old man, "hath so often affrighted the crow, my wife, that her heart hath been as black as her feathers. I know not whether it be affection or fondness, but the crow thinketh her own birds the fairest, because to her they are the dearest. What joys we both conceive neither can express; suffice it, they be as your virtues infinite. And although nothing be more unfit to lodge your majesty than a crow's nest, yet shall it be most happy to us that it is by your highness made a phœnix nest." At the end of this quaint speech, the offering of a fair gown was presented to her majesty.

The mournful tidings of the death of one of the four brave boys, to whom allusion was proudly made in the old man's

speech, was, a few years after this visit to Ricote, communicated by the queen to lady Norris, in the following beautiful letter, in which her majesty affectionately addresses the afflicted friend of her youth, by the quaint soubriquet which was, of course, regarded as an epithet of familiar endearment:

"Mine own dear Crow,

"Although we have deferred long to represent unto you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflections of our misfortunes, whom we have always sought to cherish and comfort, yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ears, and nature consequently must raise many passionate workings in your heart, we have resolved no longer to smother either our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for his death; wherein, if society in sorrowing work any diminution, we do assure you, by this true messenger of our mind, that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you, as a mother for a dear son, than the grateful memory of his services past hath wrought in us, his sovereign, apprehension of the miss of so worthy a servant.

"But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flow of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing of this kind hath happened but by God's providence, and that these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever remain the lively character of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavours.

"More at this time I will not write of this *unsilent* subject, but have despatched this gentleman to visit both your lord, and to condole with you in the true sense of our love, and to pray you, that the world may see that what time cureth in weak minds, that discretion and moderation help you in this accident, where there is so opportune occasion to demonstrate true patience and moderation."[1]

[1] Fuller's Worthies of Oxfordshire, p. 396.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Favouritism of Essex—Queen violates the privileges of parliament—Her severe letter to Henry IV. on his change of creed—Her theological studies—Translates Boethius—Supposed plot against her life by Lopez—Her letter to Henry IV. in behalf of the son of Don Antonio, of Portugal—Her persecution of the puritans—Henry IV. and her portrait—Court gossip and intrigues—Royal pageantry, fêtes, and costly presents to the queen—Her sagacious conduct to her maternal kindred—Disgrace of Robert Carey—His attempts to propitiate the queen—Her stormy interview with him on his return from Scotland—Their reconciliation—Her rage at Ralcigh's marriage—Her reception of Dr. Rudd's sermon—Her parsimony, and abridgment of naval and military supplies—Quarrels with Essex—Her jealousy of the fair Bridges—Essex's expedition to Spain—His loving letter to the queen—Growing influence of the lord admiral—She creates him earl of Nottingham—Essex's discontent—She makes him earl marshal—Her spirited retort to the Polish ambassador—Essex tries to bring his mother to court—Queen's reluctance to receive her—Essex carries his point—Dispute in council between the queen and Essex—She boxes his ears—His petulant behaviour and menace—He retires from court—Sickness and death of Burleigh—Elizabeth's grief—Her palaces, dress, and appearance in old age—Elizabeth and her bishops—Her fickleness of purpose—Facetious remark of a Windsor carter, on her frequent change of mind—Her manner of evading an unwelcome suit.

A NEW era, in the personal history of queen Elizabeth, commences with the return of the earl of Essex from his French campaigns, in 1592-3. She welcomed him with undisguised delight, and lavished favours and distinctions upon him, with profuse liberality. He returned an altered man; the delicacy and refinement of youthful honour, had given place to sentiments, more in unison with the wisdom of the children of this world. His residence in the sprightly camp of the gay and amorous king of France, had unfitted him for the duties of domestic life, and accomplished him in all the arts of courtly flattery and dissipation.

Lady Essex, the wife of his choice, was neglected and kept in the background, while he affected to become the lover of a princess, three-and-thirty years older than himself, as the surest method of rivalling his political adversaries, the Cecils and Raleigh. He was soon recognised as the head of a rival party—a party that cherished more enlightened views, and sentiments in greater accordance with the progress of education in a civilized country, than the iron rule of Burleigh, or the inquisitorial policy of the late secretary, Walsingham. England had, indeed, been delivered from foreign foes, and civil strife had been kept down by the terror of the halter and quartering knife, but the oppressive statutes, to compel uniformity of worship, were borne with irritation and impatience by catholics and puritans alike, and the latter party were beginning to evince a determination to seek redress.

The queen had now governed four years, without the aid of a parliament, but in the beginning of the year 1593, the exhausted state of her finances, compelled her to summon a new one. They assembled, February 19th, on which occasion, her majesty abandoning the character of a popular sovereign, assumed a tone of absolute despotism, and told them, by her new chancellor, Puckering, "that they were not called together, to make new laws, or lose good hours in idle speeches, but to vote a supply to enable her majesty to defend her realm against the hostile attempts of the king of Spain."[1] This was a bold beginning, but she followed it up, when, on the election of the new speaker, the commons made their usual request of freedom from arrest, liberty of speech, and access to her person, she replied, "that their first prayer was granted, with this qualification, that wit and speech were calculated to do harm, and their liberty of speech extended no further than 'ay' or 'no,' and that if any idle heads hazarded their estates, by meddling with church and state, the speaker should not receive their bills." The petition of freedom from arrest, was granted, with this proviso, "that it was not to cover any man's ill-doings. As for the privilege of access to her presence, that was wholly to depend on the importance of the occasion, and her majesty's leisure."[2] It is conjectured, from the menacing tone of the royal replies, that Elizabeth had reason to suspect the nature of the sub-

[1] Journals of Parliament. [2] Ibid.

jects likely to be discussed by this parliament. In fact, the first thing they did, was to frame a petition, requesting her majesty to settle the succession. The queen followed up her despotic intimation without delay, by committing Wentworth, with whom the motion originated, to the Tower, also sir Thomas Bromley, who seconded him, and the two members who drew up the petition, to the Fleet.[1]

Soon after, James Morris, a bold and zealous puritan law-officer, attempted to introduce two bills, for the redress of the abuses in the ecclesiastical courts, and for ameliorating the penal statutes. Several members seconded his motion, but the queen put a sudden end to the discussion, by sending in great wrath for the speaker, sir Edward Coke, and told him "to inform the commons, that parliaments were the creatures of her will, to summon or dissolve them—to nullify or give effect to their decisions according to her pleasure, that she was indignant at their presumption, and, once for all, forbade the exhibition of any bills, touching the reformation of matters of church or state, and commanded him on his allegiance, if such were introduced, to refuse to read them."[2] She then sent a serjeant-at-arms into the house of commons, who arrested Morris in his place, in her majesty's name, and carried him off to Tutbury castle.[3] He had, however, a powerful friend in the earl of Essex, to whose intercessions he probably owed his liberty; but when that nobleman, who highly appreciated both his legal talents and his integrity, ventured to recommend him to the queen, for the vacant place of attorney-general, her majesty acknowledged his talents, but said, "his speaking against her in the manner he had done, should be a bar against any preferment at her hands."[4]

The commons, having been thus schooled and intimidated, kissed the rod, and passed a most unconstitutional bill, framed and sent down to them by the sovereign herself, "for keeping her majesty's subjects in better obedience." They also granted her two subsidies and three-fifteenths. This was not enough to satisfy the royal expectations. Three subsidies and six fifteenths were demanded by Sir Robert Cecil, and, notwithstanding some few objections, were ob-

[1] Mackintosh. [2] D'Ewes.

[3] He wrote a manly letter of remonstrance to Burleigh. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii.

[4] Essex's Letters, in Birch.

tained. The queen was so incensed at the opposition of sir Edward Hoby to the grant, that she imprisoned him till the end of the sessions. Elizabeth dismissed this parliament in person, on the 10th of April, 1593, in a speech, which the boldest man of the Plantagenet line of monarchs would scarcely have ventured to utter, and, from the lips of a female sovereign, it must have had a startling effect on an English senate, even in the days of the last of the Tudors.

After reflecting, in bitter terms, on the attempts at opposition to her will, and reiterating the haughty language she had used during the sessions, she spoke of the menaced invasion of the king of Spain, with lofty contempt, and concluded by saying, "I am informed, that when he attempted this last measure, some upon the sea-coast forsook their towns, and fled up higher into the country, leaving all naked and exposed to his entrance. But I swear unto you, by God, if I knew those persons, or may know them hereafter, I will make them know what it is to be fearful in so urgent a cause."

Francis Bacon, whose splendid talents were then beginning to manifest themselves, had, with his brother Anthony, incurred the displeasure of the queen, and the political animosity of the two Cecils, by speaking on the popular side, in this parliament. Essex indicated his sentiments on the subject, by interceding for them with her majesty, and recommending them for office, and when she, petulantly, refused to avail herself of their learning and talents, in any department of her government, because of the opposition they had presumed to offer to the unconstitutional measures of her ministers, he boldly received them into his own family as secretaries to himself. If any other nobleman had ventured to do such a thing, a star-chamber prosecution and fine would have followed, but Essex was a privileged person. What might he not have done at that moment, when he was at once the darling of the people and the beloved of the queen? A noble field lay open to him—a field in which he might have won a brighter meed of fame than the blood-stained laurels of a military conqueror, if he had chosen to act the part of a true patriot, by standing forth as the courageous advocate of the laws and liberties of his country. It was in his power to become a moderator between all parties. Elizabeth, childless, and descending into the vale of

years, yet full of energy and love for her people, had been rendered the instrument of the selfish policy of a junta, whose great aim was to establish an arbitrary government, before which even the peers and senate of England should crouch in slavish submission.

Elizabeth's good sense and great regnal talents inclined her, in the first instance, to a more popular system of government, and the influence of one conscientious and enlightened counsellor might, perhaps, have induced her to finish her reign gloriously by leaving the legacy of a free constitution to England. Essex had neither the moral courage nor the integrity of mind to risk, the loss of the easy and lucrative post of a royal favourite, by becoming the open leader of an opposition to the Cecil administration. He thoroughly hated both father and son, and omitted no opportunity of undermining their credit with the sovereign and traversing their measures; but when he might have attacked them boldly and successfully on the ground of public grievances, he was silent, lest he should incur the displeasure of the queen. As a holder of patents and monopolies[1] Essex had much to lose, and a double-minded man is, of course, unstable in all his ways.

When Elizabeth learned that Henry IV. of France was about to abjure the protestant faith, and profess himself a convert to the church of Rome, she was greatly offended and displeased, and in great haste despatched sir Thomas Wylkes to remonstrate with him in her name; but before the arrival of her envoy the deed was done, and Henry directed his ambassador, Morlant, to soften the matter to Elizabeth as much as he could, by alleging the urgent motives of state necessity, for the change he had been induced to make.

[1] Monopolies were one of the great abuses of Elizabeth's government, and imposed the severest check on the commercial spirit of an age of enterprise and industry. The moment any branch of trade or commerce promised to become a source of profit, some greedy courtier interposed, and solicited of the queen a patent to become the sole proprietor of it himself. But if it were a mere craft, beneath the dignity of the aristocracy to engage in, then wealthy capitalists applied to Burleigh for the licence, with offers of golden angels for the purchase of his goodwill. Even the power of exporting old shoes was restricted, by the queen's patent, to one individual, who had possessed himself of that rare privilege by means of either money or favour. See the lists of patents in Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. iii., and the letter of George Longe to lord Burleigh, desiring a patent for glass-making. Ellis' Royal Letters, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 157.

Elizabeth would not listen, with common patience, to the excuses that were offered, but, in a transport of indignation, penned the following reproachful letter to the royal renegade:—

To the King of France.

"Nov. 12, 1593.

"Ah, what grief! ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart, at the news which Morlant has communicated! My God! is it possible that any worldly consideration could render you regardless of the divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How could you imagine that He, whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long, would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come of it! Nevertheless, I yet hope your better feelings may return, and, in the meantime, I promise to give you the first place in my prayers, that Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob. The friendship and fidelity you promise to me, I own I have dearly earned; but of that I should never have repented, if you had not abandoned your father. I cannot now regard myself as your sister, for I always prefer that which is natural to that which is adopted, as God best knows, whom I beseech to guard and keep you in the right way, with better feelings.

"Your sister, if it be after the old fashion: with the new I will have nothing to do. "E. R."[1]

When Elizabeth sent this severe rebuke to Henry of Navarre, she must either have had a very short memory herself, or imagined that her politic brother had forgotten her former dissimulation, in conforming to the catholic mode of worship, not only during the last years of her sister's reign, when she was, of course, actuated by fear, but during the first six weeks of her own. She was, however, so greatly troubled at the apostasy of her protegé, that, to divert her grief, she entered into a course of theological studies, collating the writings of the ancient fathers with the Scriptures. She had several conferences with the archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, and finally composed her mind by reading "Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy," of the five first books of which she made a very elegant English translation.[2]

An attempt being made on the life of Henry soon after, by John Chalet, a fanatic student, who accused the college of Jesuits of having incited him to that crime, Elizabeth wrote a very curious letter of congratulation to his majesty on his happy escape, taking care to introduce an oracular

[1] British Museum Cotton MS., Titus, c. 7, 161. The original is in French. Camden has given a very loose paraphrase, rather than a translation of this curious document.

[2] Camden.

hint as to the future dangers to which his person might be exposed, from the malice of his catholic subjects, whom she insinuates were not very likely to give him credit for the sincerity of his change of creed. She seems to imply that poison would be the next weapon employed against his life. The reader must always make allowance for the involved and mystified style of Elizabeth's diplomatic letters, which Henry of Navarre confessed he never could understand. This curious epistle has never before been published; it is written in French, and is without date.[1]

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

"The courteous and honourable reception, my beloved brother, which you have been pleased to vouchsafe to this gentleman, together with the wish you have testified, of shewing the same good offices to me, render me so infinitely obliged to you, that words fail me in my attempts to demonstrate my veritable thoughts in regard to you. I entreat you to believe that I should think myself too happy, if Fortune should ever send an hour in which I could, by speech, express to you all the blessings and felicity that my heart wishes you; and among the rest, that God may accord to you the grace to make a difference between those that never fail you, and spirits ever restless. It appears to me that gratitude is sacrifice pleasant in the sight of the Eternal, who has extended his mercy more than once to guard you in so narrow an escape, that never prince had a greater. Which, when I heard, I had as much joy as horror of the peril thereof. And I have rendered very humble thanks on my bended knees, where solely it was due, and thought that He had sent you this wicked herald to render you more chary of your person, and make your officers of your chamber take more care. I have no need to remind you of some shops, where fine drugs are forthcoming, and it is not enough to be of their religion. You staid long enough among the Huguenots, at first, to make them think of the difference, and you may well fear! You will pardon always the faults of good affection, which renders me so bold in your behalf; and I am very glad to hear that you dare, without the licence of licentiates, do so much for your surety and honour, to crush this single seed,[2] which has sown more tares in a dozen years, than all Christian princes can exterminate in as many ages. God grant that they may be uprooted out of your dominions! Yet no *phrenatique* (fanatic) can you lead to such just reasoning. I make no doubt but that the Divine hand will avert from you all bad designs, as I supplicate very humbly, and recommend myself a thousand times to your good graces. "Your very affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

About the same juncture a plot against the life of queen Elizabeth was detected, by the vigilance of Essex, who, through the connexion of his secretary, Anthony Bacon, with the underlings of the Spanish cabinet, had received a hint that Ibarra, the new governor of the Netherlands, had

[1] Autograph letter in the Imperial Collection at St. Petersburgh, communicated by permission of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

[2] Meaning the severe punishment of the young madman, Chalet.

suborned her Jew physician, Lopez, to mingle poison in her medicine. This man, who enjoyed a very high degree of her majesty's confidence, was a Spanish subject, had been taken prisoner in 1558, and had ever since been retained in the queen's service on account of his professional skill, but was secretly a spy and pensioner of the king of Spain. Elizabeth would not believe the charge, because Dr. Lopez had presented to her a rich jewel which Ibarra had sent to him as a bribe. Essex insisted that this was only a proof of his art, and the queen at length allowed him, in conjunction with the Cecils, to make an investigation. They proceeded to the house of Lopez, and after searching his papers, and cross-examining him, both Burleigh and his son, expressed their conviction that it was a false accusation. On which the queen, sending for Essex, in a passion, and calling him "a rash, temerarious youth," sharply reprimanded him for bringing, on slight grounds, so heinous a suspicion on an innocent man. Essex left the royal presence in sullen displeasure, and shut himself up in his chamber, which he refused to quit till the queen had, by many coaxing messages and apologies, appeased his offended pride.

Essex, however, had serious cause for believing his information well grounded, as it was derived from Antonio Perez, the refugee secretary of Philip II., and, on further investigation, he obtained such evidence of the fact, as the confessions of two Portuguese confederates of Lopez, Louis and Ferreira, furnished. Ferreira swore, "that, by direction of Lopez, he had written a letter to Ibarra and Fuentes, offering to poison the queen for fifty thousand crowns;" and Louis, "that he had been employed by the same authorities to urge Lopez to perform his promise." There were also letters intercepted which proved a plot to set fire to the English fleet.[1]

When Elizabeth was at length convinced of the reality of the peril, from which she had so narrowly escaped, a pious sentiment was called forth, indicative of her reliance on the Supreme Ruler of the issues of life and death. "O Lord, thou art my God," she exclaimed, "my times are in thy hand."[2]

Lopez acknowledged having carried on a secret correspondence with the Spanish court, but steadily denied having

[1] Camden. Lingard. Aikin. [2] Camden.

cherished any evil designs against his royal mistress. He suffered death for the suspicion he had incurred, and on the scaffold declared, "that he loved the queen as well as he did Jesus Christ,"[1] an assertion that was received with a shout of derision by the orthodox spectators of the tragedy, who considered it tantamount to a confession of his treason, as he was a Jew.[2]

Lopez had incurred the ill-will of Elizabeth's ministers, by exercising a pernicious influence in her foreign policy, especially by deterring her from giving effectual assistance, at the proper time, to don Antonio, the titular king of Portugal. Burleigh, in his letters to Walsingham, complains bitterly of this Lopez, and intimates that all his measures are traversed by his secret practices with the queen.[3] Elizabeth lent don Antonio 5000*l.* on the security of a valuable diamond, and, to get rid of his daily importunities for its restoration, or that she would be pleased to afford further aid in prosecuting his claims to the Portuguese throne, she was fain to give him back the pledge without obtaining repayment of her money.[4] On the death of don Antonio,[5] she addressed the following remarkable letter to Henry IV. of France, in behalf of his children, more especially his eldest son:

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.[6]

"If the spirit of one departed could disturb a living friend, I should fear that the late king Anthony (whose soul may God pardon) would pursue me in all places, if I did not perform his last request, which charged me, by all our friendship, that I should remind you, after his death, of the good and honourable offers which you made to him, while living, that you might be pleased to fulfil them, in the persons of his orphans and son,[7] which I must own to be an office worthy of such a prince, who will not forget, I feel assured, the wishes of him, who can no longer himself return thanks, and that you will not omit the opportunity of being crowned with that true glory, which shall sound the trumpet to your honour.

"I am not so presumptuous as to prescribe to you what it befits you to do, but submit the case to your sound judgment, as you must know, better than any one else, what will be most suitable to the state of your realm. Only having acquitted myself of my charge, I implore you to treat this desolate

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[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Complete Ambassador.
[4] Ibid. [5] In the year 1595.
[6] From the inedited autograph collection of his Imperial Majesty at St. Petersburg.
[7] This young prince, Don Christofero de Crato, served gallantly as a volunteer in the naval expedition under Howard and Essex, and so well distinguished himself in the storming of Cadiz, that the lord-admiral knighted him on the spot.

prince so well, that he may know who it is that has written for him, and have him in your good favour.

"Praying the Lord God to preserve you for many years, which is the desire of "Your very affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

The fervent orison for the soul of don Antonio, in the commencement of this letter, affords a curious instance of the lingering observances of the church of Rome in queen Elizabeth's practice. The puritans were much offended with her attachment to crucifixes and tapers, and her observance of saints' days. They did not confine their censures to private remarks, but published very furious pamphlets animadverting on these points. Edward Deering, one of their divines, preaching before her majesty one day, boldly attacked her from the pulpit, and, in the course of his sermon, told her "that, when persecuted by queen Mary, her motto was, '*tanquam ovis*,' 'like a sheep,' but now it might be '*tanquam indomita juvenca*,' 'like an untamed heifer.'"[1] The queen, with unwonted magnanimity, took no other notice of his insolence than forbidding him to preach at court again.

Elizabeth's aversion to the growing sect of the more rigid portion of her protestant subjects, who eschewed surplice and liturgy, strengthened with the strength of that uncompromising body. She perceived that they disseminated republican doctrines in their three-hour-long sermons, and she knew that all the opposition she had ever experienced in the house of commons, proceeded from that party. "Thus," as Mrs. Jameson truly observes, "she was most impatient of preachers and preaching—she said, 'two or three were enough for a whole county.'" She appears in her arbitrary attempts to enforce uniformity of worship, and to crush the puritans, to have been influenced by the same spirit, which has led one of the statesmen-authors of the present times to declare, "that the strength of the dissenters is the weakness of the crown." Such sentiments are the parents of intolerance, but the divine principles of Christian love and fellowship to all who confess the name of Christ, were scarcely to be expected from the short-sighted policy of Elizabeth's ecclesiastical government, which alienated the hearts of many a loyal subject, and did violence to the con-

[1] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

sciences of good and pious men, who could not take the royal edicts as their rule of faith.

As Elizabeth had dealt with catholic recusants, so dealt she now with puritans; opposed as they were in practice as well as opinions, the penal statute of the twenty-eighth of her reign, was found capable of slaying both. Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, three leaders of the puritans, the last named of whom, under the quaint title of Martin Mar-prelate, had published some very bitter attacks on bishops, were executed with many of their followers of less note, and the gaols were crowded with those, who either could not, or would not pay the fines, in which they were mulcted for refusing to attend church. The Norman bishop acted much more sensibly, who, when the Red King wanted him to compel a relapsed Jew to attend mass, drily replied, "Nay, my lord king, an' he will not serve God, he must e'en serve his own master the devil, for there is no forcing souls to heaven against their will."

Whoever Elizabeth displeased, she took care to keep a very powerful class of her subjects, the lawyers in good-humour. The gentlemen of Gray's Inn, with whom the maiden monarch was a great favourite, got up a burlesque masque, called the Prince of Purpoole, for her amusement, with great pains and cost, which was played before her on Shrove-Tuesday, 1594, at which time, she with all her court, honoured the performance with her presence.

After the entertainment was over her majesty graciously returned thanks to all the performers, especially Henry Helmes, the young Norfolk bencher, who had enacted the hero of the piece, and courteously wished that the performance had continued longer,[1] for the pleasure she took in the sports. The courtiers, fired with emulation, as soon as the masque was ended, began to dance a measure, but were reproved for their presumption by her majesty, who exclaimed, "What! shall we have bread and cheese after a banquet?"[2] She commanded the lord-chamberlain to invite the gentlemen to her court the next day, when they were presented in due form, and her majesty gave them her hand to kiss, with most gracious words of commendation to them in particular, and in general of Gray's Inn, "as a house she

[1] The entertainment was printed under the title of Gesta Grayorum, and occupies forty-five large quarto pages.

[2] Gesta Grayorum.

was much beholden to, for that it did always study for some sports to present unto her."

The same night there was fighing at the barriers, when the earl of Essex led the challengers, and the earl of Cumberland the defenders, in which number the prince of Purpoole was enlisted, and acquitted himself so well, that the prize was awarded to him, which it pleased her majesty to present to this goodly Norfolk lawyer with her own hand, telling him, "that it was not her gift, for if it had, it should have been better, but she gave it him as that prize which was due to his desert in these exercises, and that, hereafter, he should be remembered with a better reward from herself." The prize was a jewel, set with seventeen diamonds, and four rubies, and its value was a hundred marks.[1]

Sir Robert Cecil, not to be outdone by the benchers of Gray's Inn in compliments to her majesty, taxed his unpoetic brain in the composition of an oration, which was addressed to her majesty by a person in the character of a hermit, at a splendid entertainment given by his father to her, and her court, at Theobald's this year. The character was chosen in allusion to one of the queen's playful letters to Burleigh, in which she styles him the Eremite of Tibbals, and addresses him as "sir Eremite." In the course of his long hyperbolical speech, the hermit addresses this absurd personal flattery to the royal sexagenarian:

"But that which most amazeth me, to whose long experience nothing can seem strange, is that with these same eyes, do I behold you the self-same queen, in the same estate of person, strength, and beauty, in which so many years past I beheld you, finding no alteration, but in admiration, insomuch, that I am persuaded, when I look about me on your train, that time which catcheth everybody, leaves only you untouched."

After some mystical allusions to the long services and failing strength of the aged Burleigh, the hermit recommends the son to her majesty's favour, with the modest remark, "that although his experience and judgment be no way comparable; yet, as the report goeth, he hath something in him like the child of such a parent." The hermit makes a very catholic offering to her majesty in these words:

"In token of my poor affection, I present you, on my knees, these poor trifles, agreeable to my profession, by use whereof and by constant faith, I

[1] Gesta Grayorum.

live free from temptation. The first is a bell, not big, but of gold; the second is a book of good prayers, garnished with the same metal; the third a candle of virgin wax, meet for a virgin queen. With this book, bell, and candle, being hallowed in my cell with good prayers, I assure myself, by whomsoever they shall be kept, endued with a constant faith, there shall never come so much as an imagination of any spirit to offend them. The like thereof I will still retain in my cell, for my daily use, in ringing the bell, in singing my prayers, and giving light in the night, for the increase of my devotion, whereby I may be free to my meditation and prayers, for your majesty's continuance in your prosperity, health, and princely comfort."

Such was the flattering incense which some of Elizabeth's cabinet ministers offered up to her, who held, at that time, the destinies of France and Holland, dependent on her mighty will; but it was more pleasing to her to hear of her beauty than of her political importance, since of the one she was well assured—of the existence of the other, she began to doubt.

Queen Elizabeth was engaged at her devotions in Greenwich church, when she heard the distant report of the archduke Albert's cannon, thundering thick and fast on Calais, and starting up, she interrupted the service, by issuing her royal command, that a thousand men should be instantly impressed for the relief of the town.[1] Her enthusiasm did not transport her into the romantic ardour of sending them, without taking due advantage of Henry's necessity. Calais, which had been lost to England for nearly forty years, though its restoration, under certain conditions, had been deceitfully promised, might now be regained. She replied to Henry's earnest solicitations for assistance, "that she would endeavour to deliver it from the Spanish siege, on condition, that it might be occupied by an English garrison." Henry remembering that his good sister persisted in bearing the lilies in her royal escutcheon, and despite of the Salic law, which had excluded so many princesses of the elder line of St. Louis, from holding that dignity, she claimed the absurd title of queen of France, from the victorious Plantagenet monarchs, who regarded Calais as the key of that realm, declined her obliging proposal, by his ambassador Sancy, who told her majesty, frankly, "that the king, his master, would rather see Calais in the hands of the Spaniards, than those of the English." Henry himself facetiously observed, "If I am to be bitten, I would rather it were done by a lion than a lioness."[2]

[1] Camden. [2] Mathieu.

Notwithstanding this sharp witticism, some negotiations for succours were continued, and Elizabeth offered, on certain conditions, tending to the same object, to raise 8000 men for Henry's relief. "By whom are they to be commanded?" inquired the monarch of sir Anthony Mildmay, the new English ambassador. "By the earl of Essex," replied the envoy." "Her majesty," rejoined Henry, with a sarcastic smile, "can never allow her cousin of Essex, to be absent from her cotillon." When Elizabeth was informed of this impertinent observation, she wrote a letter to Henry, containing but four lines, which so moved the fiery temper of the royal Gascon, that he had scarcely made himself master of their import, ere he raised his hand with intent to strike the ambassador by whom the letter was presented to him, but contented himself by ordering him to leave the room.[1] It is to be hoped, that this characteristic billet-doux of the Tudor lioness, will one day be brought to light, as it would be far better worth the reading than her more elaborate epistles. The next time Henry sued for her assistance in recovering his good town of Calais, she refused to aid him in any other way than by her prayers.[2]

Coquetry, not only of a political, but a personal character was occasionally mingled in the diplomatic transactions between Henry and queen Elizabeth. "Monsieur l'ambassadeur," said the French monarch, to sir Henry Unton, on one occasion, "this letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection, whereby it appeareth, that she loveth me, which I am apt to believe, and that I do also love her, is not to be doubted; but by the late effect, and your commission, I find the contrary, which persuadeth me, that the ill proceedeth only from her ministers, for how else can these obliquities stand with the profession of her love; and though the queen, your mistress, be a complete princess of great experience, and happy continuance in her reign; yet, do I see it fall out sometimes with her, as with myself, that the passions of our ministers are of more force with us than our wishes and authorities with them, only with this difference, that her estate is better able to support it than mine, which is the more my grief, being forced by my subjects to take that course for their preservation, which, as Henry, her loving brother, I would never do."

[1] Birch. [2] Mathieu.

Sir Henry Unton tells the queen, "that he assured his majesty, that she was in no respect influenced by the passions of her ministers, for that her sway was absolute, and all her ministers conformable to her will, and never, in any instance, opposed to it." In the same letter, Unton amuses his sovereign with a description of an interview between Henry and the fair Gabrielle, of whom he speaks, in very contemptuous terms, as "very silly, very unbecomingly dressed, and grossly painted." He says, the king was so impatient to know what he thought of her, that he took him into the most private corner of his bed-chamber, between the bed and the wall, and then asked him his opinion. "I answered very sparingly in her praise," says the discreet ambassador, "and told him, that if, without offence, I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress, yet did her picture come far short of her perfection of beauty." "As you love me," said Henry, "shew it me, if you have it about you." Unton made some difficulty at first, and after exciting the curiosity and impatience of the susceptible monarch to the utmost, displayed, at a cautious distance, and with a great affectation of mystery, not the semblance of some youthful beauty of the English court, which, from this preparation, Henry must have expected to behold, but the portrait of that august and venerable spinster, queen Elizabeth herself, who was in her grand climacteric. Henry was too quick-witted and well practised in courtly arts to be taken by surprise; and being ready, at all times, to offer the homage of his admiration to ladies of all ages, affected to regard the picture with the most passionate admiration, protesting "that he had never seen the like," and with great reverence kissed it twice or thrice, while the ambassador still detained it in his hand. After a little struggle, Henry took it from him, vowing "that he would not forego it for any treasure, and to possess the favour of the original of that lovely picture he would forsake all the world."

Unton, after detailing this amusing farce to her majesty, winds up all by telling her, "that he perceived this dumb picture had wrought more on the king than all his arguments and eloquence."[1] He even presumes to insinuate, "that Henry was so far enamoured, that it was possible he

[1] Burleigh Papers.

might seek to cement the alliance between England and France in a more intimate manner than had ever been done before; but that, for his own part, he prays for her highness's contentment and preservation in that happy state wherein she has continued, for so many years, to her great honour and glory."[1]

Nearly a quarter of a century before, Henry had entered the lists with his royal kinsmen, the princes of France, as a candidate for Elizabeth's hand, and when he was about to dissolve his marriage with his consort, Margaret of Valois, his faithful minister, Rosny, facetiously observed, "that it was a pity the queen of England was not a few years younger for his sake."[2]

The personal interference of queen Elizabeth, in restricting the supplies of ammunition, and other requisites for her fleets and armies on foreign service, continued to impede her ministers and officers entrusted with important commands. Sir Robert Sidney, the governor of Flushing, was urgent for a supply of powder for the defence of that town. The queen, at first, positively refused to send any, as the states were under an agreement to furnish it. "'But,'" said Rowland Whyte, who had preferred sir Robert Sidney's request, when Essex told him that the matter had been disputed before the queen, and she was pleased that five hundred pounds should be delivered for that purpose—'but, my lord, there is no powder in the town, and what shall we do for powder while the states be resolving?' To this, Essex made answer, 'that he would acquaint her majesty with it, and that he earnestly dealt with her to deliver powder to be answered upon the soldiers' general pay; but she would not consent to it, but was content that it might be deducted out of their weekly lendings.'"[3] In short, there were more demurs and debatings on the outlay of five hundred pounds in a case of absolute necessity, than would now take place on the sacrifice of five hundred thousand.

Sir Robert Sidney was tired of the difficult and onerous post he filled; vexed and fettered as he was for want of the

[1] Burghley's State Papers. Murdin's edit. It was Unton who challenged the duke of Guise to single combat, for his injurious speeches regarding queen Elizabeth. The challenge may be seen in Mille's Catalogue of Honour.

[2] Sully's Memoirs, vol. ii. [3] Sidney Papers.

means of maintaining the honour of his country, he was, withal, home-sick, and earnestly solicited leave of a few weeks' absence, to visit his wife and children. Elizabeth considered that he was a more efficient person than any one she could send in his place, and with no more regard for his feelings than she had formerly shewn for those of Walsingham, when she persisted in detaining him in France, she refused to accede to his wish. Great interest was made by lady Sidney with the ladies of the bed-chamber and the ministers, to second her request. Among the presents she made to propitiate the ministers, Rowland Whyte specifies boar-pies, which, according to his orthography, appear to modern eyes rather queer offerings to send to statesmen; they were, however, esteemed as very choice dainties, and were sent from the Hague by poor sir Robert Sidney for that purpose. After stating "that my lord of Essex and my lord-treasurer have their '*bore-pies*,' it is especially noted, by Rowland Whyte, that lady Sidney reserved none for herself, but bestowed her two on Sir Robert Cecil, in the hope that he would second her suit for her lord's return; nor was she disappointed, the boar-pies proved super-excellent, and so completely propitiated Mr. Secretary, that the next time the petition of Sir Robert Sidney was urged to her majesty by her ladies, he knelt down and besought her majesty to hear him in behalf of the home-sick ambassador, and, after representing the many causes which rendered him so desirous of revisiting his native land, entreated her majesty only to licence his return for six weeks."[1]

"Those six weeks would be six months," replied the queen, "and I will not have him away when the cardinal comes." My lady Warwick assured her, "that if any call on her majesty's affairs intervened, he would prefer it before all his own business;" and Mr. Stanhope, kneeling, also told her, "that if she would only permit his return, he would leave again, at six hours' notice, if she required;" but Elizabeth provokingly declined giving any decided answer to these solicitations, which, from time to time, were repeated to her, year after year, without the desired effect.

On the death, however, of lord Huntingdon, the husband

[1] In his next letter to sir Robert Sidney, Rowland Whyte writes, "The *bore-pies* are all delivered, and specially much commended for their seasoning."—Sidney Papers.

of sir Robert Sidney's aunt, who, refusing to make his will, left his wife in great difficulties, her majesty relented. She visited the afflicted widow, who was Leicester's sister, to offer her personal consolation to her, and granted the long-delayed leave for the return of sir Robert Sidney, that he might arrange her affairs. So great was the fear of lady Sidney that the queen might afterwards deny her own act and deed, that she retained the royal letter in her own possession, for fear of accidents befalling it, and only sent a copy of it to her husband.

From a series of gossiping letters, in the form of a diary, written by Rowland Whyte to sir Robert Sidney, we gather many amusing particulars of the intrigues and daily events of the court of the maiden queen. Elizabeth, is frequently signified by the figures, 1500; the earl of Essex, as 1000; lady Essex, as 66; sir Robert Cecil, 200; lord Burleigh, 9000; lord Cobham, 30; Raleigh, 24; earl of Southampton, 3000; and the countess of Huntingdon, c c. As a specimen of the manner in which these cognomens are used, we give the following extract from one of the letters:—

"Upon Monday last, 1500 (the queen) shewed 1000 (Essex) a printed book of t—t's title to a—a (the crown.) In it there is, as I hear, dangerous praises of his (1000's) valour and worthiness, which doth him harm here.[1] At his coming from court, he was observed to look wan and pale, being exceedingly troubled at this great piece of villany done to him. He is sick, and continues very ill. 1500 visited him yesterday, in the afternoon: he is mightily crossed in all things, for Bacon is gone without the place of solicitor."

On the 7th of November, Rowland Whyte says, "My lord of Essex, as I writ to you in my last, was infinitely troubled with a printed book the queen shewed him, but now he is prepared to endure the malice of his enemies, yet doth he keep his chamber. My lord of Hertford is committed to the Tower, and, as I hear, two Stanhopes with him, but not the courtiers."

In another letter, Whyte observes, "that the great riches the earl of Hertford had amassed were not likely to do him much good." The pretence on which he was arrested was, that a paper had been found in the possession of a deceased

[1] The allusion thus mysteriously given above, was to a seditious catholic publication, setting forth the title of Philip II.'s daughter, Clara Eugenia, to the crown of England. The book was written by Persons, the Jesuit, under the feigned name of Doleman, and maliciously dedicated to Essex, for the purpose of destroying his credit with the queen.

civilian, named Aubrey, implying that he caused the opinions which he had formerly obtained on the validity of his marriage with lady Catharine Gray, to be privately registered in the Court of Arches. Such was the gracious return that was made to this unlucky nobleman, for the enormous expense to which he had put himself for his late magnificent entertainment of the queen, at Elvetham, an entertainment which probably excited jealousy instead of gratitude. His third countess, Frances Howard, came to sue to her royal kinswoman for his liberty, but could not obtain an audience, though she received especial marks of attention from her majesty.

"The queen," says Rowland Whyte, "sees her not, though she be in the privy lodgings, but sends her gracious messages, that neither his life nor his fortune shall be touched; she sends her broths in a morning, and at meals, meat from her trencher."[1]

"My lord of Essex," continues our indefatigable court-newsman, "hath put off the melancholy he fell into by a printed book, delivered to the queen, wherein the harm that was meant him is, by her majesty's grace and favour, turned to his good, and strengthens her love unto him, for I hear that, within these four days, many letters sent to herself, from foreign countries, were delivered only to my lord of Essex, and he to answer them."

Essex took care to propitiate his royal mistress, during the spring-tide of her favour, by all sorts of flattering attention, and, offering that allegorical sort of homage which suited well the sophisticated taste of the era, that mixed up pedantry with all the recreations of the court. On the 17th of November, the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, he caused a sort of masque to be represented, which is thus described by an eye-witness:

"My lord of Essex's device is much commended in these late triumphs; some pretty while before he came in himself to the tilt, he sent his page, with some speech, to the queen, who returned with her majesty's glove, and when he came himself, he was met by an old hermit, a secretary of state, a brave soldier, and an esquire. The first presented him with a book of meditations, the second with political discourses, the third with orations of brave-fought battles,

[1] Sidney Papers.

the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imparted much of their purpose before their coming in. Another devised with him, persuading him to this and that course of life, according to their own inclinations. Then comes into the tilt-yard, unthought upon, the ordinary post-boy of London, a ragged villain, all bemired, upon a poor, lean jade, galloping and blowing for life, and delivered the secretary a packet of letters, which he presently offered to my lord of Essex, and with this dumb show our eyes were fed for that time. In the after-supper, before the queen, they first delivered a well-penned speech, to move this worthy knight to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation, the secretaries all tending to have him follow matters of state, the soldiers persuading him to war, but the esquire answered them all, in plain English, "that this knight would never forsake his mistress's love, whose virtue made all his thoughts divine, whose wisdom taught him all true policy, whose beauty and worth were at all times able to make him fit to command armies. He shewed all the defects and imperfections of the times, and therefore thought his course of life the best in serving his mistress." The old man was he that in Cambridge played Giraldy; Morley played the secretary; and he that played pedantic, was the soldier; and Toby Matthew played the squire's part. The world makes many untrue constructions of these speeches, comparing the hermit and secretary to two of the lords, and the soldier to sir Roger Williams. The queen said, "if she had thought there had been so much said of her, she would not have been there that night, and so went to bed." [1]

A more substantial gratification was, however, prepared for the pleasure-loving queen, at an entertainment given by one of her great crown officers, at his country-house, in the beautiful village of Kew, just before Christmas, 1595. A sweet May day would have been a more appropriate season for enjoying such a visit, the details of which are thus quaintly related by Rowland Whyte:—"Her majesty," says he, "is in good health; on Thursday she dined at Kew, my lord-keeper's house, who lately obtained of her majesty his suit for 100*l.* a year, land in fee farm. Her entertainment for that meal was exceedingly costly. At her first lighting, she had

[1] Sidney Papers, edited by Collins, vol. i.

a fine fan, with a handle garnished with diamonds. When she was in the middle way, between the garden gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, and delivered it to her, with a very well-penned speech. It had in it a very rich jewel, with many pendents of *unfirld* diamonds,[1] valued at 400*l.*, at least. After dinner, in her privy chamber, he gave her a fair pair of virginals. In her bed-chamber, he presented her with a fine gown and *juppin* (petticoat), which things were pleasing to her highness, and to grace his lordship the more," adds the sly narrator, "she, of herself, took from him a salt, a spoon, and a fork, of fair agate."

Our agreeable gossip goes on to describe the merry doings in the maiden court, at this season, when the unremitting homage of the handsome master of the horse kept the queen in constant good humour, and all was gaiety and sunshine. "At our court the queen is well, ever may it be so, and the fair ladies do daily trip the measures in the council-chamber." On St. John's day he says—

"I was at court this morning, where nothing is so much thought upon as dancing and playing. Some were there, hoping for preferment, as my lord North and sir Henry Leigh. They play at cards with the queen, which is like to be all the honour that will fall to them this year. The queen chid my lord Lincoln, that he doth not give his daughter better maintenance. The queen went this day to the chapel, very princelike, and in very good health."

The disappointment of one of her relatives, in obtaining a wealthy match, was made matter of complaint to the queen, about this time, as we learn from the following notice from Rowland White's secret budget, to his patron abroad:—

"Sir George Carey takes it unkindly that my lord of Pembroke broke off the match between my lord Herbert and his daughter, and told the queen it was because he would not assure him one thousand pounds a year, which comes to his daughter, as the next a-kin to queen Anne Boleyn." What kin to that queen could Carey have considered queen Elizabeth herself, when he thus spoke of the grand-daughter of Mary Boleyn to the daughter of queen Anne? But Elizabeth, while she bestowed a very reasonable degree of favour on her maternal kindred, always seems

[1] Diamonds without a foil.

to have kept her own immediate connexion with the unfortunate and dishonoured name of Anne Boleyn in the shade.

One day a person approached queen Elizabeth with a petition, under pretence of kindred. The queen was too wise to repel the audacious suitor with any degree of haughtiness, much less did she attempt to contest the claim, being well aware that a numerous class of second-rate gentry in Norfolk could prove relationship to her, in no very distant degree, through the Boleyns, but she, briefly and wittily, replied, "Friend, grant it may be so. Dost think I am bound to keep *all* my kindred? Why, that's the way to make *me* a beggar."[1]

She never ennobled Sir Francis Knollys, the husband of her best-loved cousin, Katherine Carey, nor any of their children. Lord Hunsdon, her nearest male relation, enjoyed much of her confidence, and received many preferments, but she never advanced him to a higher rank in the peerage than a baron. Robert Carey, his youngest son, was a great favourite with her, till he rashly committed the offence of wedding a fair and virtuous gentlewoman. When Elizabeth heard that Robert Carey had presumed to take to himself a wife, she manifested so much displeasure, that the luckless bridegroom durst not make his appearance at court, even when his business most required it. At length, being weary of his banishment, and the ill turn a vexatious law-suit, in which he was engaged, was likely to take, in consequence of his absence, he came and took lodgings, very privately, at Windsor, having heard that her majesty meant to have a great triumph there, on her coronation day, and that signal preparations were making for the course of the field and the tourney. He then resolved to take a part in the games, under the name and character of the "forsaken knight," and prepared a present for the queen, which, together with his trappings, cost him four hundred pounds.[2]

"I was the forsaken knight," says he, "that had vowed solitariness, but hearing of this great triumph, thought to honour my mistress with my best service, and then to return to my wonted mourning." The device did not, we may suppose, pass unnoticed by the queen, whose quick glance failed not to detect everything out of the common course, for nothing passed, whether abroad or at home, with which

[1] L'Estrange. [2] Autobiography of R. Carey.

she was not acquainted. The theatrical nature of the character, and the submissive homage that was offered to her, were also well calculated to please her; but as she had no immediate occasion for his services just then, she permitted the forsaken knight still to remain under the cloud of her displeasure.

A few days afterwards, the king of Scotland sent word to sir John Carey, the eldest brother of our knight, and marshal of Berwick, that he had something of great importance to communicate to the queen of England, with which he would not trust her ambassador, nor any one but himself, the lord Hunsdon, or one of his sons. Sir John Carey sent the letter to his father, who communicated it to the queen, and asked her pleasure.

"She was not willing," says sir Robert Carey, "that my brother should stir out of the town, but knowing, though she would not know, that I was in the court, she said, 'I hear your fine son, that has lately married so worthily, is hereabouts; send *him*, if you will, to know the king's pleasure.' My father answered, 'that I would gladly obey her commands.' 'No,' said she, 'do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.' My father came and told me what had passed. I thought it hard to be sent, without seeing her; for my father, told me plainly, 'that she would neither speak with me nor see me.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if she be on such hard terms with me, I had need be wary what I do. If I go to the king, without her especial licence, it were in her power to hang me on my return; and, for anything I see, it were ill trusting her.' My father went merrily to the queen, and told her what I said; she answered, 'If the gentleman be so mistrustful, let the secretary make a safe conduct, to go and come, and I will sign it.'"[1]

On these conditions, young Carey, who proved himself, on this occasion, a genuine scion of the same determined and diplomatic stock, from which his royal mistress was maternally descended, accepted the commission, and hastened into Scotland, passing, however, one night at Carlisle, with his wife, her for whose sake he had incurred the displeasure of the queen. The secret communication, the king of Scots was desirous of making to his good sister England, Carey

[1] Autobiography of Sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

has not disclosed. At his desire, a written, not a verbal communication, was addressed by king James to her majesty: "I had my dispatch," says he, "within four days, and made all the haste I could with it to Hampton Court, and arrived there on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The queen was not there; my father went to her to let her know that I was returned. She willed him to take my message or letters, and bring them to her."

The young diplomatist was, as before observed, one of her own blood, and not to be treated like an easy slipper, to be used for her convenience, and then kicked into a corner with contempt, as soon as her purpose was served. He boldly refused to send the letters by his father, telling him, "that he would neither trust him, nor any one else with what he had to deliver." The stout old lord, finding his son so determined, reported his audacity to the queen.

"With much ado," continues Carey, "I was called in, and I was left alone with her,—our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and *my wife*, I told her, 'she herself, was in fault for my marriage; and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her nor her court; and seeing, she was the chief cause of my misfortunes, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my pardon.'" She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends.[1]

This stormy explosion, and abuse of poor Carey and his wife, actually took place before her majesty's curiosity was gratified, by learning the mighty matter which her royal brother of Scotland was so eager to communicate, since, forgetting the dignity of the sovereign, she thought proper to give vent to her temper as a woman, in the first instance. "Then," pursues Carey, "I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and, *at last*, gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all faults, I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence (chamber), and was in the court as I was before. Thus God did for me,

[1] Autobiography of Carey, Earl of Monmouth.

to bring me in favour with my sovereign, for if this occasion had been slipped, it may be I should never, never have seen her face more."

Sir Walter Raleigh was at this time under the cloud of the royal displeasure, for having first seduced, and afterwards committed what Elizabeth appeared to consider the greater crime, of marrying the fair mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of her maids of honour, and the daughter of her faithful early friend, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. The queen, who certainly imagined that it was a part of her prerogative, as a maiden queen, to keep every handsome gentleman of her court in single blessedness, to render exclusive homage to her perennial charms, was transported with rage at the trespass of these rash lovers. She expelled the luckless bride of Raleigh from the court, with the greatest contumely, and committed the bridegroom to the Tower. Raleigh, who knew her majesty's temper, pretended to be overwhelmed with grief and despair, not at his separation from his young, beautiful, and loving wife, but because he was deprived of the sunshine of the royal presence.[1]

One day he saw her majesty's barge on the Thames, and pretended to become frantic at the sight. "He suffered," he said, "all the horrors of Tantalus, and would go on that water to see his mistress." His keeper, sir George Carew, interposed to prevent him, as he was attempting to rush down a stone staircase that led from his window, and caught him by the collar. Raleigh, in the struggle, tore off his keeper's new periwig, and threatened to stick his dagger into him. After a desperate contest he was carried back to his chamber. The next time the queen was going on progress, he penned a most artful letter to his political ally, sir Robert Cecil, on purpose to be shewn to the queen: "How," he asks, "can I live alone in prison, while she is afar off—I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph. Sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus. But once amiss, hath bereaved me of all." He then adds, "all those times are past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune."

[1] Camden. Birch. Lingard. Aikin.

The gross flattery of this letter somewhat mollified the anger of the queen, and, two months afterwards, he obtained his release from durance, but was forbidden to come to court, or to resume the duties of his office, as captain of the guard.[1]

So jealous was Elizabeth lest foreign princes should obtain any of that homage and allegiance from her subjects which she esteemed her exclusive right, that when two valiant young knights, sir Nicholas Clifford, and sir Anthony Shirley, whom her good friend and ally, Henry IV. of France, had honoured with the order of St. Michael, for their chivalric deeds in his service, appeared in her court, decorated with the glittering insignia of the institution, she expressed the greatest displeasure that they should have dared to accept an honour from, and take an oath to, any other sovereign without her permission, and forthwith committed them both to prison. As a great favour, and because of their youth and inexperience, she did not proceed against them, but she compelled them to return the insignia of St. Michael, and to take measures for having their names struck out of the register of the order. When Henry was told of it he only smiled, and said, "I could wish the queen of England would do me the same favour, by making some of my aspiring subjects, whom she may chance to see in her realm, knights of the Round Table,"[2] an order which her late vain-glorious favourite, Leicester, had made an ineffectual effort to revive, in honour of her majesty's visit to Kenilworth.

The queen had, some time before, given letters to sir Thomas Arundel, of Wardour, recommending him to the service of the emperor, Rudolph II., as a brave knight, and her kinsman; and Arundel had so greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Hungary, where, with his own hands, he took a Turkish banner, that Rudolph conferred the dignity of a count of the holy Roman empire on the gallant volunteer. When Arundel returned to England, some dispute arising between him and the English peers, as

[1] He then undertook a new voyage of discovery, in the hope of bringing home a freight of the golden treasures of the new world, but though he penetrated as far as Guiana, and did a good deal of wanton and unjustifiable mischief to the infant colonies of Spain, his voyage proved unsuccessful; but he consoled himself by writing a very wonderful account of his discovering a nation of amazons, and also of people who had their faces in their breasts

[2] Camden's Elizabeth.

to whether he had any right to claim rank or precedency in this country from his foreign title, the matter was referred to her majesty, who replied, "that there was a close tie of affection between sovereigns and their subjects; and as chaste wives should have no eyes but for their husbands, so faithful liegemen should keep their regards at home, and not look after foreign crowns. That for her part she liked not for her sheep to wear a stranger's mark, nor to dance after a foreigner's whistle."[1]

Sir Thomas Arundel was the son and heir of old sir Matthew Arundel, on whose fringed cloak it once pleased queen Elizabeth to spit, and the husband of one of the fairest and most amiable of the ladies of queen Elizabeth's bedchamber. She is called by sir John Harrington, and his courtly correspondent, "our sweet lady Arundel," and appears occasionally to have been a sufferer from the irritability of the illustrious virago's temper. An English lady of rank, under such circumstances, would, in later times, have resigned her place in the royal household; but such was not the spirit of independence in the maiden court. So universal was the ambition of the female aristocracy of England, at that period, to share the gorgeous routine of royal pageantry and festive pleasures, that when Lady Leighton, one of the bed-chamber women, talked of resigning if the queen put a denial on a suit she was preferring, there were, as Rowland Whyte assures his absent patron, at least a dozen ladies eager to supply her place, among whom he specifies lady Thomas Howard, lady Borough, and lady Hoby.

"No one who waited in queen Elizabeth's court, and observed anything, but could tell that it pleased her much to be thought and told that she looked young," observes her shrewd godson Harrington. "The majesty and gravity of a sceptre, borne forty-four years,[2] could not alter the nature of a woman in her. One day, Dr. Anthony Rudde, the bishop of St. David's, being appointed to preach before her at Richmond, in the Lent of the year 1596, and wishing, in his godly zeal, to remind her, that it was time she should think of her mortal state, and the uncertainty of life, she being then sixty-three years of age, he took this appro-

[1] James I. created this red cross knight, lord Arundel of Wardour.

[2] Elizabeth was only in the thirty-ninth year of her reign when this incident occurred.

priate text from the 90th Psalm :—"Lord, teach us how to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom." "Which text," continues Harrington, "he handled so well, so learnedly, and suitably, as I dare say he thought, (and so should I, if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with her humour) that it would have well pleased her, or, at least, in no ways offended her. But when he had spoken awhile of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee; and lastly—I do not deliver it so handsomely as he did—seven times nine for the grand climacterical year, she, perceiving whereto he tended, began to be troubled. The bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stands there *vis-a-vis* to the closet, fell to treat of more plausible numbers, as 666 making Latinus, with which he said he could prove the pope to be Antichrist; also of the fatal number of eighty-eight, which being so long spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it had pleased God that year, not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain. And so, he added, there was no doubt but that she should pass this year, and many more, if she would, in her meditations and soliloquies with God, (which he doubted not were frequent,) say thus and thus—making, indeed, an excellent prayer, as if in her majesty's person, acknowledging God's great graces and benefits to her, and praying for a continuance of the same, but withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture, touching the infirmities of age, such as the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes: 'When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows,' &c., 'and the daughters of singing shall be abased;' and with more quotations to the same purpose, he concluded his sermon."

The queen, as her manner was, opened the window of her closet; but so far from giving him thanks or good countenance, she told him in plain terms that "he might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see," said she "that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men;" and so went away for the time discontented. The lord-keeper, Puckering, advised the unlucky bishop to keep his house for a while, till the queen's displeasure were assuaged; "but," says our author, "her majesty shewed no ill-nature in this,

for, within three days' time, she expressed displeasure at his restraint, and, in my hearing, rebuked a young lady for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon." However, to shew how the good bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs as himself, perhaps, and other persons of that age are wont to be, she said, "she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering for instruments, nor, lastly, her sight was any whit decayed;" and to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewel that had an inscription in very small letters, and offered it first to my lord of Worcester, and then to Sir James Croft, to read; and both (as in duty bound) protested *bonâ fide* they could not, yet the queen herself did find out the poesy, and made herself merry with the standers by, upon it."[1]

From a letter written by Camden, the historian, to sir Robert Cotton, it appears that queen Elizabeth was attacked with a dangerous illness this spring. "I know you are," says he, "as we all here have been, in a melancholy and pensive cogitation. This sleepless indisposition of her majesty is now ceased, which, being joined with an inflammation from the breast upward, and her mind altogether averted from physic in this her climacterical year, did more than terrify us all, especially the last Friday, in the morning, which moved the lords of the council, when they had providently caused all the vagrants hereabout to be taken up and shipped for the Low Countries." Other precautions for the defence of the realm are mentioned, which looks as if a foreign invasion were dreaded; and it is especially noted that count Arundel, of Wardour, was apprehended and committed to ward, in a gentleman's house, merely because it was reported that he had made some provision of armour.

Elizabeth's aversion to physic-taking formed one of her peculiar characteristics; the more remarkable since she was, notwithstanding her pertinacity in concealing her ailments, not unfrequently indisposed. Her reasons were cogent for her antipathy to medicine, for whilst other sciences progressed rapidly in her century, that of physic remained in a crude and barbarous state. Her courtiers, who loved to see their outward persons bedizened with gold and pearls,

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. 216.

thought doses of the same would infinitely comfort and refresh the interior. In a contemporary letter, sir Charles Cavendish regretted he could not send some of his favourite nostrum, salt of *gold*, to old lady Shrewsbury; and notices that "the *pearls*, ten grains, are to be taken fourteen days together; as to the *coral*, sir Walter Raleigh saith he hath little left."

An ounce of magnesia would have done them more good, medicinally, than all the pearls and coral in the Red Sea. But such were the prescriptions administered to the great in the sixteenth century, while the poor and the middle classes, who sighed in vain to swallow the pulverized pearls and pounded diamonds, with which their betters regaled themselves, were forced to rely on the traditional merits of native herbs, and simples gathered, with potent charms, in proper planetary hours; and certainly, notwithstanding the latter named superfluities, their share of the healing art was the most efficacious. No wonder the queen's strong judgment and acute perceptiveness made her repudiate the physic, judged in accordance with her regal state, and trust to nature; she thus happily avoided doses of gold, pearls, and coral.

It was a customary device with Essex, when any difference occurred between the queen and him, to feign himself sick, to see how far he could excite the sympathy of his royal mistress, who, to do her justice, generally testified tender compassion for the maladies of her ministers and officers of state, and appears to have been frequently imposed upon in this way. "My lord of Essex," observes Rowland Whyte, "kept his bed the most part of yesterday; yet did one of his chamber tell me, 'he could not weep for it, for he knew his lord was not sick.' There is not a day passes that the queen sends not often to see him, and himself privately goeth every day to see her."

In another letter, Whyte says—"Full fourteen days his lordship kept in; her majesty, as I heard, meant to break him of his will, and to pull down his great heart, but found it a thing impossible, and says, 'he holds it from the mother's side;' but all is well again, and no doubt he will grow a mighty man in our state."

Whyte's secret correspondence indicates that Essex was the fountain-head from which all favour and preferment then flowed, and that it was necessary for those in command abroad to use his influence with the queen, even to obtain

the necessary munitions for her majesty's own service. Essex was evidently jealous of interest being made to the queen through any other quarter, and kept the most vigilant espionage on the correspondence of the ladies of the royal household.

"Yesterday," notes Whyte, in his letter to Sidney, "a principal follower of my lord of Essex told me 'that he saw two letters of yours sealed with gold, and the broad arrow head, directed to two of the maids (of honour), and that a knight, who was too open, had charge to deliver them.' I think this was told me on purpose that I should notice it."

Elizabeth appears, at all times, to have considered herself morally responsible in the expenditure of her subsidies, to those from whose purses the supplies had been drawn. Hence her ofttimes annoying interference in matters of which a lady could scarcely be a competent judge, and her anxiety to use all possible economy; and though she occasionally found that small savings are the cause of loss and inconvenience in more important matters, she was right in the aggregate, since the underlings of office felt a restraining check from the crown itself, if they attempted any of the lavish and wasteful expenditure, which, in latter times, has been too little regarded by the higher powers. The personal control which Elizabeth exercised in these matters, affords, now and then, an amusing feature in the personal history of this extraordinary woman, and a curious variety in the characteristics of female royalty.

"Here hath been," says Rowland Whyte, "much ado between the queen and the lords about the preparation for sea, some of them urging that it was necessary for her safety, but she opposed it. 'No danger appearing,' she said, 'and that she would not make wars, but arm for defence, understanding how much of her treasure was spent already in victuals for ships at sea and soldiers by land.' She was very angry with lord Burleigh for suffering it, seeing no greater occasion. No reason or persuasion of the lords could prevail; but she ordered all proceedings to be stopped, and sent my lord Thomas Howard word that he should not go to sea. Monsieur Charron, the ambassador from the states, being sent for, spoke to the queen, but said, afterwards, 'he had neither time nor recollection

to urge the reinforcement of the horse, nor was the time fit for it; her majesty being so unquiet, he could not tell what to do or say.' Charron said, 'the states desired an English regiment in their pay,' but that it was denied. The next day, when Essex was asked if her majesty had read sir Robert Sidney's statement of the wants of the governor of Flushing, he said, 'the queen hath read it, and made others, that were by, acquainted with its purport, after which she put it in her pocket, and said, 'she marvelled why, in such a time, the demand should be made, since Flushing was not besieged, but that her governors were never well but when they could draw her into unnecessary charges.'"[1]

Formidable preparations were making in the Spanish ports at that very time, which it was supposed were designed for another expedition against England. Philip II. had made a solemn vow "to avenge the destruction of the Armada on Elizabeth, if he were reduced to pawn the last candlestick on his domestic altar." If wealth, however, could have effected the conquest of England, Philip had no lack of the glittering mammon. The gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, were to him like a realization of the fabled treasures of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The wretched natives were employed, like the slaves of the lamp, in working the mines, and the Spanish monarch had dollars of silver and ingots of gold for the bringing home, when his carracks were not intercepted, and made prizes, by Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake, and a dozen other bold naval commanders, who somewhat tarnished their laurels by filling up their spare time in piratical enterprises; but such was the spirit of the times. The energies and nautical skill of some of these daring adventurers, were now required for a more honourable enterprise. The lord-admiral, Howard of Effingham, advised the queen to anticipate the designs of the enemy, by sending out an expedition to destroy his ships, his arsenals, and his ports. Essex, whose chivalric spirit panted for a better employment than the inglorious post of a court minion, and was weary of the degrading bondage in which he was held by his royal mistress, eagerly seconded the sage counsel of the lord-admiral, which was as strenuously opposed by Burleigh and his party.[2]

The queen was at last convinced of the expediency of the

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Camden.

expedition, and gave the command of the naval department to lord Howard of Effingham, and that of the military force, destined to be employed against Cadiz, to Essex, but with strict injunctions that he was not to undertake any enterprise without first holding a council of war. In this, Elizabeth acted in conformity to the opinion she had written to the king of France, when she told him "Essex was not to be trusted with the reins, and that the natural impetuosity of his character required a bridle rather than a spur." She was, besides, moved with a tender solicitude for his personal safety. She composed a prayer for the success of the expedition, and sent a farewell letter, full of loving and encouraging promises, to Essex. His crafty rival, sir Robert Cecil, added one from himself, for the sake of subjoining a choice dose of adulation for the queen, in allusion to the prayer she had compounded. "No prayer," observes the profane sycophant, "is so fruitful as that which proceedeth from those who, nearest in nature and power, approach the Almighty. None so near approach his place and essence as a celestial mind in a princely body. Put forth, therefore, my lord, with full confidence, having your sails filled with her heavenly breath for a forewind."[1] If Essex were not nauseated with such a piece of shameless hypocrisy as this, he had no occasion to apprehend any qualms from the effects of a sea-voyage.

The details of the expedition will be found in Camden, Birch, Lingard, and the other historians of Elizabeth's reign. It will be sufficient to notice that Essex distinguished himself most brilliantly, both by land and sea, and that, disregarding the private orders of the queen, which were, for the first time, communicated to him by the lord-admiral, that he "should not expose his person to peril by leading the assault," he abandoned the safe post that had been assigned to him, and rushed into the hottest battle. It was his gallantry and promptitude that won Cadiz, with all its treasures, his humanity that preserved the lives of the defenders of the town, his chivalry that protected the women and children, and religious communities, from ill-treatment; so perfect was his conduct on this occasion, that he was spoken of with enthusiasm, in the Spanish court, both by the king and the infanta, his daughter. "It is not often," observed Philip

[1] Birch.

of this generous victor, "that such a gentleman is seen among heretics."[1]

The envy of Raleigh was excited, though he had performed his devoir gallantly in his ship, the "Warspite," but his jealousy led to a contention with Essex, as to the manner of attacking the richly-laden merchant fleet, and, in the meantime, the duke of Medina set fire to it, to prevent it from falling into their hands. The loss of the Spaniards was estimated at 20,000,000 ducats, and the English officers and commanders were greatly enriched. Essex desired to retain Cadiz, and offered to maintain it with only four hundred men, for three months, by the end of which time succours might arrive from England, and he calculated on being joined by the enslaved Moors, whom Philip's iron rod of empire having rendered desperate, were ripe for a revolt. But the other commanders being eager to secure their rich booty, overruled all his chivalric projects, and insisted on returning home with what they had got.[2]

Essex expected to be distinguished with especial praise by the queen, and to receive additional honours and preferment; but the Cecil party had succeeded in prejudicing the royal mind against him. His pride, vain-glory, extravagance, and immorality, had all been represented to her with exaggerations. They made light of the capture of Cadiz, and gave sir Walter Raleigh the chief credit for the success that had been achieved.[3] Then, when her majesty learned that the plunder had been divided among the commanders and their men, she was so greatly exasperated, at being defrauded of her share, that she expressed herself very intemperately against Essex, and declared, "that if she had hitherto done his pleasure, she would now teach him to perform hers."[4] Not contented with venting her anger in empty words, she sent word to him and the lord-admiral, that, as they had divided the booty, they might take upon themselves, the payment of the soldiers and mariners. Essex on this, hastened to the court, to offer his explanations to the queen in person; but as she was bent on mortifying him, she refused to listen to him in private, and compelled him to submit to a long investigation before the

[1] Birch's Memorials.
[2] Camden. [3] Lingard. [4] Birch.

privy-council, day after day,[1] till his patience being fairly exhausted, he turned upon the Cecils, and proved that the commissioners appointed by Burleigh to look to her majesty's interests, had neglected to do so, and that he had been opposed in every way, when he sought the glory and advantage of his country; and that, but for the interference of their creatures, he might have intercepted the richest treasure-fleet of the king of Spain, for her majesty.

On the 4th of September, intelligence was received, that this fleet, with twenty millions of dollars, had safely arrived in the ports of Spain. The queen then manifested so much resentment against those who had been the cause of her losing this mighty prize, that Burleigh thought it most prudent to conciliate Essex; and, when the queen claimed the ransom, which the inhabitants of Cadiz had paid for their lives; he expressed a decided opinion, that the earl, as the victor, was entitled to this money, one hundred and twenty thousand crowns, and not her majesty, although he had been the very person who first suggested to her, that it was her right. Elizabeth infuriated at this double dealing, called Burleigh, "a miscreant and a coward;" told him, "he was more afraid of Essex than herself,"[2] and rated him so fiercely, that the aged minister, retired from her presence in great distress, and wrote a pitiful complaint of his hard usage, to Essex, detailing her majesty's ireful language, and added, "that having had the misfortune of incurring his lordship's ill will, at the same time, he considered himself in worse case than those, who in avoiding Scylla, fell into Charybdis, for it was his misfortune to fall into both." Essex wrote civilly in reply, but really gave Burleigh little credit for sincerity. His secretary, Antony Bacon, sarcastically observed, "that the merit of Essex, having regained the good-will of her majesty, the old fox was reduced to crouch and whine, and write in such submissive terms to him, subscribing himself, your lordship's, if you will, at commandment."[3]

In 1596, death was busy among the great placemen of Elizabeth's cabinet,[4] and, no less busy were the courtiers in

[1] Lingard. Birch.

[2] Burleigh's letter to Essex, in Birch. [3] Birch.

[4] Puckering, lord Keeper, sir Francis Knollys, lord Huntingdon, and Hunsdon, died this year.

The Roman-catholic adversaries of Elizabeth and her chief councillors, did not forget to work on the imaginations of the people, by means of exciting

scheming and soliciting for the reversion of the various offices that were thus vacated. The race was hardest run between Essex and his sworn enemy, lord Cobham, for the wardenship of the Cinque Ports. The intrigues respecting this are amusingly detailed in the Sidney papers, in a series of letters from Rowland Whyte.

On Sunday, the 22nd of March, he informs sir Robert Sidney, that his friend, lady Scudamore, got the queen to read his letter, who asked her "how she came by it?" Lady Scudamore replied, "Lady Sidney asked me to deliver it

an appetite for the marvellous. Philip d'Autreman and Costerus relate the following terrific tale, which has been quoted by Dr. Johnson in a work entitled "Purgatory proved by Miracles":—

"Lord Hunsdon being, in the year 1596, sick to death, saw come to him, one after another, six of his companions, already dead. The first was Dudley, earl of Leicester, all on fire; the second, secretary Walsingham, also in fire and flames; Pickering, so cold and frozen, that touching Hunsdon's hand, he thought he should die of cold. Then came sir Christopher Hatton, lord chancellor, Heneage, and sir Francis Knollys, all flaming and standing round Hunsdon's bed, told him to prepare to join them, with Cecil, who was, as yet, alive." Perhaps this was one of the delirious fever-fits of Hunsdon, who, the story goes, affirmed on oath that he saw them, and sent word to Cecil of the message to him, and died a few hours after.

Randolph was not of this party, the ingenious inventor of the story having, perhaps, some respect for his implied penitence, when he sent, on his death-bed, to sir Francis Walsingham, imploring him, before he died, to repent of his tricks as a secretary of state, as he had done of those of an ambassador. In fact, those who take the pains of collating Randolph's correspondence, as ambassador from England to Scotland, in the troublous reign of Mary queen of Scots, will allow Randolph had somewhat to repent of. This Dante-like vision of the souls of Elizabeth's privy councillors, has been thus versified, by a fierce polemic of the succeeding century:—

"First Dudley, earl of Leicester, came,
Roll'd round about in glaring flame;
Out of his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears,
Sprung pointed flames, from inward fires.
Then Walsingham, all in a glow,
And Pickering, cold as frozen snow,
Who of his hand scarce taking hold,
Hunsdon was fit to die with cold.
Hatton was next that did appear,
All in a flame of glowing fire;
And Heneage then after him came,
Burning all o'er in rapid flame;
And last of all comes impious Knollys,
Curl'd round about with flaming rolls,
That grind him in their whirling gyres,
And from the dints spring streaming fires."

The poetical version of the story declares that Hunsdon sent a narrative of his vision to the queen before he expired, and that he swore to all he had seen.

to your majesty." "Do you know the contents of it?" demanded the queen. "No, madam," said she. "Then," said the queen, "it's much ado about the Cinque Ports." "I demanded of my lady Scudamore," continues Whyte, "what she observed of her majesty's manner while reading it, who said the queen read it all over with no other comment than two or three 'pughs!'" It might be regarded as a favourable indication of the royal mind, that her majesty's expletives were not of a more offensive character.

Lord Cobham obtained the place, through the interest of the queen's favourite lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Russell, of the privy-chamber, to whom he was paying his addresses. When the queen told Essex that Cobham should have it, the mortified favourite announced his intention of withdrawing from court. On the morning of the 10th of December, himself, his horses, and followers, were all ready. About ten o'clock, he went to take leave of the sick lord-treasurer, and met Mr. Killigrew, who told him "to come to the queen," and she, to pacify him, offered him the post of master of the ordnance, which he accepted, yet the queen, who loved to torment him, delayed signing his patent so long, that he began to doubt of the sincerity of her promise.

Essex and the queen came to issue this year, on two points, one was her appointing sir Francis Vere to the office of governor of Brill, which the earl vehemently opposed, arguing that it ought to be given to a person of higher rank and greater experience, as sir Francis held only a colonelcy in the service of the states of Holland, but Elizabeth had marked his talents, and insisted on bestowing the preferment upon him.[1] The other dispute was on the old subject of the place of secretary of state, which, although it had been held provisionally by sir Robert Cecil for five years, Essex still urged the queen either to restore to Davison, or to bestow it on his learned friend, sir Thomas Bodley, the celebrated founder of the Bodleian library, at Oxford. Perhaps Essex roused the combative spirit of his royal mistress, by the energy and pertinacity with which he recommended sir Thomas Bodley to her favour, and insisted on his merits; or, it might be, that Elizabeth was convinced that he was a

[1] Camden.

gentleman of too noble a disposition to give up his integrity to the degrading practice of official chicanery; for she refused even to allow Burleigh, who was willing to make that concession, to associate him in the commission with his son. Certainly sir Thomas Bodley was not very likely to run smoothly in harness with such a colleague as sir Robert Cecil.

Essex, who had for some time endeavoured to reform his acquired faults of dissipation and gallantry, and, by frequenting sermons and religious assemblies, and devoting himself to his amiable wife, had acquired some reputation for sanctity, now suddenly relapsed into a career of fresh folly, having become desperately enamoured of one of the beautiful maids of honour, Mrs. Bridges. The queen's rage and jealousy, on this occasion, transported her beyond the bounds of feminine delicacy, and she treated the offending lady in the harshest manner, bestowing bitter revilings, and even personal chastisement on her, on the most absurd and frivolous pretences.

"The queen hath of late," observes Rowland Whyte, "used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger, and she and Mrs. Russell were put out of the coffer-chamber. They lay three nights at my lady Stafford's, but are now returned again to their wonted waiting. By what I writ in my last letter to you, by post, you may conjecture whence these storms arise. The cause of this displeasure is said to be their taking of physic, and one day going privately through the privy galleries to see the playing at *ballon*."[1]

About this time, Essex's friend, the earl of Southampton, another of the young nobles of the court who had incurred the displeasure of the queen, for marrying without her consent, and was only just released from the Tower, involved himself in a fracas with Ambrose Willoughby, one of the officers of the household, in a very foolish manner. He was engaged in a game of primero, in the presence-chamber, with sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Parker, after the queen had gone to bed, and Willoughby, whose duty it was to clear the chamber, told them to give over their play. They paid no heed to his warning, and continued their game, on

[1] Sidney Papers. Ballon was, perhaps, cricket or golf.

which he told them, he should be compelled to call in the guard, to pull down the board. Raleigh prudently put up his money, and went his way, but Southampton was so much annoyed, that he told Willoughby he would remember it. Meeting him, soon after, between the Tennis-court wall and the garden, he struck him, on which Willoughby pulled out some of his locks. It is probable that Essex had espoused the quarrel of his friend, and threatened the other, for the queen took the matter up, and gave Willoughby thanks for what he did in the presence-chamber; adding, "that he had done better if he had sent Southampton to the porter's lodge, to see who durst have fetched him out."[1]

The presumption of Philip II., which led him, in his old age, to fancy he might make his daughter, Clara Eugenia, queen of France, malgré the Salic law, having failed to achieve that object, he now once more directed his energies to the equally absurd chimera of placing her on the throne of England, as the legitimate heir of the house of Lancaster. Intelligence reached Elizabeth, that he was fitting out another expedition for the purpose of invading her realm. At first, her love of peace induced her to slight the warning, but Essex succeeded in convincing her that the preparations were formidable, and that the Spaniards designed to make a descent on the coast of Ireland, where the greatest disaffection prevailed, and she consented that a fleet should be sent out to attack the shipping in the Spanish ports. A hollow reconciliation was effected between Essex, the Cecils, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and Essex was appointed as commander-in-chief of the forces by sea and land. Lord Thomas Howard and Raleigh were the vice and rear-ad-

[1] Although the terrible punishment of the loss of a right hand, with fine and imprisonment, was awarded by the rigour of a Star-Chamber sentence to those who inflicted a blow, or drew a weapon on another, within the precincts of the palace—the courtiers, and even the privy councillors, of the maiden queen, not unfrequently gave way to their pugnacious dispositions, by brawling and fighting, in the corridors leading to the presence-chamber. An incident of the kind is very quaintly related by Rowland Whyte to his absent patron; but he prudently veils the names of the bellicose powers under the mystery of ciphers. "I forgot to write unto you," he says, "that in the lobby, upon some words, 300 called 600 a fool, and he struck him; but 000 being by, went to the privy-chamber, and desired 1000 (earl of Essex) to come and part two grave councillors, which he did, and made them friends presently."

mirals, Mountjoye was lieutenant-general, and sir Francis Vere, marshal.[1]

As usual, a great many young noblemen and gentlemen joined the fleet, they set sail from Plymouth on the 9th of July, making a gallant show, with waving plumes, glittering arms, and gay accoutrements. They were overtaken by a terrible thunder-storm, which dismantled some of the vessels, drove them back into port, and so disheartened many of the landsmen that they deserted. Essex and Raleigh took horse, and posted together to the queen, to learn her majesty's pleasure. She gave orders that they should destroy the Spanish ships in Ferral harbour, and intercept the West India fleet.[2] The expedition remained wind-bound a whole month, and when it again put to sea, Essex addressed the following farewell letter to the queen, in behalf of the nobleman who was to perform the duties of master of the horse in his absence:—

"Most dear lady, "August 17, 1597.

"Now I am leaving the shore, and thinking of all I leave behind me, next yourself, none are so dear as they, that with most care and zeal do serve you; of which number I beseech your majesty to remember that truly honest earl that waits in my place.[3] Your majesty is in debt to him and to yourself, till you do for him, Him only of his coat you think yourself behind-hand with. Therefore, dear lady, for your justice' sake, and for your poor absent servant's sake, take some time to shew your favour to him. You shall never repose trust in a safer place. Pardon this freedom of spirit.

"From your majesty's humblest vassal,
"Essex."[4]

There were some noble points in Essex, though in his general conduct he constantly reminds us of a spoiled and wayward child. When the disobedience of his great enemy, sir Walter Raleigh, to his orders in attacking the town of Fayal before his arrival with the rest of the fleet, disarranged his plans, and abridged the success of his squadron, one of his followers urged him to bring Sir Walter Raleigh to a court martial for his offence. "So I should," replied the generous Essex, "if he were my friend." There were not wanting tempters, who represented to the earl, "that if he omitted so excellent an opportunity of ridding himself of this formidable adversary, by dealing with him according

[1] Camden. Lingard.
[2] Camden. [3] Edward, earl of Worcester. [4] Birch's State Papers.

to the stern dictum of martial law, he might live to repent it himself," alleging, no doubt, the case of Drake's beheading his second in command, Doughty, as a precedent, but the nature of Essex was too noble to be persuaded to any act allied to baseness. The queen, on his return, commended Raleigh, laid all the blame of the failure of the expedition on Essex, and reproached him for the great outlay it had cost her.[1]

The following details from Rowland Whyte's private letters, show the restless fermentation of the court intrigues at that period, and that there had been a vain attempt to introduce a substitute for Essex as favourite to the queen. "Now that lord Herbert is gone, he is much blamed for his cold and weak manner of pursuing her majesty's favour, having had so good steps to lead unto it, there is want of spirit and courage laid to his charge, and that he is a melancholy young man,"—a temperament little likely to recommend any one to the favour of Elizabeth. "Young Carey," continues the court newsman, "follows it with more care and boldness. My lady Katerin Howard is come to court, and this day sworn of the privy-chamber, which doth greatly strengthen that party. I am credibly informed, by a very wise and grave man, that at this instant the lord-admiral is able to do with the queen as much as my lord Leicester was, if he list to use his credit with her."[2]

It was certainly more reasonable that the queen should bestow her favour on her illustrious kinsman, a gentleman who had deserved so well of his country as the hero of the Armada, than on the mere court satellites, who hovered round her for the sake of the things that were in her gift.

Queen Elizabeth was very sparing of her honours, which rendered them more prized by those, who were judged by this great sovereign worthy of obtaining such distinctions. She was not lavish in bestowing the accolade of knighthood. As for the dignity of a peer, it was rarely indeed conferred by her, and then always in such a manner, as to impress her subjects with the importance of the reward. There was something truly worthy of exciting high and chivalric emprise among the gentlemen of England, when a maiden sovereign bestowed the dearly prized dignity of the peerage, by personal creation, and under such circumstances as those,

[1] Camden. [2] Sidney Papers.

which distinguished the hero of the Armada. The details of this interesting ceremonial are thus given by Whyte:

"As the queen came from chapel this day, she created my lord-admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, earl of Nottingham. My lord Cumberland carried his sword, my lord of Sussex his cap and coronet. He was brought in by the earls of Shrewsbury and Worcester. Her majesty made a speech to him, in acknowledgment of his services, and Mr. Secretary read his patents in a loud voice, which are very honourable; all his great services recited in 1588, and lately at Cales. All this was done in one day."

Essex conceived himself to be deeply aggrieved by the latter clause, which seemed to award to the lord-admiral, the palm of honour for the taking of Cadiz, only mentioning himself as an adjunct, and no reward had been conferred on him, for his services on that occasion. He fretted himself sick at this implied slight, and took to his bed. The queen's heart relented, and feeling that she had acted harshly towards him, she chid the Cecils, as the cause of what had taken place. While she was in this frame of mind, she encountered sir Francis Vere, in the gardens of Whitehall palace; calling him to her, she questioned him, as to the ill success of the expedition, which she entirely charged on Essex, both for not burning and spoiling the fleet at Ferral, and for missing the Indian fleet. Sir Francis defended his absent friend with great courage, even to the raising his voice somewhat louder than was consistent with the reverence due to the sovereign, but this, as he explained, was not out of disrespect to her majesty, but that all might hear what he said, charging the blame upon those who deserved it. Some of these being present, were confronted with him, and compelled to retract their false witness against Essex, before the queen. Her majesty, well pleased with the manly and honest conduct of sir Francis Vere, sat down at the end of the walk, and calling him to her, fell into more confidential discourse on the subject of Essex's peculiar temper; and, being willing to listen to all that could be urged in his favour, before sir Francis left her, she spoke graciously in his commendation, and shortly after received him at court.[1] In December, 1597, the earl was restored to favour, and created earl-marshal by the queen's patents. This was one great cause of the animosity, afterwards borne

[1] Birch.

to him by his great enemy, the earl of Nottingham, who, with justice, considered that he had more right to that office than the earl, since it had been strictly hereditary in his family, from the days of their royal ancestor, Thomas of Brotherton, whose daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, as we have seen, claimed it as her right by descent; and, being precluded by her sex from exercising its duties, she invested her grandson Mowbray, earl of Norfolk, with it, as her man. Essex offered to decide this quarrel by single combat, with either the admiral or his sons, or all of them, but the queen would not permit it, and employed sir Walter Raleigh, to effect a reconciliation. The earl of Nottingham would not dispute the queen's pleasure, but, on the 20th of December, resigned his staff, as lord steward of the household, and retired to his house, at Chelsea, under pretence of sickness.

Lord Henry Howard wrote a quaint and witty letter to Essex, on the anniversary of the queen's accession to the crown, November 17th, 1597, in which he gives a sarcastic glance at the leading powers of the court, who were intriguing against his friend :—

"Your lordship," says he, "by your last purchase, hath almost enraged the dromedary, that would have won the queen of Sheba's favour, by bringing pearls. If you could once be as fortunate in dragging old Leviathan (Burleigh) and his cub (Robert Cecil) *tortuosum colubrum*, as the prophet termeth them, out of this den of mischievous device, the better part of the world would prefer your virtue to that of Hercules." Then, in allusion to the day to be kept in honour of the queen, he adds, "In haste, the feast of St. Elizabeth, whom, if I were pope, I would no longer set forth in red letters in the kalendar of saints, than she graced my dear lord, in golden characters, with the influence of her benignity; but the best is, the power is now wholly in herself to canonize herself, because she will not stand to the pope's courtesy."[1]

It is amusing to trace how the private letters of the court of queen Elizabeth elucidate each other. This dromedary, who sought to propitiate her majesty's favour by an offering of jewels, would appear to the readers of the present century a very mysterious animal, were it not for a letter, in the Shrewsbury collection, from Michael Stanhope,[2] in which that gentleman informs sir Robert Cecil, "that the lord-keeper, Egerton, had sent him with a present of pearls to the queen, as a small token of his thankfulness for her gracious care in maintaining his credit. For some reason

[1] Birch's Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth.

[2] One of the grooms of her chamber, and a gentleman of great importance in this species of negotiation.

or other, the queen would not receive the present, but bade the bearer carry them back to the donor, with this message, "that her mind was as great to refuse as his to give." "When I came back to his lordship," pursues Stanhope, "and delivered her majesty's pleasure, and he saw his pearls again, I do assure your honour, he looked upon me with a heavy eye, as if I had carelessly or doltishly performed the trust, and as for the pearls, he would not lay hand on them, but bid me do what I would with them."[1] Sir Michael, who prided himself on being a most expert courtier, remained much pestered with these pearls, which he dared not present again, because his wife's gentlewoman and his mother-in-law's gentlewoman were both ill with the small-pox, an effectual bar to the presence of the queen, though she had had the disease long ago. Whether Robert Cecil became the means of introducing the pearls once more to the queen, or what became of them, cannot be traced.

It was during the absence of Essex, on this last expedition, in July, 1597, that Elizabeth gave Paulus Jaline, the handsome and audacious ambassador of Sigismund, king of Poland, so notable a sample of her high spirit and fluent powers of scolding extemporaneously in Latin, in reply to his diplomatic insolence. The story is related, with great humour, by Speed, in his quaint style, and also by sir Robert Cecil,[2] in a letter to Essex. Sir Robert Cecil had the good fortune of being a witness of this rich scene, which he details with great spirit. Her majesty was well disposed to render the king of Poland honourable tokens of her good-will, out of respect for his father, the late king of Sweden, who, when duke of Finland, had been a suitor for her hand, and being especially pleased with the report of the comeliness and accomplishments of the ambassador, she prepared herself to receive him, with great solemnity, in the presence of her court and council, in her presence-chamber at Greenwich.

He was brought in, attired in a long robe of black velvet, well buttoned and jewelled, and came to kiss her majesty's hand, where she sat, under her canopy of state. Having performed all ceremonials, proper to the occasion, with peculiar grace, he retreated about three yards, "and then," continues Cecil, "began his oration, aloud, in Latin, with

[1] Lodge's Illustrations. [2] Lansdowne MSS. No. 85, vol. xix.

such a gallant countenance as I never in my life beheld. The oration, however, to which her majesty had so graciously prepared herself to listen, before a large assembly of her nobles and courtiers, was neither more nor less than a bold remonstrance, in the name of the newly-elected sovereign of Poland, against Elizabeth's assumption of maritime superiority over other nations, to which, he said, her position in Europe gave her no ostensible pretension. He also complained of her having, on account of her wars with Spain, interrupted the commerce of that country with Poland, called upon her to redress the losses which their merchants had suffered in consequence of her foreign policy, and concluded by informing her, that his master, having entered into a matrimonial alliance with the house of Austria, was resolved to put up with these wrongs no longer, and, therefore, unless she thought proper to take immediate steps to redress them, he would."[1]

At the termination of an address so different from the agreeable strain of compliment which she had anticipated from the comely envoy, Elizabeth, who was not of a disposition to brook tamely an affront from the mightiest prince in Christendom, started from her chair of state, and preventing the lord-chancellor, who had risen to reply to this harangue, she overwhelmed the astonished diplomatist with such a vivacious vituperation, in extempore Latin, as perhaps was never before delivered in that majestic language, commencing with these words:—

"Expectavi orationem, mihi vero querelam adduxisti!—

"Is this the business that your king has sent you about? Surely, I can hardly believe that if the king himself were present, he would have used such language. For, if he should, I must have thought that he being a king, not of many years, and that not by right of blood, but by right of election, they haply have not informed him of that course which his father and ancestors have taken with us, and which, peradventure, shall be observed by those that shall live to come after him. And as for you, although I perceive you have read many books to fortify your arguments in this case, yet I am apt to believe that you have not 'lighted upon that chapter which prescribes the forms to be observed

[1] Cecil's letter to the earl of Essex, Lansdowne MSS. Speed's Chronicle, fol. 1200.

between kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to have so public an imputation thrown upon our justice, which as yet never failed, we would answer this audacity of yours in another style. And for the particulars of your negotiations, we will appoint some of our council to confer with you, to see upon what grounds this clamour of yours has its foundation, who have shewed yourself rather a herald than an ambassador."

"And thus," says old Speed, "lion-like, rising, she daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical departure, than with the tartness of her princely checks, and, turning to her court, exclaimed—

"'God's death, my lords!' (for that was ever her oath in anger,) 'I have been enforced, this day, to scour up my old Latin, that hath lain long in rusting.'" Her majesty told sir Robert Cecil "that she was sorry Essex heard not her Latin that day," and Cecil promised to write a full account of it to the absent favourite.

It was not always that Elizabeth's intercourse with the representatives of foreign princes was of so stern a character, and if we may credit the reports of some of those gentlemen, her deportment towards them, in private audiences, occasionally transgressed both the delicacy of a gentlewoman, and the dignity of a queen. It is related of her, that in the midst of an important political conference with the French ambassador, Harlai, she endeavoured to distract his attention from the interests of his royal master, by displaying, as if by accident, the elegant proportions of her finely-turned ancle,[1] on which the audacious plenipotentiary dropped on one knee, and passionately saluting the graceful limb that was so coquettishly revealed, laid his hand on his heart, and exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Ah, madame, if the king, my master, had but been in my place!" and then resumed the diplomatic discussion as coolly as if no such interesting interruption had occurred. Such instances of levity as the above, and the well-authenticated fact of her indulging James Melvil, when she was five-and-twenty years younger, with a sight of her unbraided tresses, removing cauls, fillets, jewels, and all other confinements, and allowing them to fall at full length about her stately form, and then demanding, "if the queen of Scots could boast of such a head of hair," while they

[1] Houssaie's Memoires Historique.

excite a smile, must strike every one as singular traits of vanity and weakness in a princess of her masculine intellect. Mauvissiere and Sully were impressed with her wisdom and profound judgment, but it was not with those grave statesmen that she felt any temptation to indulge in flippancy which might remind persons of reflection of those characteristics, which had been imputed to her unfortunate mother. It is impossible, however, for any one to study the personal history of Elizabeth, without tracing a singular compound of the qualities of both her parents.

This year a crazy scrivener, of Greenwich, named Squires, was accused of the absurdity of attempting to take away the queen's life, by the new and diabolical means of poisoning the pommel of her saddle, at the instigation of Walpole, the jesuit. This Squires had fitted out a pinnace privateer at his own expense, and when on a piratical expedition, was taken prisoner, and lodged in the Spanish inquisition, where he was tortured into a great affection for catholicism, and became a convert to that religion. Walpole obtained the liberty of Squires on the condition of his imbuing the pommel of her majesty's saddle with a poison which he gave him in a bladder. This poison was of so subtle a nature, that if her majesty raised her hand to her lips or nose, after resting it on the envenomed pommel, it was expected that she would instantly drop down dead.[1]

Squires having undertaken this marvellous commission, approached her majesty's horse, when it was led forth from the stable, of which it seems he had the *entrée*, having once filled the office of under-groom, he then pricked the bladder with a pin, and shed the poison on the pommel, crying, "God save the queen!" at the same time, to disarm suspicion. Elizabeth mounted, and receiving no ill from the medication of her saddle, Squires imagined that her life was miraculously preserved, and determined to employ the rest of his malign nostrum for the destruction of the earl of Essex, who was then preparing to sail on the late expedition against the Spanish fleet. Accordingly, he entered on board the earl's ship as a volunteer, and by that means obtained an opportunity of rubbing the arms of his lordship's chair with the poison, which had, however, no more effect on either chair or earl, than if it had been the usual polishing compound of turpentine and wax; but Walpole was so provoked

[1] Camden.

at the failure of his plot, that he suborned a person of the name of Stanley, to denounce the treason of Squires to the council, and Squires, in turn, after five hours on the rack, denounced Walpole as his instigator. Stanley was also tortured, and confessed that he had been sent by one of the Spanish ministers to shoot the queen. Walpole, who probably had nothing to do with the hallucination, which had taken possession of the pirate scrivener's brain, being out of the realm, published a pamphlet, denying the accusation, and endeavouring to explain the absurdity of the whole affair.[1] The wretched Squires suffered the usual penalty for devising the death of the queen, being convicted on his own confession. Such are the fallacies of evidence obtained by torture, that a man would rather confess himself guilty of an impossible crime than endure further inflictions. How much more readily would such a person obtain ease by denouncing another, if required.

Essex was now so completely restored to the good graces of the queen, that he even ventured on the experiment of attempting to bring his mother, who had been in disgrace with her royal kinswoman ever since her marriage with Leicester, to court once more. Elizabeth did not refuse to receive her, but tantalized both mother and son by appointing a place and hour convenient for the interview, and then when the time came, sent an excuse. This she did repeatedly. There were then attempts made by Lady Leicester to meet her majesty at the houses of her friends, but there Elizabeth also made a point of disappointing her little project.

"On Shrove Monday," says Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's, and there was my lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l*. A great dinner was prepared by my lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, upon a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word."

Essex, who had taken to his bed, on these repeated indications of unabated hostility to his mother, roused himself from his sullen manifestation of unavailing anger, and came to the queen, in his night-gown, by the private way, to intercede with her, but could not carry his point. "It had been better not moved," continues the watchful observer of his proceedings, "for my lord of Essex, by importuning the

[1] Camden.

queen in these unpleasing matters, loses the opportunity he might take of obliging his ancient friends."

Elizabeth had never forgiven her cousin Lettice her successful rivalry with regard to Leicester, although the grave had now closed over him for nearly nine years, and his place in her capricious favour was supplied by the countess's gallant son. At length, however, the urgency of Essex in behalf of his mother prevailed, and in spite of the cherished anger over which Elizabeth had gloomily brooded for nearly twenty years, the countess was admitted into her presence once more. A tender scene, if not a temporary reconciliation, appears to have taken place on this occasion, for Rowland Whyte says—

"My lady Leicester was at court, kissed the queen's hand and her breast, and did embrace her, and the queen kissed her. My lord of Essex is in exceeding favour here. Lady Leicester departed from court exceedingly contented, but being desirous to come again, and kiss the queen's hand, it was denied, and some wonted unkind words given out against her."[1]

Queen Elizabeth was very obstinately bent on taking her daily exercise, despite of the weather, and would ride or walk in the rain, setting at naught the entreaties of her ladies, who affected great concern for her health, not forgetting their own, as they were bound to accompany her. They called in the aid of archbishop Whitgift, who gently persuaded her to tarry at home during the foul weather. Her majesty would not listen to the church. They then tried the agency of her favourite fool, Clod, who addressed the following exordium to his royal mistress:—"Heaven dissuades you, madam, not only by its weeping aspect, but by the eloquence of the archbishop; earth dissuades by the tongue of your poor fool, Clod; and if neither heaven nor earth can succeed, at least listen to Dr. Perne, whose religious doubts suspend him between both." The queen laughed heartily at this gibe on Dr. Perne, the archbishop's chaplain, knowing that, in the religious disputes in the middle of the century, he had changed his religion four times. It was no laughing matter to the doctor, who is said to have died, soon after, of utter chagrin.[2]

[1] Sidney Papers.

[2] Fuller's Worthies.

Francis Bacon took the trouble of compounding a long letter of advice to Essex, on the manner in which he judged it would be most expedient for him to demean himself to the queen, so as to improve her favourable disposition towards him. Some of these rules are curious enough, and prove, that this great moral philosopher was as deeply accomplished in the arts of a courtier, as any of the butterflies who fluttered round the aged rose of England. He tells Essex, "that when, in his speeches, he chanced to do her majesty right, for," continues he, with playful sarcasm, "there is no such thing as flattery among you all; your lordship has rather the air of paying fine compliments, than speaking what you really think;" adding, "that any one might read the insincerity of his words in his countenance." Bacon warns his patron, "to avoid the example of Hatton and Leicester, in his own conduct, yet to adduce them to the queen as precedents on certain points." Essex profited very little by the counsels of his sage secretary; and scarcely had he regained the favour of the queen, ere he hazarded incurring her jealous resentment by a renewal of his rash attentions to her beautiful attendant, mistress Bridges. Of this his observant contemporary thus speaks:—

"It is spied out of envy, that Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B——. It cannot chuse but come to the queen's ears, then he is undone, and all who depend upon his favour. Sure I am that lady Essex hears of it, or rather, suspects it, and is greatly disquieted."[1] Nor was this all; for the indiscretions of Essex were becoming now so much the theme of general discussion, that old lady Bacon took the privilege of her age and sanctity to write to him a long letter of expostulation, lamenting his backslidings, and warning him of the sinful nature of his way of life.[2]

The enemies of the envied man, whom the queen delighted to honour, of course delighted to carry evil reports of him to the royal ear; but it frequently happens that injudicious friends are more to be feared than the bitterest of foes. The real cause of Essex's disgrace may, doubtless, be attributed to the following cause:—His fair, frail sister, lady Rich, who was one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, and was loved and trusted for his sake, most

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Birch.

ungratefully united with her husband—with whom she could not agree in anything but mischief—in a secret correspondence with the king of Scots, under the feigned names of Ricardo and Rialta; James they called Victor. Their letters were written in cipher, and they had nicknames for all the court. Thomas Fowler, Burleigh's spy in Scotland, gave information of this correspondence to his employer, with these particulars, "that queen Elizabeth herself was called Venus, and the earl of Essex the Weary Knight, because he was exceeding weary of his office, and accounted his attendance a thrall that he lived in, and hoped for a change, which was, that the queen would die in a year or two." King James commended much the fineness of Rialta's wit. After Burleigh was armed with such intelligence, no wonder Essex's favour with Elizabeth began to decline.

Essex, unconscious of the broken ground on which his sister's folly had placed him, carried himself more loftily every day in the council-room, and in the privy-chamber assumed the airs of a spoiled child, who was secure of getting its own way by petulance. Elizabeth was in a great state of irritability, on account of the king of France consulting his own interest rather than the political line of conduct, she had prescribed, as the conditions of her friendship. Henry was bent on concluding an amicable treaty with Spain, and she sent word to him, "that the true sin against the Holy Ghost was ingratitude, and upbraided him with the breach of his engagements to her."[1] Henry offered to mediate a general peace, in which England should be included, and to this measure Burleigh was disposed. Essex argued vehemently in favour of war. The aged minister, now tottering on the brink of the grave, viewed the dazzling visions of military glory in a truer point of light than that in which they appeared to the young, fiery earl-marshal, and after a warm debate on the subject, he drew out a prayer-book, and putting it into his combative opponent's hand, pointed in silence to the text—"Men of blood shall not live out half their days." The warning made no impression on Essex at the time, but it was afterwards regarded as prophetic of his fate. The veteran statesman, who had trimmed his sails to weather

[1] Camden.

out the changeful storms that had sent queens, princes, and nobles, to the block, during the reigns of four Tudor sovereigns, required not the gift of second sight to perceive the dark destiny that impended over the rash knight-errant, who filled the perilous office of favourite to the last and haughtiest of that despotic race. To him, who knew the temper of the queen and the character of Essex, well might the "coming event cast its shadow before." Rapidly as the waning sands of life now ebbed with Burleigh, he lived to triumph in that fierce collision of uncontrollable temper between Essex and the queen, which was the sure prelude of the fall of the imprudent favourite.

Ireland was in a state of revolt, and the appointment of a suitable person to fill the difficult and responsible office of lord-deputy of that distracted country, became a matter of important consideration to the queen and her cabinet. The subject was warmly debated one day in the royal closet, when no one was present but the queen, the lord-admiral, sir Robert Cecil, Windebank clerk of the seal, and Essex. Her majesty named sir William Knollys, her near relative, as the person best fitted for the post. Although Knollys was his own uncle, Essex, being aware that the suggestion emanated from the Cecils, opposed it with more vehemence than prudence, and insisted that the appointment ought to be given to sir George Carew. The queen, offended at the positive tone in which Essex had presumed to overbear her opinion and advance his own, made a sarcastic rejoinder, on which he so far forgot himself as to turn his back on her, with a contemptuous expression. Her majesty, exasperated beyond the bounds of self-control by this insolence, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him "go and be hanged!"[1]

Essex behaved like a petulant school-boy on this occasion, for instead of receiving the chastisement, which his own ill-manners had provoked, as a sort of angry love-token, and kissing the royal hand in return for the buffet, he grasped his sword-hilt with a menacing gesture. The lord-admiral hastily threw himself between the infuriated earl and the person of the queen, and fortunately prevented him from disgracing himself by the unknightly deed of drawing his weapon upon a lady and his sovereign; but he

[1] Camden.

swore, with a deep oath, "that he would not have taken that blow from king Henry, her father, and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one!"[1] To these rash words he added some impertinence about "a king in petticoats," rushed, with marked disrespect, from the royal presence, and instantly withdrew from court.[2]

This stormy scene in the royal drama of Elizabeth's life and reign, occurred June, 1598. The lord-chancellor, Egerton, wrote a friendly letter of advice to Essex, entreating him to make proper submission to his offended sovereign, to whom he owed so many obligations, and to sue for pardon.[3] It is more than probable that Egerton's letter was written by the desire of the queen, and dictated by her, or surely two very powerful arguments for the performance of the course suggested by him, would have been used—namely, the reverence due from a young man to a princess of the advanced age to which her majesty had now attained, and also his near relationship to her, as the great-grandson of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

In reply to the lord-keeper's sage advice, Essex wrote a passionate letter, complaining of the hardness of the queen's heart, and of the indignity he had received. The blow had entered into his soul, and he says, "Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes, shew no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, who do not believe in an absolute infinitiveness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, and I feel it." It was in vain that the mother and sisters of Essex, and all who wished him well, endeavoured to mollify his haughty spirit: he maintained a sullen resentment, for several months, in the expectation that the queen would, in the end, become a suppliant to him for a reconciliation.

Meantime Elizabeth was taken up with watching over the last days of her old servant, Burleigh. His sufferings were severe, and his swollen, enfeebled hands had lost the power, not only of guiding the statesman's pen, but at times of conveying food to his mouth. While he was in this deplorable state, the queen came frequently to visit the faithful, time-worn pilot, with whom she had weathered out many a threatening storm; and now he could no longer

[1] Camden. [2] Lingard. [3] Camden.

serve her, she behaved in his sick chamber with that tenderness which, though only manifested on rare occasions by this great queen, is at all times an inherent principle of the female character, however circumstances in life may have been adverse to its development. When his attendants brought him nourishment, the queen insisted on feeding him herself—an act of kindness which warmed his heart and soothed his miseries. He recovered sufficiently to be able to write to his son an autograph letter, in which he thus mentions the queen:—

"I pray you diligently and effectually let her majesty understand, how her singular kindness doth overcome my power to acquit it, who, though she will not be a mother, yet she sheweth herself, by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful norice (nurse); and if I (ever) may be weaned to feed myself, I shall be more ready to serve her on the earth: if not, I hope to be, in heaven, a servitor for her and God's church.

"And so I thank you for your partridges.

"Your languishing father,

"10 July, 1598. "W. Burghley.

"P. S.—Serve God *by serving the queen*, for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil."[1]

In vain had Wolsey raised his dying voice to reveal the grand error of his life, in preferring the service of his king to his God; we here see a statesman of equal sagacity, but untutored by the "moral uses of adversity," departing, with an avowed preference to the service of his living idol, before that of the great eternal Being, whose approbation ought to be the grand motive of a good man's life.

Harrington bears testimony to the extreme solicitude of queen Elizabeth for Burleigh in his dying illness. Every day she sent lady Arundel with inquiries touching his state, and bearing an excellent cordial for his stomach, which her majesty gave her in charge, and said, "that she did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life, else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too." Again Harrington observes, "the lord treasurer's distemper doth marvellously trouble the queen, who saith, 'that her comfort

[1] The declaration of a contemporary courtier, sir John Harrington, affords a striking moral comment on the unprofitable nature of a life devoted to the pursuit of royal favour:—"I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honesty, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise; and be it remembered, that he who casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion, will set his sum, like a fool, at the end, for not being a knave at the beginning. Oh that I could boast, with chaunter David, '*In te speravi Domine!*'"

hath been in her people's happiness, and their happiness in his discretion,' neither can we find, in ancient record, such wisdom in a prince to discern a servant's ability, nor such integrity to reward and honour a prince's choice."[1]

Burleigh expired, on the 4th of August, in the 77th year of his age. How deeply he was regretted by his royal mistress may be seen, by the affecting witness borne by Harrington, of her sorrowful remembrance of her old friend. "The queen's highness doth often speak of him in tears, and turn aside when he is discoursed of, nay, even forbiddeth his name to be mentioned in the council. This I have by some friends who are in good liking with lord Buckhurst, the new lord treasurer."

On the 13th of September died Philip II. of Spain, having survived Burleigh about six weeks. But while death is thus rapidly clearing the stage of the *dramatis personæ*, who performed the leading parts in the annals connected with the life and actions of this great queen, it may afford a pleasing change, to the reader, to glance within some of her stately palaces, the splendid furniture and decorations of which are described in glowing colours, by the German traveller, Hentzner, who visited England this year.

Windsor Castle, according to his account, must have far exceeded in interest, if not in magnificence, as it then stood, the present structure, marred as it is, with the costly alterations and incongruous additions, of the last of the Georges, miscalled improvements. Every apartment in the three noble courts, described by Hentzner, was hallowed by historical recollections or traditions, linked with the annals of English royalty, and calculated to illustrate the records of England's progressive glories, from the days when the mighty founder of our present dynasty of sovereigns, first built his gothic hunting-seat, on the green heights above the Thames, called at that spot, the Windle-shore. Hentzner mentions the third court with enthusiasm, in the midst of which, gushed a fountain of very clear water. After describing the stately-banqueting hall, where the festival of the garter was annually celebrated, he says—

"From hence runs a walk of incredible beauty, three

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 238.

hundred and eighty paces in length, set round on every side with supporters of wood, which sustain a balcony, from whence the nobility and other persons of distinction, can take the pleasure of seeing hunting and hawking, in a lawn of sufficient space; for the fields and meadows, clad with a variety of plants and flowers, swell gradually into hills of perpetual verdure, quite up to the castle, and at bottom, stretch out into an extended plain, that strikes the beholders with delight."

Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber was the apartment in which Henry VI. was born.' In this room, Hentzner describes a table of red marble with white streaks, a cushion most curiously wrought by her majesty's own hands, a unicorn's horn, of above eight spans and a half in length, valued at the absurd price of ten thousand pounds; also, a bird of paradise, of which, our author gives a minute and somewhat ludicrous account. From the royal chamber, he wanders into the gallery, ornamented with emblems and figures, and another chamber adjacent, containing (where are they now?) "the royal beds of Henry VII. and his queen, of Edward VI., Henry VIII., and Anne Boleyn, all of them eleven feet square, and covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. Queen Elizabeth's bed," he tells us," is not quite so long or so large as the others, but covered with curious hangings of embroidery work. The tapestry represented Clovis, king of France, with an angel presenting to him the *fleur-de-lis*, to be borne in his arms, instead of the three toads, the ancient device of his royal predecessors. This antique piece of tapestry, was stated to be one of the only surviving relics of the conquest of France, by the victorious Edward III. or Henry V.

Hentzner describes the royal barge, as having two splendid cabins, beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting, and gilding.

Hampton Court must, indeed, have been a palace fit for this mighty empress of pomp and pageantry, in the truly palatinal grandeur of the Tudor architecture, and furnished in the manner our eloquent German describes. He tells us, that the chapel was most splendid, and the queen's closet quite transparent, having crystal windows; and that there was, besides, a small chapel, richly hung with tapestry, where the queen performs her devotions. In queen

Elizabeth's chamber, the bed was covered with costly coverlids of silk.

"In one chamber," pursues he, "were the rich tapestries, which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors; there were numbers of cushions ornamented with gold and silver, many counterpanes and coverlids of beds, lined with ermine, in short, all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver." Alas! for the vanished glories of this once royal abode, what strains of lamentation would our marvellous German have poured forth, could he now behold the dishonouring change that has befallen the Dutchified palace of Hampton Court. He winds up the climax of his description of its splendour, under the great Elizabeth, with the description of a certain cabinet, called Paradise, where, "besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle one's eyes," he says, "there is a musical instrument made all of glass, except the strings." The walls of the Hampton-Court gardens were at that time covered with rosemary.

In addition to Nonsuch and Richmond, Elizabeth had a variety of minor palaces, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, to which suburban residences she retired, when alarmed by suspicion of the vicinity of pestilence in Westminster, or Greenwich. She had the Lodge at Islington, the Grove at Newington, her Dairy at Barnelms, and the royal palace and park of Mary la Bonne, now Regent's Park; here the ambassadors of the czar of Russia, in 1600, had permission to hunt at their pleasure.

Hentzner was much struck with the fine library of this learned female sovereign, at Whitehall. "All these books," continues he, "are bound in velvet of different colours, but chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some have pearls and precious stones, set in their bindings." Such was, indeed, the fashion in the magnificent reign of Elizabeth, when, except in the article of the rush-strewn floors, engendering dirt and pestilence, luxury had arrived at a prodigious height.

Hentzner particularly notices two little silver cabinets, of exquisite work, in which, he says, the queen keeps her paper, and which she uses for writing-boxes. Also a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, in which she keeps her bracelets, ear-rings, and other things of extraordinary value. The queen's bed is described as being ingeniously

composed of woods of different colours, with quilts of silk velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery. Among the portraits, he mentions one of the queen, at sixteen years of age.

At Greenwich palace our worthy traveller enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding the imperial lady, to whom pertained all these glories, in *propria personæ*, surrounded with the pomp and elaborate ceremonials, which attended the fatiguing dignity of the royal office, in the reign of the maiden monarch, but not as she appeared to the poetic vision of Gray.

> "Girt with many a baron bold,
> Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
> And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
> In bearded majesty [not the ladies, we hope] appear.
> In the midst a form divine,
> Her eye proclaims her of the Tudor line;
> Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
> Attemper'd sweet with virgin grace."

Such, probably, was a correct portrait of England's Elizabeth, in the first twenty years of her reign; but when Hentzner saw her, at Greenwich, she was in her sixty-sixth year, and Time, which does his work as sternly on royalty as on mortals of meaner mould, had wrought strange changes in the outward similitude of the virgin queen. But Hentzner must speak for himself. After telling us, that he was admitted into the royal apartments by a lord chamberlain's order, which his English friend had procured, he first describes the presence chamber, "hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,[1] through which the queen commonly passes in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman, dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction, that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals, in a red silk purse, between two, one of

[1] He probably means rushes.

which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden *fleurs de lis*, the point upwards. Next came the queen, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face, oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar.) She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace, of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle, of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar, of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels—a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded, on each side, by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the antechapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH!' She answered it with, 'I THANK YOU, MY GOOD PEOPLE.' In the chapel was excellent music: as soon as the service

was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned, in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But, while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out, with the following solemnity:—"

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in, at each turn, a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman, in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half-an-hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court."

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."[1]

[1] Hentzner's Travels.

Roger Lord North was carving one day at dinner, when the queen asked "what that covered dish was?" "Madam, it is a coffin," he replied; a word which moved the queen to anger. "And are you such a fool," said she, "as to give a pie such a name?" This gave warning to the courtiers not to use any word, which could bring before her the image of death.[1] Notwithstanding her nervous sensibility, as it would now be termed, on that point, one of her bishops, Dr. Matthew Hutton, ventured, towards the close of her reign, to preach a very bold sermon before her, on the duty she owed, both to God and her people, in appointing a successor—a duty which she was determined never to perform.

"I no sooner remember this famous and worthy prelate," says Harrington, "but I think I see him in the chapel at Whitehall; queen Elizabeth at the window, in her closet; all the lords of the parliament, spiritual, and temporal, about them; and then, after his three causes, that I hear him out of the pulpit, thundering this text—'The kingdoms of the earth are mine, and I do give them to whom I will; and I have given them to Nebuchadnezzar, and his son, and his son's son;' which text, when he had thus produced, taking the sense rather than the words of the prophet, there followed first so general a murmur of one friend whispering to another; then such an erected countenance in those that had none to speak to; lastly, so quiet a silence and attention, in expectation of some strange doctrine, where the text itself gave away kingdoms, and sceptres, as I have never observed before or since. But he, as if he had been Jeremiah himself, and not an expounder of him, shewed how there were two special causes of translating of kingdoms—the fulness of time, and the ripeness of sin; and that by either of these, and sometimes by both, God, in secret and just judgments, transferred sceptres from kindred to kindred, and from nation to nation, at his good will and pleasure: and running historically over the great monarchies of the world, from the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, down to our own Island, he shewed how England had frequently been a prey to foreign invaders: first, being subdued by the Romans, afterwards, by the Saxons and Danes, till it was finally conquered and reduced to perfect subjection by the Normans, whose pos-

[1] Sir Edward Peston's Catastrophe of the House of Stuart, p. 342.

terity had continued in great prosperity till the days of her majesty, who for peace, plenty, glory, and for continuance, had exceeded them all; that she had lived to change all her counsellors, but one, all her officers twice or thrice, and some of her bishops four times; yet the uncertainty of the succession gave hopes to foreigners to attempt invasions, and bred fears in her subjects of a new conquest.

"'The only way,' the bishop added, 'to quiet these fears, was to establish the succession. He noted, that Nero was specially hated for wishing to have no successor; and that Augustus was more beloved for appointing even an evil man for his successor; and at last, as far as he durst, he insinuated the nearness of blood to our present sovereign. He said plainly, that the expectations and *presages* of all writers went northward, naming, without farther circumlocution, Scotland! which,' added he, 'if it prove an error, will be found a learned error.'

"When he had finished this sermon, there was no man that knew queen Elizabeth's disposition, but imagined such a speech was as welcome as salt to the eyes, or, to use her own words, 'to pin up a winding-sheet before her face, so to point out her successor, and urge her to declare him;' wherefore we all expected that she would not only have been highly offended, but in some present speech have shewed her displeasure. It is a principle," continues the courtly narrator, "not to be despised—*qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*[1] She considered, perhaps, the extraordinary auditory; she supposed many of them were of his opinion, and some of them might have persuaded him to this motion; finally, she ascribed so much to his years, place, and learning, that when she opened the window of her closet, we found ourselves all deceived, for very kindly and calmly, without show of offence, as if she had but waked out of some sleep, she gave him thanks for his very learned sermon. Yet when she better considered the matter, and recollected herself in private, she sent two councillors to him, with a sharp message, to which he was glad to give a patient answer."

Meantime, all the lords and knights of parliament were full of this sermon, which made a great sensation among the crowded congregation; and one great peer of the realm,

[1] "He who cannot dissimulate, knows not how to reign."

being newly recovered from an impediment in his hearing, requested Harrington to obtain a copy of the sermon from his grace. The archbishop received the application very courteously, but told Harrington "that he durst not give a copy to any one, for that the chancellor of the exchequer, sir John Fortescue, and sir John Woolley, the chancellor of the order of the garter, had been with him from the queen with such a greeting, that he scant knew whether he were a prisoner or a free man; and that, the speech being already ill taken, the writing might exasperate that which was already exulcerate." It was not long, however, before the queen was so well pacified, that she gave him the presidentship of York.

Soon after his appointment to this office, Hutton complained, "that he could not, by any solicitations, obtain a pardon for a seminary priest, whom he had converted, till, being reminded, 'that all was not done in that court for God's sake only,' he sent up twenty French crowns in a purse of his own, as a remembrance for the poor man's pardon," which, he says, "was thankfully accepted," but does not record by whom.[1]

Queen Elizabeth was greatly pleased with a sermon preached by Barlow, bishop of Rochester, on the subject of the plough, of which, she said, "Barlow's text might seem taken from the cart, but his talk may teach you all in the court."

When the queen was only princess, she stood godmother to Henry Cotton, whom she afterwards made her chaplain, and, in the year 1598, preferred to the bishopric of Salisbury, on which occasion she observed, "that she had blessed many of her godsons, but now this godson should bless her." "Whether she were the better for his blessing I know not," remarks the witty Harrington, "but I am sure he was the better for hers. The common voice was, that sir Walter Raleigh got the best blessing of him, because he induced him to confirm the crown grant of Sherborne castle, park, and parsonage," which he calls the *spolia opima* of this bishopric, which had been thus unjustly bestowed on that fortunate courtier by the partial favour of Elizabeth.[2] The queen's prejudices against the marriage of priests shewed itself in a conference she had with Dr.

[1] See his letter to Burleigh. [2] Nugæ Antiquæ.

Whitehead, a learned divine, but blunt and cynical, and extremely opposed to the episcopacy. "Whitehead," said Elizabeth, "I like thee the better because thou livest unmarried." "In troth, madam," was his retort discourteous, "I like you the worse for the same cause."[1]

When the learned bishop Godwin, in his old age, wedded a wealthy widow of London, she expressed the most lively scorn and indignation at his conduct, it having been reported that he had wedded a girl only twenty years old.

The earl of Bedford being present when these tales were told, said merrily to the queen, after his dry manner, "Madame, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers who is little under forty;" but this rather marred than mended the matter, for one said the sin was the greater, and others told of three sorts of marriages, of God's making, of man's making, and of the devil's making. Of God's making, as when Adam and Eve, two folks of suitable age, were coupled; of man's making, as Joseph's marriage with our lady; and of the devil's making, where two old folks marry, not for comfort, but for covetousness; and such, they said, was this. Yet the bishop, with tears in his eyes, protested "that he took not the lady for a spouse, but only to guide his house." The queen was, however, irrevocably offended, and, to shew her displeasure, she stripped the before impoverished see of Bath and Wells, of the rich manor of Wilscombe for ninety-nine years.

When Nowel, dean of St. Paul's, was preaching before her majesty, on some public occasion, he introduced a paragraph into his discourse which displeased her, on which she called to him from the royal closet, "Leave that ungodly digression, and return to your text." Vaughan, bishop of Chester, was one day arguing, in the closet at Greenwich, on the absurdity of supposed miracles, on which his opponent alleged the queen's healing the evil, for an instance, and asked, "what he could say against it." He replied, "that he was loth to answer arguments, taken from the *topik place*, of the cloth of estate, but if they would urge him to answer," he said his opinion was, "that she did it by virtue of some precious stone, in the possession of the crown of England, that had such a natural quality." "But had queen Elizabeth," observes Harrington, drily, "been

[1] Bacon's Apophthegms.

told that he had ascribed more virtue to her jewels, though she loved them well, than to her person, she had never made him bishop of Chester."

Like many ladies of the present day, Elizabeth had the ill taste, as she advanced in years, to increase the number of her decorations, and dressed in a more elaborate style than in the meridian flower of life. "She imagined," says Bacon, "that the people, who are much influenced by externals, would be diverted, by the glitter of her jewels, from noticing the decay of her personal attractions;" but with all due deference to that acute philosopher, this is one of the greatest mistakes into which an elderly gentlewoman can fall.

The report of her majesty's passion for jewels and rich array, had even penetrated within the recesses of the Turkish seraglio, and the sultana Valide, mother of the sultan Amurath III., thought proper to propitiate her by the presents of a robe, a girdle, two kerchiefs wrought in gold, and three in silk, after the oriental fashion, a necklace of pearls and rubies, "the whole of which," says Esperanza Malchi, a jewess, who was entrusted with the commission, "the most serene queen sends to the illustrious ambassador, by the hand of the sieur Bostangi Basi, and by my own hand, I have delivered to the ambassador a wreath of diamonds, from the jewels of her highness, which, she says, your majesty will be pleased to wear for love of her, and give information of the receipt." In return for these precious gifts, the sultana only craved some cloths of silk or wool, the manufacture of the country, and some English cosmetics, such as distilled waters, of every description, for the face, and odoriferous oils for the hands."[1]

It was one of queen Elizabeth's characteristics, that she had much difficulty in coming to a decision, on any point; and when she had formed a resolution, she frequently changed her mind, and, after much of that sort of childish wavering of purpose, which, in a less distinguished sovereign, would have been branded with the term of vacillation, she would return to her original determination. This fickleness of will occasioned much annoyance to her ministers, and still greater inconvenience to persons in humbler departments, who were compelled to hold themselves conformable to her pleasure. When she changed her abode,

[1] See Ellis's Original Letters illustrative of English History, vol. ii. p. 53.

from one royal residence to another, all the carts and horses in the neighbourhood, with their drivers, were impressed for the transfer of her baggage, whatever time of the year it happened to be, and this was considered a grievance, under any circumstances; but, one day, a carter was ordered to come with his cart to Windsor, on summons of remove, to convey a part of the royal wardrobe. When he came, her majesty had altered the day, and he had to come a second time in vain; but when, on a third summons, he attended, and, after waiting a considerable time, was told, "the remove did not hold," he clapped his hand on his thigh, and said, "Now I see that the queen is a woman, as well as my wife!" which words being overheard by her majesty, as she stood by an open window, she said, "What villain is this?" and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth,[1] or rather, we should suppose, to satisfy him for his loss of time, and the inconvenience her uncertainty of purpose had occasioned.

Elizabeth was very delicate in her olfactory nerves, and affected to be still more sensitive on that point than she really was. One day, that valiant Welsh commander, sir Roger Williams, knelt to prefer a petition which her majesty was determined not to grant, and did not like to be compelled to refuse, observing that his boots were made of rough, untanned leather, instead of answering him, she turned away with a gesture of disgust, exclaiming, "Pho, Williams, how your boots stink!" "Tut, madam," replied the sturdy Welshman, who understood her meaning, "it is my suit that stinks, not my boots."[2]

[1] Birch. [2] Thoms' Traditions.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Return of Essex to court — Hollow reconciliation of the queen — She appoints him lord-deputy of Ireland—His despairing letter to the queen, with melancholy verses—He goes to Ireland—False reports of Elizabeth's death— Her soliloquy—Continued displeasure with Essex—His unauthorized return—Surprises Elizabeth in her bedchamber—Apparent reconciliation of the queen with Essex—She alters her manner, and constitutes him a prisoner — Her increasing anger — Proceedings against Essex— Intercession of the French court—Her conversation with the French ambassador—Essex's dangerous illness—Temporary relentings of the queen—She sends her physician to visit him—Renewal of her anger— Her irritation touching Hayward's History of Henry IV. of England— Wishes to have him racked — Bacon's sage remonstrance — Elizabeth fancies herself identified with Richard II.—Her conversation on that subject with Lambarde—Essex's penitential letters—Sends a new year's gift to Elizabeth—His mother tries to see the queen—Sends presents—Conversations between her majesty and Bacon—Essex brought before the council—Elizabeth's assumed gaiety—Passes her time in hunting and sports—Her inward trouble—Her visit to sir Robert Sidney—Essex's injurious speeches of the queen—His rash conduct—Endeavours to excite a tumult—Fails—Surrenders himself prisoner—His trial and execution— Elizabeth's manner of receiving the news—Scene between her and Sir T. Brown—She goes to Dover—Letters and messages between her and Henry IV.—She tries to induce him to visit her—He sends Sully—Interview between Sully and Elizabeth—Biron's embassy—Queen receives him at Basing—Returns to London—Shews Biron the heads on the Tower—They discuss Essex—Elizabeth opens her last parliament—Her popular declaration to the Commons—Her festivities—Declares herself weary of life—Her regrets for the death of Essex—Melancholy state of her mind—Declining health—Treatment of Cecil's miniature—His secret correspondence with the king of Scots—Instances of Elizabeth's superstition—Removes to Richmond Palace—Death-bed confession of lady Nottingham — Elizabeth's anger—Last scenes of her life—Report of her apparition before death—Last offices of devotion—Her death—Funeral— Description of her portrait in the frontispiece—Harrington's testimonial of her great qualities.

THE courtiers had predicted, that the proud spirit of Essex would never bow to the humiliation of suing to the

queen for pardon. He had taken up the high tone of an injured person, and he intimated that he expected satisfaction for the blow he had received, regardless of the gallant Spanish proverb, "*Blancos manos no offendite*,"—"white hands never offend." The queen demanded an apology for his insolent demeanour, as well she might. He, whose duty it was, as earl-marshal, to defend her from all personal injury, and to commit to the prison, over which his office gave him jurisdiction, any one who raised brawls in the court, or violated, in any manner, the solemn etiquettes which guard the approaches to the royal person—he had conducted himself in a manner which would have ensured any one else a lodging in the Marshalsea, if not in the Tower, with a heavy Star-Chamber fine; and yet the queen had only punished him with a box on the ear, to which he had responded in a manner that might have brought another man to the block. At length, however, some compromise was effected, and in November he was again received at court, and as if nothing had happened to occasion a five months' absence.

The affairs of Ireland had, meantime, assumed a more gloomy aspect than they had yet done; the whole country was in a state of that disaffection, which is the offspring of misrule and misery, and the province of Ulster was in open rebellion under the earl of Tyrone. The choice of a new lord-deputy was still a matter of debate; the queen considered Charles Blount, lord Mountjoye, was a suitable person to undertake that difficult office. Essex again ventured to dissent from the royal opinion, and raised objections not only to that young nobleman, but to every one else who was proposed, till at last the queen, finding no one would satisfy him, insisted on his taking the appointment himself. This post was bestowed in anger rather than love, his rivals and foes rejoiced in the prospect of being rid of his presence in the court; and that there was a combination among them to render it a snare to accomplish his ruin, no one who reads the hints given by Markham to his friend Harrington, who was sent out by the queen as a spy on Essex, can for a moment doubt.

"If," says he, "the lord-deputy Essex perform in the field what he hath promised in the council, all will be well; but though the queen hath granted forgiveness for his late

demeanour in her presence, we know not what to think thereof. She hath, in all outward semblance, placed confidence in the man who so lately sought other treatment at her hands; we do sometime think one way and sometime another. What betideth the lord-deputy, is known to Him only, who knoweth all; but when a man hath so many shewing friends and so many *unshewing* enemies, who learneth his end here below? I say, do you not meddle in any sort, nor give your jesting too freely among those you know not." The solemn warnings, which Markham addresses to Harrington, are sufficiently portentous of the approaching fall of Essex, which is as shrewdly predicted in this remarkable letter, as if it had been settled and foreknown. "Two or three of Essex's sworn foes and political rivals, Mountjoye's kinsmen," he says, "are sent out in your army. They are to report all your conduct to us at home. As you love yourself, the queen, and me, discover not these matters; if I had not loved you they had never been told. High concerns deserve high attention; you are to take account of all that passes in this expedition, and keep journal thereof unknown to any in the company—this will be expected of you."

Essex appears to have received some hint that his appointment was the work of his enemies, and he endeavoured to back out of the snare, but in vain, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he addressed the following sad and passionate letter to Elizabeth:—

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.

"From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keep him alive; what service can your majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? It is your rebel's pride and succession that must give me leave to ransome myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body, which, if it happened so, your majesty shall have no cause to mistake the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy could he finish forth his fate,
In some unhaunted desert most obscure,
From all society, from love and hate,
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips, and haws, and bramble berry,
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;

And when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

"Your majesty's exiled servant,
"ROBERT ESSEX."[1]

The queen was, perhaps, touched with the profound melancholy of this letter, for she betrayed some emotion when he kissed her hand at parting, and she bade him a tender farewell. The people crowded to witness his departure, and followed him for more than four miles out of London, with blessings and acclamations. It was on the 29th of March, 1599, that he set forth on this ill-omened expedition. When he left London, the day was calm and fair; but scarcely had he reached Iselden, when a black cloud from the north-east overshadowed the horizon, and a great storm of thunder and lightning, with hail and rain, was regarded, by the superstition of the times, as a portent of impending woe.[2]

The policy pursued by Essex was of a pacific character. He loved the excitement of battle when in the cause of freedom, or when the proud Spaniard threatened England with invasion; but, as the governor of Ireland, his noble nature inclined him to the blessed work of mercy and conciliation. He ventured to disobey the bloody orders he had received from the short-sighted politicians, who were for enforcing the same measures which had converted that fair isle into a howling wilderness, and goaded her despairing people into becoming brigands and rabid wolves. If the generous and chivalric Essex had been allowed to work out his own plans, he would probably have healed all wounds, and proved the regenerator of Ireland; but, surrounded as he was by spies, and thwarted by his deadly and jealous foes in the cabinet, and, finally, rendered an object of suspicion to the most jealous of sovereigns, he only accelerated his own doom, without ameliorating the evils he would fain have cured.

The events of the Irish campaign belong to general history;[3] suffice it to say, that Elizabeth was greatly offended with Essex for three things. He had appointed his friend, Southampton, general of the horse, against her majesty's express orders, who had not yet forgiven that

[1] Birch. [2] Contemporary document in Nichols.
[3] See Camden. Leland. Rapin. Lingard.

nobleman for his marriage; he had treated with Tyrone when she had ordered him to fight; and he had exercised a privilege of making knights, which, though in strict accordance with the laws of chivalry, she wished to be confined exclusively to the sword of the sovereign. She wrote stern and reproachful letters to him. He presumed to justify himself for all he had done and all he had left undone, and demanded reinforcements of men and munitions of war, for his forces were reduced by desertion, sickness, and the contingencies of war. The queen was infuriated, and was, of course, encouraged by her ministers to refuse everything. Unable to cope with Tyrone, from the inefficiency of his forces, he was glad to meet on amicable grounds in a private interview, where many civilities were exchanged, and he promised to convey the conditions required by the chief to the queen. Though those conditions were no more than justice and sound policy ought to have induced the sovereign to grant, Elizabeth regarded it as treason, on the part of Essex, even to listen to them, and she expressed herself in that spirit to her unfortunate viceroy. The fiery and impetuous earl was infuriated, in his turn, at the reports that were conveyed to him, of the practices against him in the English cabinet. He was accused of aiming at making himself king of Ireland, with the assistance of Tyrone; nay, even of aspiring to the crown of England, and that he was plotting to bring over a wild Irish army to dethrone the queen.[1] Elizabeth's health suffered in consequence of the ferment in which her spirits were kept, and the agonizing conflict of her mind between love and hatred. She removed to her fairy palace of Nonsuch for a change of air; and hearing, soon after, that a rumour of her death had got into circulation, she was somewhat troubled, and would often murmur to herself, "*Mortua sed non sepulta*,"—"dead, but not buried."[2]

Elizabeth suffered from needless anxiety at this period: the new king of Spain, Philip III. had, indeed, sent a formidable expedition to sea, with the declared purpose of attempting a descent on some part of her dominions. Ireland was the weak point, which the disaffection, produced

[1] Camden. Birch. Lingard. [2] Sidney Papers, vol. ii. p. 114.

by misgovernment, rendered vulnerable, and it was artfully insinuated to her majesty, that Essex was a traitor at heart; but with such an admiral, as the earl of Nottingham, she had no cause to fear the Spanish fleet, and the treasons of Essex, existed only in the malignant representations of sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. She wrote, however, in so bitter a style to Essex, that he fancied her letters were composed by Raleigh. He perceived that his ruin was determined by the powerful junta of foes, who guided the council, and had poisoned the royal ear against him.

In an evil hour, he determined to return and plead his own cause, to his royal mistress, in the fond idea, that her own tenderness would second his personal eloquence. At first, he is said to have resolved to bring a body of troops with him for the security of his own person; but from this unlawful purpose, he was dissuaded by sir Christopher Blount, his mother's husband, and his more prudent advisers. On the 28th of September, he arrived in London, and learning that the queen was at Nonsuch, he hastily crossed the ferry at Lambeth, attended by only six persons, and seized for his own use the horses of some gentlemen, which were waiting there for their masters. He learned from one of his friends, that his great enemy lord Grey, of Wilton, was on the road before him, and that he was posting to Cecil, to announce his arrival. It was this adverse circumstance which precipitated the fate of Essex, who, urged by the natural impetuosity of his character, spurred on, through mud and mire, at headlong speed, in the vain hope of overtaking his foe, that he might be the first to bring the news of his return to court. Grey had the start of him, and being probably better mounted, won the fierce race, and had already been closeted a full quarter of an hour with Cecil, when Essex arrived at the palace.

It was then about ten o'clock in the morning, and the rash Essex, without pausing for a moment's consideration, rushed into the privy-chamber to seek the queen; not finding her there, he determined at all hazards to obtain an interview before his enemies should have barred his access to her presence, and all breathless, disordered, and travel-stained, as he was, his very face being covered with spots of mud, he burst unannounced into her bed-chamber, flung himself on his knees before her, and covered her hands with kisses. The

queen, who was newly risen, and in the hands of her tire-women, with her hair about her face, and least of all dreaming of seeing him, was taken by surprise, and moved by his passionate deportment, and his caresses, gave him a kinder reception than he had anticipated; for when he retired from the royal *penetralia* to make his toilet, he was very cheerful, and, "thanked God, that after so many troublous storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home."[1]

The wonder of the court gossips was less excited at the unauthorized return of the lord-deputy of Ireland, than that he should have ventured to present himself before the fastidious queen in such a state of disarray. All were watching the progress of this acted romance in breathless excitement, and when the queen granted a second interview, within the hour, to the adventurous earl, after he had changed his dress, the general opinion was, that love would prevail over every other feeling in the bosom of their royal mistress. The time-serving worldlings then ventured to pay their court to him, and he discoursed pleasantly to all but the Cecil party.

In the evening, when he sought the queen's presence again, he found her countenance changed; she spoke to him sternly, and ordered him to answer to her council, who were prepared to investigate his conduct, and in the meantime, bade him confine himself to his apartment. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the earl was summoned to go through his first ordeal. When he entered, the lords of the council rose, and saluted him, but reseated themselves while he remained standing, bare-headed at the end of the board, to answer to the charges that were exhibited against him by Mr. Secretary Cecil, who was seated at the other end,—to wit "his disobedience to her majesty's instructions in regard to Ireland—his presumptuous letters written to her while there—his making so many idle knights —his contemptuous disregard of his duty in returning without leave—and last, (not least,) his over-bold going to her majesty's presence in her bed-chamber."[2] This was, indeed, an offence not likely to be forgiven by a royal coquette of sixty-eight, who, though painfully conscious of the ravages of time, was ambitious of maintaining the reputation for

[1] Sidney Papers. Camden. Birch.
[2] Sidney Papers.

perennial beauty, and had been surprised by him, whom, in spite of all his offences, she still regarded with fond, but resentful passion—at her private morning toilet, undighted and uncoifed, in the most mortifying state of disarray, with her thin grey locks, dishevelled and hanging about her haggard countenance, ere she had time to deliberate in which of her eighty wigs, of various hues, it would please her to receive the homage of her deceitful courtiers that day.

That incident certainly sealed the fate of the luckless Essex, though the intrigues of his enemies, and his own defective temper, combined, with many other circumstances, to prepare the way for his fall. After the lords of the council had communicated their report to the queen, she sent word "that she would pause and consider his answers," and he continued under confinement while his enemies dined merrily together. On the following Monday, he was committed to the lord-keeper's charge, at York-house, and the queen removed to Richmond. She openly manifested great displeasure against Essex, and when the old lady Walsingham made humble suit to her, that she would please to give him leave to write to his lady, who had just given birth to an infant, in this season of fear and trembling, and was much troubled that she neither saw nor heard from him; her majesty would not grant this request, so much was her heart hardened against him.[1]

"His very servants," says Rowland Whyte, "are *affrayed* to meet in any place, to make merry, lest it might be ill taken. At the court, my lady Scroope is alone noticed to stand firm to him; she endures much at her majesty's hands, because she doth daily do all the kind offices of love to the queen, in his behalf. She wears all black; she mourns, and is pensive, and joys in nothing, but in a solitary being alone, and 'tis thought she says much that few but herself would venture to say."

Elizabeth did not confine her anger to Essex; her godson, Harrington, whom she had sent out to be a spy on him, instead of fulfilling her wishes, in that respect, had lived on terms of the most affectionate confidence with the luckless lord-deputy; had gone with him to confer with Tyrone; had presented a copy of his translation of Ariosto to the youthful heir of that valiant rebel chief; had re-

[1] Sidney Papers.

ceived knighthood from the sword of the lord-deputy, and finally attended him on his unauthorized return to England. The first time Harrington entered her majesty's presence, after his return, she frowned, and said, "What! did the fool bring you, too? Go back to your business." His description of her demeanour, in a letter to another friend, reminds one of that of an angry lioness, "such, indeed, as left no doubt," he slily observes, "whose daughter she was. She chafed much," says he, "walked fastly to and fro, looked, with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, she catched my girdle, when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no queen!—that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' It was long before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearing, but I was then put out of my trouble, and bid 'go home.' I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared."

"I came to court," writes he, to another friend, "in the very heat and height of all displeasures. After I had been there but an hour, I was threatened with the Fleet. I answered poetically,' that coming so late from the land-service, I hoped I should not be pressed to serve her majesty's fleet in Fleet-street.'[1] After three days, every man wondered to see me at liberty, but though, in conscience, there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone, yet if my rhyme had not been better liked than my reason, when I gave the young lord Dungannon an Ariosto, I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune, that after four or five days the queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and very gracious audience, in the withdrawing-chamber, at Whitehall, where, herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say? I seemed to myself like St. Paul, rapt up to the third heaven, where he heard words not to be uttered by men, for neither must I utter what I then heard. Until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier judge again, nor one that can temper

[1] This witticism affords proof, that the custom of manning the navy, by the means of impressment, was the custom in the reign of Elizabeth.

majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favour better than her highness."

Harrington had kept a journal of the campaign against the Irish rebel, which, as he said, he intended no eyes to have seen but his own and his children; but the queen insisted on seeing it in such a peremptory manner, that he dared not refuse. "I even now," writes he, so long after the matter as 1606, "almost tremble to rehearse her highness' displeasure thereat. She swore, with an awful oath, 'that we were all idle knaves, and the lord-deputy Essex worse for wasting our time and her commands in such wise as my journal doth write of.' I could have told her highness of such difficulties, straits, and annoyances as did not appear therein to her eyes, and I found could not be brought to her ear, for her choler did outrun all reason, though I did meet it second-hand, for what show she at first gave my lord-deputy on his return was far more grievous, as will appear in good time. I marvel to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds." Essex, as usual, fell sick on these displeasures; and his doctors wished that Dr. Bruen, his own private physician, might be summoned to his assistance, but the queen would not permit him to have personal access to the earl, though she licensed a consultation between him and the other doctors.[1]

He had so frequently excited the queen's sympathy on former occasions by feigning sickness when only troubled with ill humour, that now she would not believe in the reality of his indisposition. Tilts and tourneys, and all sorts of pageants, were prepared by the adverse party to amuse the queen's mind, and to divert the attention of the people from watching the slowly but surely progressing tragedy of the fallen favourite. On her majesty's birth-day Essex addressed the following pathetic letter to his wrathful sovereign:—

"Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to know there lives a man, though dead to the world, and in himself exercised with continued torments of body and mind, that doth more true honour to your thrice blessed day[2] than all those that appear in your sight. For no soul had ever such an impression of your perfections, no alteration shewed such an effect of your power, nor no heart ever felt such a joy of your triumph. For they that feel the comfortable influence of your majesty's favour, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice partly for your majesty's, but chiefly for their own, happiness.

[1] Sidney Papers.

[2] Anniversary of her accession to the throne.

Only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death, if your favour be irrevocable; he joys only for your majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy seventeenth day many and many times renewed with glory to your majesty, and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accursed but

"Your majesty's humblest vassal, "ESSEX."[1]

The queen was resolute in her anger, notwithstanding all submissions. The sorrowful countess of Essex sent her majesty a fair jewel; but it was rejected. On the Sunday afterwards, she came to court all in black, everything she wore being under the value of five pounds, and proceeded to lady Huntingdon's chamber to implore her to move her majesty for leave to visit her husband, whom she heard had been in extremity the night before. Lady Huntingdon did not dare to see the countess herself, but sent word to her that she would find a means of making her petition known. The answer returned was, "that she must attend her majesty's pleasure by the lords of the council, and come no more to court." It was taken ill that she had presumed to come, in her agony, at that time.

The weather had proved unfavourable for the tournament, prepared by the foes of Essex in honour of the queen's accession, but it took place on her name-day, Nov. 19th, when there were tilts and running at the ring, and the queen gave lord Mountjoye her glove. Lord Compton, on that day, came before her majesty dressed like a fisherman, with six men clad in motley, his caparisons all of net, having caught a frog—a device that bore significant allusion to the luckless Essex then entangled in the meshes of his foes' subtle intrigues against him.[2]

On the 21st, they tilted again; and on that day the French ambassador Boissise, who received instructions from king Henry to intercede for Essex, if he saw a fitting opportunity, gives the following particulars of his interviews with queen Elizabeth and the state of affairs in England:—

"I waited upon the queen yesterday in the house of a gentleman near Richmond, where she was enjoying the pleasures of the chase. My visit was to receive her commands, and to communicate the intelligence I had received from your majesty. She was not sorry that I should see

[1] Birch. [2] Sidney Papers.

her hunting equipage and her hunting dress, for in truth she does not appear with less grace in the field than in her palace, and, besides, she was in a very good humour ..... The privy council have gravely considered the case of the earl of Essex, and it was determined, without an opposing voice, "that he has well and faithfully served (the queen), and that even his return, although it was contrary to the orders of the queen, yet it had been done with a good intention. They have communicated their decision to the queen, but she is not satisfied with it. She holds a court every day, and says "that she will allow the present tournament in commemoration of her coronation to continue, that it may clearly appear her court can do without the earl of Essex." Many consider that she will remain a long time in this humour; and I see nobody here who is not accustomed to obey; and the actions of the queen are never mentioned but in terms of the highest respect.

"Nov. 28.—Having been informed that the queen would return to this city the day before yesterday, I went to meet her at Chelsea, where she had already arrived to dinner. The admiral had invited me as a guest, and received me with all possible courtesy. The queen also shewed, that the performance of this duty on my part was not disagreeable to her, which even last year I wished to perform, having understood that the ambassadors of your majesty residing here have frequently done so ..... I remained always near the queen, and accompanied her to Westminster, where she did not arrive till night. The queen made her entrance with much magnificence; she was in a litter, richly adorned, and followed by a great number of earls, barons, gentlemen, and ladies, all well dressed, and on horseback. The officers of the crown, such as the admiral, the grand treasurer, and the chamberlain, were near her person. The earl of Derby, descended from one of the sisters of king Henry VIII., and who might, after the decease of the queen, advance pretensions to the crown, carried the sword (of state); the earl of Worcester, performing the office of grand esquier, instead of the earl of Essex, held the bridle of her hackney, and all the cavalcade was bare-headed. The mayor of the city, whose authority is very great, came to meet her with seven or eight hundred citizens, every one wearing a chain of gold round his neck.

The people were dispersed in the fields on each side of the road, and they made the air ring with their good wishes and acclamations, which the queen received with a cheerful countenance, and frequently halted to speak to them, and to thank them; so that it was pleasant to see these mutual proofs of affection between the people and the queen. She has been advised in future to remain longer in this city (than usual), that she might, by the influence of her presence, destroy the credit of those whom it is said have too much influence with the people . . . . . The earl of Essex is not mentioned at court; he is still confined, and I do not perceive that his liberation is an object of much consideration."[1]

Essex, meantime, refused food, but drank to excess, which increased his fever of mind and body, and as if that had not been enough, he sent for eight physicians, and talked of making his will. The queen then gave him leave to take the air in the garden. It was even thought he would be removed to his own house, or that of the lord-treasurer Buckhurst, for the lord-keeper and his wife were both indisposed, and heartily sick of their charge. His sisters, the ladies Northumberland and Rich, came to court, all in black, to make humble supplication to the queen, that he might be removed to a better air as soon as he was capable of being moved, for now, indeed, his sickness was no pretence.[2]

"My lady Essex," says Whyte, "rises almost every day as soon as light, to go to my lord-treasurer's and sir John Fortescue (on behalf of her lord), for to this court she may not come." On the second Sunday in December, the earl received the communion, and his lady obtained leave to see him, but found him so reduced, by grief of mind and body, that when he was removed out of bed, it could only be done by lifting him in the sheets. Little hope was entertained of his recovery. After he had received the sacrament, Essex sent back to her majesty his two patents, of the horse and the ordnance, which she returned to him again. His commission of earl-marshal it was understood he should retain for life.[3]

On the 13th of December, the French ambassador wrote to his sovereign, "that there were divisions in the council

[1] Reports of the French ambassador, Boissise.
[2] Sidney Papers. [3] Ibid.

touching Essex, some urging the queen to forgive him, and others to take his life. That a warrant had been made out for his removal to the Tower, and twice brought to the queen, and twice she had refused to sign it: "It appeared to me," continues his excellency, who certainly took a very friendly part towards the unfortunate earl, "that the time was come, when I could make use of the influence of your majesty's name, which I made known to Essex. He sent to me, two days afterwards, to say, 'that if by my mediation he was not released, he knew no other means which could be of service, requesting me to speak to the queen as soon as possible. I sent the next day to ask for an audience, which was granted; but the earl of Essex informed me, that a change had taken place in his affairs, and desired that I would not mention his name. He had been told that the queen was inclined to grant him his liberty. At all events I was glad to be excused from speaking to her about him, not doubting but that he will hereafter have sufficient occasion for my interference; and, in fact, the day following he sent to inform me, that he expected to be sent to the Tower, and entreated me to do everything in my power to avert this stroke. I therefore went yesterday to see the queen, and after having conversed with her on various subjects, I said, 'that your majesty, as the most affectionate of her friends, partook in all her sorrows, and felt much regret at the dissatisfaction which she had conceived towards the earl of Essex, both for the injury which that circumstance might produce in her health and in her affairs; your majesty not wishing to interfere further than you would desire she would do on a like occasion. I entreated her to consider duly which would be the most expedient; to persist in the punishment of the earl of Essex, and lose, by so doing, one of her best servants and ministers, and prolonging a dangerous and hazardous war in Ireland; or, being satisfied with a moderate punishment, make the earl more careful and more capable, hereafter, of doing her services, and by this means put an end to the war, and save her country. I touched on the graces and favours which she had received from heaven, and how much prudence was the shield of princes, and which she had so frequently employed towards her greatest enemies. I also spoke to her of the services of the earl, which did not permit the suspicion

that the fault which he had committed could proceed from any evil design; and at length I told her, 'that your majesty advised her to do as you had done,—that is to say, to forgive freely, and to assure by this means the goodwill and fidelity of her subjects; and if, besides these considerations, she would have any regard to the recommendation which your majesty offered in favour of the earl, you would consider it as a signal favour, and that you would acknowledge it by any other pleasure or office which she would desire.' She heard me patiently, and then said, but not without emotion, 'that she entreated your majesty not to judge of the fact, without being well informed, that the earl had so ill conducted himself in his charge, despising the orders and regulations which he had received from her, that Ireland was in great danger,—that he had conferred with the chief of the rebels, without preserving the honour or the dignity of the crown, and that he had, at last, returned to England, against her express commands, and had abandoned the army and the country to the mercy of her enemies, which were acts that deserved punishment, which she had not yet inflicted, for the earl was well lodged in the house of one of his friends, where he had a good chamber, and a gallery to walk in.' She said, 'she would consider hereafter what she ought to do, but she begged your majesty to retain your good opinion of her.'"

The narrative of this remarkable conference, between queen Elizabeth and Boissise,[1] while it proves that Henry IV. felt a personal friendship for the unfortunate earl, and was desirous of saving him, shews also that Elizabeth had greatly softened in her resentment against Essex, and that she only intended to humble him. She desired that his eight doctors might hold a consultation on the state of his health, and send her their opinion. Their statement of his maladies was so serious, that her majesty became very pensive, and sent Dr. James, her own physician, to him, with some broth, and a message, bidding him "comfort himself, and that, if it were not inconsistent with her honour, she would have come to visit him herself." It was noted that her eyes were full of tears, when she uttered these gracious words. The earl appeared to take comfort from the mes-

[1] Extracted by sir C. Sharp from inedited ambassadors' reports in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

sage, but it was feared it came too late, as he appeared almost past hope.

The queen commanded that he should be removed, from the room in which he then lay, to the lord-keeper's own chamber, and she permitted his sorrowful lady to come to him every morning, and remain till night. On the 19th of December, there was so general a report of his death that the bells tolled for him. On the Sunday following, he was prayed for in all the churches in London. Very severe things were written upon the white walls at court, against sir Robert Cecil's conduct on this occasion. Another change in the queen's mind appeared at this time, and she discontinued her inquiries after the health of the unfortunate earl; having been oft deceived by him before, as to pretences of sickness, she was now persuaded this was a feint. The ministers were commanded to discontinue their public prayers at church in his behalf. Too much of politics had, indeed, been mixed up in these supplications, according to the custom of those times, when the pulpit was made the ready vehicle of party agitation. [1]

The queen was, besides, deeply exasperated at the publication of Hayward's "History of Henry IV. of England," which appeared just at this unluckly juncture, written in Latin, and dedicated to the earl of Essex. Some passages, touching the misgovernment of Richard II., and the pernicious influence of his unworthy favourites, which led to the fall of that prince, and the elevation of his popular kinsman to the throne, she chose to construe into reflections on herself and her cabinet. It is impossible to imagine, how this mighty sovereign could fancy, that any analogy could be supposed to exist, between her conduct and that of so imbecile a monarch as Richard, but so it was; and, in her first storm of anger, she ordered Hayward to be committed to prison, and, sending for Francis Bacon, she asked him, "whether he could not find something in the book that might be construed into treason?" "No treason," replied Bacon, "but many felonies." "How?" said the queen. "Yes, madam," rejoined Bacon, "many apparent thefts from Cornelius Tacitus." [2] This playful subterfuge did not satisfy Elizabeth. Hayward had formerly written in her praise, and she suspected that he had now merely lent his name to cover the mischievous

[1] Birch. [2] Bacon's Apology.

opinions of some other person, and signified her desire that he should be put to the rack, in order to make him confess whether he were the author or not. "Nay, madam," replied the calm philosopher, "he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style. Let him have pen, ink, and paper, and the help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."[1]

Lord Hunsdon, in one of his letters, written during the heyday of Leicester's favour, many years before this period, sarcastically observes, in allusion to his own want of interest at court, "I never was one of Richard II.'s men." Some political publication had therefore previously appeared, comparing the system of favouritism in Elizabeth's reign with that of Richard, which had rendered her sensitive on the subject. A remarkable proof of her soreness on that point is observable in the course of her conversation with that learned, antiquarian lawyer, Lambarde, when he waited upon her, in her privy-chamber, at Greenwich palace, to present his "Pandecta of the Tower Records."[2] Her majesty graciously received the volume, with her own hand, saying, "You intended to present this book to me by the countess of Warwick, but I will none of that, for if any subject of mine do me a service, I will thankfully accept it from his own hands." Then, opening the book, she said, "You shall see that I can read," and so, with an audible voice, read over the epistle and the title, so readily, and so distinctly pointed, that it might perfectly appear that she well understood and conceived the same. Then she descended from the beginning of king John to the end of Richard III., sixty-six pages, containing a period of 286 years. In the first page, she demanded the meaning of *oblata cartæ*, *litteræ clausæ*, and *litteræ patentes*. Lambarde explained the meaning of these words, and her majesty said she "would be a scholar in her age, and thought it no scorn to learn during her life, being of the mind of that philosopher, who, in his last years, begun with the Greek alphabet." Then she proceeded to further pages, and asked "what were *ordinationes parliamenta*, *rotulus cambii*, and *rediseisnes?*" Lambarde having explained these documentary terms, to her majesty's

[1] Bacon's Apology. [2] August 4th, 1601. Nichols.

full satisfaction, she touched on the reign of Richard II., saying, "I am Richard II. Know ye not that?"[1]

"Such a wicked imagination," replied Lambarde, "was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman—the most adorned creature that ever your majesty made."

"He that will forget God," rejoined her majesty, "will also forget his benefactors." Here is a decided allusion to Essex, on the part of both Lambarde and the queen, but some mystery, as yet unexplained, is glanced at by her majesty in the remark, with which she concludes, "This tragedy" (*quere?*) "was played forty times in open streets and houses." It could not be Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard II., which is far too loyal in its sentiments to have displeased the queen, and of which, she might in the poet's own words have said, "What's Hecuba to me? or, I to Hecuba?"

It is more probable, that some dramatic pasquinade of the Punchinello class, satirizing the queen and her ministers, had been got up for the edification of street audiences, and to excite their passions, bearing on the practices of Cecil and Raleigh against Essex, who was the idol of the people.

The queen continued to turn over the leaves of Lambarde's "Pandecta," and asked, "What was *præstita?*" Lambarde told her, "it meant monies lent by her progenitors to their subjects, but with good bond for repayment." "So," observed her majesty, "did my good grandfather Henry VII., sparing to dissipate his treasure or his lands." Then, returning to Richard II., she asked, "whether Lambarde had seen any true picture or lively representation of his countenance or person?" "None," he replied, "but such as be in common hands." Then, her majesty said, "The lord Lumley, a lover of antiquities, discovered it (the original portrait of Richard) fastened on the back-side of a base-room, which he presented to me, praying with my good leave, that I might put it in order with his ancestors and successors: I will command, Thomas Knevet, keeper of my house and gallery at Westminster, to shew it unto thee." Then, she turned to the rolls, entitled, *Romæ*, Vascon, Aquitaniæ, Franciæ, Scotiæ, Walliæ, et Hiberniæ.

Lambarde expounded these to be, "records of estate and negotiations with foreign princes or countries." The queen inquired "if *rediseisnes* were unlawful, and forcible throwing

[1] Nichols, from the original paper written by Lambarde.

men out of their lawful possessions?" "Yea," replied the learned lawyer, "and therefore these be the rolls of fines assessed and levied upon such wrong-doers, as well for their great and wilful contempt of the crown and royal dignity, as disturbance of common justice."

"In those days," observed Elizabeth, "force and arms did prevail, but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot, so as hardly one faithful or virtuous may be found." Then, having finished looking through the volume, in which, like the great and popular sovereign that she was, she had manifested an interest, at once worthy of the representative of the ancient monarchs of the land she ruled, and gratifying to the learned author, who had employed so much time and patient research for her instruction. "She commended the work," observes Lambarde, "not only for the pains therein taken, but also 'for that she had not received, since her first coming to the crown, any one thing that brought therewith so great a delectation to her;' and, so being called away to prayer, she put the book in her bosom, having forbidden me from the first, to fall on my knee before her, concluding, 'Farewell, good and honest Lambarde!'"

The delighted old man only survived this conversation a few days; but the royal graciousness had shed a bright and cheering warmth round his heart, which must have given fervour to his dying orisons in her behalf.[1]

Very different was the conduct of the great Elizabeth in her occasional intercourse with the literary characters of her day, from that of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI., who had the ill-taste, and surely it may be added, the ill-luck to disgust persons, who, by the magic of a few strokes of the pen, occasionally conjure up storms, which put down the mighty from their seat, and change the fate of empires. Madame de Campan attributed much of the unpopularity of that unhappy queen, to her neglect of the great writers of the age. When Marmontel was introduced to her, together with the composer, who had arranged the music of one of the popular operas, written by that author, her

[1] He founded a college at East Greenwich, where twenty poor people were clothed and fed, being the first protestant subject by whom an hospital was endowed.

majesty bestowed all her commendations and tokens of favour on the musician, and scarcely condescended to address a word to the man, who had written Belisarius. She thus lost the opportunity of propitiating a writer, whose powerful pen might have done more for her, in the time of her adversity, than all the fiddlers in Christendom. History has told a different tale of the career of these princesses, and with reason.

But to return to the luckless Essex, he now humbled his proud spirit so far, as to write the following supplicatory letters, in the hope of mollifying his once-loving queen:

"My dear, my gracious, and my admired sovereign is *semper eadem*. It cannot be, but that she will hear the sighs and groans, and read the lamentations and humble petitions of the afflicted. Therefore, O paper, whensoever her eyes vouchsafe to behold thee, say, that death is the end of all worldly misery, but continual indignation makes misery perpetual; that present misery is never intolerable to them that are stayed by future hope; but affliction that is unseen is commanded to despair; that nature, youth, and physic have had many strong encounters; but if my sovereign will forget me, I have nourished these contentions too long, for in this exile of mine eyes, if mine humble letters find not access, no death can be so speedy, as it shall be welcome to me,

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."

"When the creature entereth into account with the Creator, it can never number in how many things it needs mercy, or in how many it receives it. But he that is best stored must still say, *dà nobis hodie;* and he that hath shewed most thankfulness must ask again, *quid retribuamus?* And I can no sooner finish this my first audit, most dear and most admired sovereign, but I come to consider how large a measure of his grace, and how great a resemblance of his power, God hath given you upon earth; and how many ways he giveth occasion to you to exercise these divine offices upon us, that are your vassals. This confession best fitteth me of all men; and this confession is most joyfully, and most humbly, now made by me of all times. I acknowledge, upon the knees of my heart, your majesty's infinite goodness, in granting my humble petition. God, who seeth all, is witness how faithfully I do vow to dedicate the rest of my life, next after my highest duty, in obedience, faith, and zeal to your majesty, without admitting any other worldly care; and whatsoever your majesty resolveth to do with me, I shall live and die

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."

No whit moved with these pathetic appeals, Elizabeth kept her Christmas with more than ordinary festivity this year, and appeared much in public. "Almost every night her majesty is in presence," writes Rowland Whyte, "to see the ladies dance the new and old country-dances, with tabor and pipe. Here was an exceeding rich new year's gift presented, which came, as it were, in a cloud, no one knows how, which is neither received, nor rejected, and is in the

hands of Mr. Comptroller. It comes from the poor earl, the downfal of fortune, as it is thought. His friends hope that, he shall be removed to his own house, or to Mr. Comptroller's. He begins to recover, for he is able to sit up, and to eat at a table. His lady comes to him every morning at seven, and stays till six, which is said to be the full time limited for her abode there. The ladies, his sisters, my lady Walsingham, and his son, have no liberty to go, to see him, as yet." On the 12th of January, Whyte notices the further recovery of the earl, and that his new year's gift was not accepted, and that it was supposed he would be removed to the Tower. "Lady Rich," pursues our authority, "earnestly supplicates for leave to visit him. She writes her majesty many letters—sends many jewels and presents; her letters are read, her presents received, but no leave granted. "The lady Leicester sent the queen a rich new year's gift, which was well taken." Twelve days after, he records the death of lady Egerton, the lord-keeper's wife, and the discontent of that officer, that his house had been so long made into a prison for the earl of Essex, who had been in close confinement there for seventeen weeks. The earl being still in Lord Egerton's house, went to comfort him, for he was so abandoned to sorrow, that he refused to sit in council, or to attend to chancery business. On which, the queen sent the afflicted widower, a gracious message of condolence, but accompanied with an intimation, that private sorrow ought not to interfere with public business.[1]

Lady Leicester came up to court to petition the queen for her son's liberty, or at least that he might be removed into a better air.

On the 24th of February, Verekin, the Flemish envoy, was introduced to the queen, who, as he came from the archduke Albert, on the part of Spain, held a very grand court for his reception. The ante-room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and an extraordinary number of her guards, and the presence-chamber filled with her great ladies and the fair maids, attired all in white, and exceedingly brave; and so he passed to the privy-chamber, and to the withdrawing-room, where he delivered his letters. The queen was very pleasant, and told him she would consider his letters, and he should hear from her again; add-

[1] Sidney Papers.

ing, "that she had heard he was very desirous to see her, therefore was the more welcome."

"It is true," said he, "that I longed to undertake this journey to see your majesty, who, for beauty and wisdom, do excel all other princes of the world; and I acknowledge myself exceedingly bound to them who sent me, for the happiness I now enjoy."[1] Though Elizabeth was fast approaching to the age of seventy, the ambassadors still complimented her charms. Verekin had no full powers to conclude a treaty, which Elizabeth and her ministers soon fathomed; and instead of giving him any decisive answer to his demands, amused him by feasting him, and shewing him the sights of London. Sir Walter Raleigh attended him, to shew him Westminster Abbey, with the tombs and "other singularities of the place," and a few days after the lord-chamberlain's players acted before him "Sir John Oldcastle, or the Merry Wives of Windsor," to his great contentment.[2] This comedy is said to have been written by Shakespeare, at the desire of queen Elizabeth, who was so infinitely delighted with the character of Falstaff, under his original name of Sir John Oldcastle, in Henry IV., that she wished to see him represented as a lover.

A determination being now formed to bring Essex before the Star-Chamber, his wife was forbidden to come to him any more, till the queen's further pleasure were known, on which she wept piteously. The earl had then recovered his health, and was able to take daily air and exercise in the garden. He wrote a very submissive letter to the queen, entreating that he might not be dealt with by the Star-Chamber, and for a while his prayer was granted. A few days after, some offence was taken by the queen, because his lady, his mother, the earl of Southampton, and some others of his devoted friends, went to a house that commanded a view into York Gardens, where he was accustomed to walk, and saluted him from a window, so that he perceived and returned their greeting.[3]

Towards the end of February, lady Rich, unconscious that her secret correspondence, defaming her royal mistress to the king of Scots and exposing all her traits of vanity, was in Cecil's possession, wrote a letter to the queen in behalf of her brother, so grossly adulatory, that her

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

majesty could not but regard it in the light of an insult. There was, withal, a passage in allusion to the earl's personal attendance on her majesty, which appeared to contain a very questionable insinuation; not contented with writing this dangerous letter, she was guilty of the folly of making it public by reading it to her friends, on which Elizabeth ordered her to confine herself to her own house, and talked of sending her to the Tower, and bringing the affair before the Star-Chamber. Lady Rich's letter is too long to insert, but the following passage may serve as a sample of the style, in which the treacherous Rialta ventured to address the royal mistress, whom she ridiculed and defamed to a foreign court:

"Early did I hope this morning to have had mine eyes blessed with your majesty's beauty; but seeing the sun depart into a cloud, and meeting with spirits that did presage by the wheels of their chariot some thunder in the air, I must complain and express my fears to the high majesty and divine oracle, from whence I received a doubtful answer; unto whose power I must sacrifice again the tears and prayers of the afflicted, that must despair in time, if it be too soon to importune heaven, when we feel the misery of hell; or that words directed to the sacred wisdom should be out of season, delivered for my unfortunate brother, whom all men have liberty to defame, as if his offence was capital, and he so base dejected a creature, that his life, his love, his service to your beauties and the state, had deserved no absolution after so hard punishment, or so much as to answer in your fair presence, who would vouchsafe more justice and favour than he can expect of partial judges, or those combined enemies, that labour on false grounds to build his ruin, urging his faults as criminal to your divine honour, thinking it a heaven to blaspheme heaven."[1]

The unfortunate Essex, while he laboured to defend himself from his wily foes, had little idea whence the under current flowed that had wrecked his fortunes, and for ever.

Lady Leicester, lady Essex, lord and lady Southampton, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Bacon, were, on the 15th of March, by her majesty's command, removed from Essex House; and on the 16th, Maunday Thursday, Essex was brought there as a prisoner, under the charge of sir Richard Berkeley, who *took* possession of all the keys of the house, and dismissed all the servants but one or two, who were permitted to attend to the diet and apparel of their unfortunate master. Lady Essex was allowed to visit him in the daytime.

Our indefatigable court-newsman, Rowland Whyte, records the following circumstance, soon after:—"Lady Leicester hath now a gown in hand to send the queen, will

[1] Birch.

cost her 100*l.* at least. On the 30th of March the lady Scudamore presented it to the queen, who liked it well, but would neither accept nor reject it, and observed, 'that things standing as they did at present, it was not fit for her to desire what she did'—namely, to come into her presence and kiss her majesty's hands."

The queen having formed an intention of bringing Essex before the Star-Chamber, opened her design to Mr. Francis Bacon, and said, "whatever she did should be for his chastisement, not for his destruction." Bacon, who was greatly averse to this method of proceeding, remonstrated playfully but strongly against it in these words:—"Madam, if you will have me to speak to you in this argument, I must speak as Friar Bacon's head spake that said, 'time *is*,' and then 'time was,' and 'time would never be again;' for certainly it is now far too late—the matter is old, and hath taken too much wind." Her majesty seemed offended at this, and rose up with the intention of pursuing her own plan.

In the beginning of Midsummer term, Bacon, finding her in the same mind, said to her, "Why, madam, if you needs must have a proceeding, it were best to have it in some such sort as Ovid spake of his mistress, *est aliquid luce patente minus*—to make a council-table matter of it, and end." The queen, however, determined to proceed; and Bacon, notwithstanding all his obligations to Essex, consented to lend the aid of his powerful pen in drawing up the declaration against him. His proper office would have been to defend his unfortunate friend, but he could not resist the temptations offered by the queen, who was determined to enlist his talents on her side. She directed every clause with vindictive care, and made several alterations with her own hand; and even after the paper was printed, "her majesty, who," as Bacon observes, "if she was excellent in great things, was exquisite in small," noted that he had styled the unfortunate nobleman "my lord of Essex," objected to this courtesy, and would have him only called, "Essex, or the late earl of Essex."[1]

On the 12th of May, Elizabeth recreated herself with seeing a Frenchman perform feats upon a rope; and on the following day she commanded the bears, the bull, and

[1] Sidney Papers.

an ape to be baited in the tilt-yard; the day after, solemn dancing was appointed. Meantime, the unfortunate Essex wrote to her this touching letter:—

"Vouchsafe, most dear and most admired sovereign, to receive this humblest acknowledgment of your majesty's most faithful vassal. Your majesty's gracious message staid me from death, when I gasped for life. Your princely and compassionate increasing of my liberty hath enabled me to wrestle with my many infirmities, which else long ere this had made an end of me. And now this farther degree of goodness, in favourably removing me to mine own house, doth sound in mine ears, as if your majesty spake these words, '*Die not, Essex, for though I punish thine offence, and humble thee for thy good, yet I will one day be served again by thee.*' And my prostrate soul makes this answer, *I hope for that blessed day.* All my afflictions of body or mind are humbly, patiently, and cheerfully borne by

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."

The queen then said, "that her purpose was to make him know himself, and his duty to her; and that she would again use his service."

On the 5th of June, Essex was examined before the commissioners appointed to try his cause. The earl kneeled at the end of the council-board, and had a bundle of papers in his hand, which sometimes he put in his hat, which was on the ground by him. He defended himself very mildly and discreetly; but many, who were present wept to see him in such misery. When he was accused of treason, he said, "he had been willing to admit all the errors of judgment and conduct into which he had fallen; but now his honour and conscience were called in question," he added, "I should do God and mine own conscience wrong if I do not justify myself as an honest man;" then, taking his George in his hand, and pressing it to his heart, he said, "this hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it." The examination lasted from nine in the morning till eight at night; he sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing, and occasionally leaning against a cupboard, till at last he had a stool given him by desire of the archbishop of Canterbury.[1]

After Essex had gone through the mortifying scene before the council, he implored the lords to intercede with the queen, that she would be pleased to extend her grace to him. The next day Francis Bacon, though employed to plead against him, attended her majesty with the earnest intention of moving her to forgiveness.[2] "You have now,

[1] Birch. [2] Bacon's Works.

madam," said he, "obtained the victory, over two things, which the greatest princes cannot at their wills subdue; the one is over fame—the other is over a great mind. For surely the world is now, I hope, reasonably satisfied; and for my lord, he did shew that humiliation towards your majesty, as I am persuaded he was never in his lifetime more fit for your majesty's favour than he is now." He then urged her majesty to forgive and receive him. She took Bacon's special pleading in good part, and ordered him to set down all the proceedings at York House in writing, which were afterwards read to her by him; and when he came to set forth Essex's answer, she was greatly touched with kindness and relenting towards him, and observed to Bacon "how well he had expressed that part," adding, that "she perceived old love would not easily be forgotten." Bacon said, "he hoped by that she meant her own;" and strenuously advised her to let the matter go no further. "Why," concluded he, "should you now do that popularly which you would not admit to be done judicially?"[1]

While the fate of Essex yet hung on the balance, Elizabeth amused herself with presiding over the wedlock of her favourite maid of honour, Anne Russell. This marriage was attended with more gracious condescension than Elizabeth was wont to bestow on those of her household, who chose to enter into the pale of matrimony.

"Mrs. Anne Russell," says Whyte, "went from court upon Monday last with eighteen coaches; the like hath never been seen among the maids of honour. The queen in public used to her as gracious speeches as have been heard of any, and commanded all her maids to accompany her to London; so did all the lords of the court. Her majesty is to be at her marriage."

Every dell and hill about Greenwich and Blackheath is classic ground, trod by the footsteps of England's Elizabeth, —scenes where she walked, and meditated and resolved her great measures for public weal, or matured the little household plots which agitated the under current of her domestic history. "The queen at Greenwich uses to walk much in the park, and takes great walks out of the park, and round about the park; and this," as Rowland Whyte observes, "while the poor earl of Essex was a prisoner

[1] Bacon's Apology.

in his own house, and she was debating his fate in her breast, but she seemed to think of nothing but Anne Russell's wedding with lord Herbert:"

"Her majesty is in very good health," pursues Whyte, "and purposes to honour Mrs. Anne Russell's marriage with her presence. My lord Cobham prepares his house for her majesty to lie (lodge) in, because it is near the bride's house. There is to be a memorable mask of eight ladies; they have a strange dance, newly invented; their attire is this:—each lady hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat, wrought with silks, and gold and silver, and their hair loose about their shoulders curiously knotted. The maskers are my lady Dorothy, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Bess Russell,[1] &c. These eight dance to the music Apollo brings; and there is a fine speech which mentions a ninth, much to her honour and praise."

The queen went to Blackfriars to preside over the wedding. The bride met her royal mistress by the water-side, where lord Cobham had provided a *lectica*, made half like a litter, wherein the queen was carried to lady Russell's, by six knights. Lady Russell was the bride's mother, with whom the queen dined, and at night went, through Dr. Puddin's house, (who gave the queen a fan,) to my lord Cobham's, where she supped. After supper, the mask came in, and delicate it was to see eight ladies so prettily dressed. Mrs. Fitton led; and after they had done their own ceremonies, these eight lady-maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. "Mrs. Fitton went to the queen, and wooed her to dance. Her majesty asked the name of the character she personified; she answered, 'Affection.' 'Affection!' said the queen; 'affection's false;' yet her majesty rose and danced. The queen came back to court the next night; but the solemnities continued till Wednesday; and now lord Herbert and his fair bride are at court."[2]

In July, Essex was delivered from the restraint of a keeper. He lived in great privacy, being sick of the ague. He petitioned for leave to retire into the country, only requested permission to kiss her majesty's hands once more ere he retired from the court for ever. His sister, lady Rich, was still under restraint; and the queen cherished the vengeful intention of bringing her before the council; but continued to treat the countess of Northumberland graciously. Essex wrote, from time to time, letters of the most submissive nature to the queen.

[1] This young lady, the sister of the bride, died in less than a fortnight after her splendid mask. She is the heroine of the prick of the needle, according to the legend in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Sidney Papers, vol. ii. pp. 200, 201, 203.

On the 26th of August, he was sent for to York House, where the lord-keeper, lord-treasurer, and Mr. Secretary signified to him, that it was her majesty's pleasure to restore him to liberty, save of access to court. His humble supplication, to be permitted to kiss her hands, in order that he might, with the more contentment, betake himself to the retirement of the country, was met with a message, "that though her majesty was content that he should remain under no guard, save that of duty and discretion, yet he must in no sort suppose himself to be freed from her indignation; neither must he presume to approach her court or person."[1] Essex might now be regarded as a prisoner on his parole of honour.

That summer, (1600,) the queen spent chiefly at Nonsuch and Oatlands. Bacon exerted all the energies of his mighty genius to work a revulsion in the royal mind, in favour of the discarded favourite, and found that his boldness gave no offence. There was, however, an undercurrent which silently worked against his eloquence, though he omitted no opportunity of insinuating a word, in season, in behalf of his unlucky friend. One day, speaking of a person who had undertaken to cure his brother Anthony of the gout, he said, "his brother at first received benefit, but now found himself the worse for his treatment," to which the queen replied, "I will tell you, Bacon, the error of it. The manner of these empirics is to continue one kind of medicine, which, at first, is proper to draw out the ill-humour, but after, they have not the discretion to change it, but still apply that drawing medicine, when they should rather attempt to cure and heal the part."

"Good Lord! madam," rejoined Bacon, "how wisely you can discern and speak of physic ministered to the body, and yet consider not, that there is like reason of the physic ministered to the mind. As now, in the case of my lord of Essex, your princely word ever was, that you intended to reform his mind, and not to ruin his fortunes. I know well you cannot but think you have drawn the humour sufficiently, and that it is time that you did apply strength and comfort to him, for these same gradations of yours are fitter to corrupt than to correct a mind of any greatness."[2]

[1] Sidney Papers. Birch.
[2] Birch's Memoirs of Elizabeth.

lord Mountjoye, the former rival, and devoted friend of Essex, to the of Ireland. He endeavoured to ex- motives of delicacy towards the unfor- t Elizabeth would not permit her will to be On her mentioning this appointment to no appears, at this season, to have enjoyed her fidence, he replied, "Surely, madam, you cannot a better choice, unless you send over my lord Essex." "Essex!" exclaimed she, with great vehemence, "when I send Essex back into Ireland, I will marry you. Claim it of me."

Her majesty and her court amused themselves with hunting and hawking, in September, sometimes at Hanworth and sometimes in the New Forest. Elizabeth assumed an appearance of mirthfulness on these occasions, which must certainly have been far enough from her heart. On the 12th of September, Rowland Whyte gives this account of the proceedings of this aged Dian:—"Her majesty is very well, and exceedingly disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long; it is thought she will remain at Oatlands till the foul weather drives her away. On Tuesday, she dined at Mr. Drake's; on Wednesday, the ambassador of Barbary had audience at Oatlands, and what he delivered was in private with the queen[1]

"My lord-admiral," pursues Whyte, "is a very heavy (sorrowful) man, for the loss of his brother, yet her majesty's sports draw him abroad; herself very graciously went from Oatlands to Hampton Court, to call him from his solitariness; never man was more bound to a sovereign than he is. My lord Harry Howard is much graced by the queen, for she hath much conference with him, and commanded his bed should be set up in the council-chamber, when it was ill lying in tents, by the storms and tempests we have had here."[2]

Under all this semblance of mirth and jollity, the queen

[1] On the Moorish ambassador's return from Oatlands, he, with his companions, were brought to Hampton Court, where they saw and admired the richness of the furniture; and they demanded how many kings had built it, and how long it was doing.

[2] Sidney Papers. When there was no lodging to be found at Hampton Court for the courtiers or their servants, they lived in tents pitched in the squares.

concealed a heavy heart and a weary spirit. The infirmities of her advanced period of life, malgré all her Spartan-like attempts to hide them, made themselves felt, and occasionally acknowledged. Sir Robert Sidney, in a confidential letter to Harrington, gives a melancholy account of Elizabeth's dejection in private, and this is followed by a characteristic detail of her struggle to go through a fatiguing state-visit, with which she honoured him, in her usual popular and gracious manner; but the old woman conquered the goddess, and she was, at last, fain to call for a staff, to support her enfeebled frame, and we perceive, throughout, how hard a day's work it must have been for her.

"I do see the queen often," observes he; "she doth wax weak since the late troubles, and Burleigh's death doth often draw tears down her goodly cheeks. She walketh out but little, meditates much alone, and sometimes writes, in private, to her best friends. Her highness hath done honour to my poor house by visiting me, and seemed much pleased at what we did to please her. My son made her a fair speech, to which she did give most gracious reply. The women did dance before her, whilst the cornets did salute from the gallery, and she did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit-cake, and drank a small cordial from a golden cup. She had a marvellous suit of velvet,[1] borne by four of her first women attendants in rich apparel; two ushers did go before, and at going up stairs she called for a staff, and was much wearied in walking about the house, and said she would come another day. Six drums and six trumpets waited in the court, and sounded at her approach and departure. My wife did bear herself in wondrous good liking, and was attired in a purple kyrtle fringed with gold, and myself in a rich band and collar of needle-work, and did wear a goodly stuff of the bravest cut and fashion, with an under-body of silver and loops. The queen was much in commendation of our appearances, and smiled at the ladies, who, in their dances, often came up to the step, on which the seat was fixed, to make their obeisance, and so fell back into their order again.

"The younger Markham did several gallant feats on a horse before the gate, leaping down and kissing his sword, and then mounting swiftly on the saddle, and passed a

[1] Meaning, a train.

lance with much skill. The day well nigh spent, the queen went and tasted a small beverage, that was set out in divers rooms where she might pass, and then, in much order, was attended to her palace, the cornets and trumpets sounding through the streets. One knight, I dare not name, did say 'the queen hath done me more honour than some that had served her better;' but envious tongues have venomed shafts, and so I rest in peace with what hath happened, and God speed us all, my worthy knight."

In the preceding part of this letter, Sidney, tells Harrington, "that he had presented his gift to the queen, by whom it was well received, and that her majesty had commended his verses.

"The queen," says he, "hath tasted your dainties, and saith, 'you have marvellous skill in cooking of good fruits.'" In allusion to a law-suit, touching Harrington's title to the disputed manor of Harrington Park, he continues, "Visit your friends often, and please the queen all you can, for all the great lawyers do fear her displeasure. * * * I know not how matters may prosper with your noble commander, the lord Essex," pursues the cautious statesman, "but must say no more in writing."

One day Elizabeth informed Bacon, "that Essex had written to her some dutiful letters, which had moved her; but after taking them to flow from the abundance of his heart, she found them but a preparative to a suit for renewing his farm of sweet wines," of which she had granted him the monopoly in the sunshine of her former favour.[1]

To this petition she had replied, "that she would inquire into its annual value," which is said to have amounted to the enormous sum of 50,000*l.* per annum. She added a taunt, which it was scarcely in the nature of a brave man and a gentleman to brook, "that when horses became unmanageable it was necessary to tame them by stinting them in the quantity of their food." But Essex, being deeply involved in debt, renewed his suit, and was denied contemptuously.[2]

Bacon wasted much elegant logic, in endeavouring to convince Elizabeth that a prudential care for his maintenance was by no means incompatible with the sincerity of his devotion to his sovereign, or his penitence for his past

[1] Bacon's Letters. [2] Lingard.

faults; and, at length, observing that the queen began to look coolly on him when he came into her presence, he represented to her, "that he had, in the integrity of his heart, incurred great peril for pleading the cause of the earl to her, and that his own fall was decreed;" upon which the queen, perceiving how deeply he was wounded, used many kind and soothing expressions to comfort him, bidding him rest on this, "*gratia mea sufficit*"—"my grace is sufficient for you"—but she said not a word of Essex. Bacon took the hint, and made no further efforts to avert the fate of his benefactor.

Harrington, who had ventured to present a petition to his royal godmother from the earl, remarks, "that he had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast." In fact, the imprudence of Essex rendered it very dangerous for any one to espouse his cause.

"I have heard much," says Harrington, "on both hands, but wiser he who repeateth nothing thereof. Did either know what I know either have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking. Ambition, thwarted in its career, doth speedily lead on to madness; herein I am strengthened by what I learn of my lord of Essex, who shifteth, from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion, so suddenly as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. At our last discourse he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth, and leave his presence. Thank Heaven, I am safe at home, and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the queen becometh no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill-advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit, the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea."

Essex had taken the loss of his monopolies and his exile from court in such evil part, that he now began to testify his resentment, in every possible way. "The queen," said he, "has pushed me down into private life. I will not be a vile, obsequious slave. The dagger of my enemies has struck me to the hilt. I will not be bound to their car of triumph." The councils of his secretary, Cuffe, and other

violent or treacherous advisers, induced him to assume the character of a demagogue, that he might be carried into office, on the shoulders of the people, in spite of the court party.

His house became the head-quarters of the disaffected and desperate. He courted the puritans, and encouraged them to hold conventicles, and preach seditious sermons, to political congregations, under the shadow of his roof. He publicly discussed his injuries, and was, at last, guilty of the folly and ingratitude of speaking of the queen, as an "old woman, crooked both in body and mind"[1]—a taunt which it was not in Elizabeth's nature to forgive. The dearer Essex had been to her heart, the more keenly did the shaft pierce. His death was decreed in the self-same hour when this remark reached her ear. His secret league with the king of Scots, to incite that monarch to insist on being recognised as the successor to the crown—his rash meetings with malcontents and desperadoes, at Drury house, plotting the seizure of the palace and the Tower—his final act of reckless rebellion, might have been forgiven, but this was the spark which kindled a flame of vindictive anger in the heart of the queen, which nothing but his blood could quench.

The daughter of Henry VIII. was not likely to endure such treatment from the ungrateful object of her fierce and jealous fondness. She delayed her vengeance, but it was with the feline malice of tantalizing her victim with visions of life and liberty. She knew that the mouse was within the reach of her talons, and that with one blow it was in her power to crush him.

His absurd plan was, for his step-father, Sir Christopher Blount, with a chosen party, to seize the palace-gate, Davis the hall, and Danvers the guard-chamber, and then himself to rush in from the mews, with a further detachment of his desperate followers, and to enter the queen's presence, wherever she might be, and, on his knees, to beg her to remove his adversaries from her council.[2] If this were resisted, he intended to make a forced reform, by calling a parliament, and demanding justice. It had been daringly advanced as a principle, by the political agitators, who congregated at his house, that monarchs themselves were accountable to the superior legislators of the realm, and the queen

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.

thought it was time to bring the matter to a crisis. On the 7th of February, Essex received a summons to appear before the privy-council, and, at the same time, a note was put into his hand, warning him to take care of himself. He was advised, by prudent friends, to make his escape, but he vowed that he never would submit to live in exile, and rashly resolved to set everything on one last desperate die—an attempt to raise the citizens of London against the court. He had an idea that sir Thomas Smith, the sheriff, would aid him with a thousand of the trained bands, and he summoned all his friends to rally to his assistance, at Essex House. How the council allowed him to remain at large is matter of wonder, but, such was his popularity, that it was doubted whether his arrest would be effected without causing great tumults among the populace.

Harrington draws a vivid picture of the alarm and excitement that pervaded the court, during the fearful pause that intervened before a blow was struck:—"The madcaps," says he, "are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I fear her majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory pottage. Every new message from the city disturbs her, and she frowns on all her ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my lord Buckhurst, namely thus,—'Go, tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she doth my knighthood, so took to my boots, and returned to my plough, in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her highness's sweet temper."

The strong mind of Elizabeth was evidently shaken, by the conflicting passions that assailed her, at this agitating period, and reason tottered. Who would say that the deportment, which her godson thus describes, was that of a sane person?—"She walks much," pursues he, "in her privy-chamber, and stamps with her foot at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword, at times, into the arras, in great rage. My lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else, since the city

business, but the dangers are over, and yet she always keeps a sword by her table. I obtained a short audience, at my first coming to court, when her highness told me, 'If ill counsel had brought me so far, she wished Heaven might mar the fortune which she had mended.' I made my peace on this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelstone, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done. So disordered is all order, that her highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her griefs in such wise, to the no small discomfiture of all about her, more especially our sweet lady Arundel, that *Venus pus quam venusta.*"[1]

On Sunday morning, February 8th, Essex had collected three hundred of his deluded partisans at his house, and had formed the plan of proceeding to Paul's Cross, in Cheapside, thinking to induce the lord mayor, sheriffs, and, in fact, the crowds of citizens and 'prentices who would attend the preaching there, to join his muster, and assist him in forcing his way to the presence of the queen. There was a traitor among his confidants—sir Ferdinando Gorges, who betrayed all his projects to Cecil. The lord mayor and his brethren received orders to keep the people within their own dwellings, and not to attend the preaching. The palace was fortified and doubly guarded, and every prudential measure taken to preserve the peace.[2] About ten in the morning, the lord-chancellor Egerton, the lord chief justice, and some other officers of the crown, applied for admittance at Essex House. After a long parley they were admitted through a wicket. They demanded of Essex, in the name of the queen, the meaning of the tumultuous gathering of persons who were around him in the court, and commanded his followers to lay down their arms. Essex began to complain of his wrongs; and Southampton said "that his life had been attempted in the

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 317. This letter, though classed by the learned editor of Harrington, for October, 1601, certainly can allude to no other period than that of the Essex insurrection, and not as supposed to the state of Ireland. Harrington's allusion to his unlucky knighthood, and, saying "he would not leave his poor castle of Kelstone, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others had done," bears reference to the imprisonment of Essex's partisans. The queen's angry insinuation, that ill counsel had brought him up to court, all points to his friendship with Essex, and proves the letter could have been written at no other period.

[2] Camden.

Strand by lord Grey, of Wilton, who had cut off his page's hand."[1] The lords replied, "that Grey had been imprisoned; and if Essex had had wrong, the queen would redress his injuries." "You lose time," shouted the mob to Essex. "Away with them! They betray you. Kill them! Keep them in custody. Throw the great seal out of window." Essex actually impounded the chancellor and his company in his house, while he sallied forth into the streets like a madman, as he was, at the head of his equally frantic party, armed only with rapiers, and some few with pistols, and, dashing down Fleet Street, raised the cry, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! They will give the crown to the Infanta. Citizens of London, arm for England and the queen!"[2]

All, however, was quiet; the streets were deserted, and he vainly waved his sword and continued to cry, "For the queen! for the queen!" He endeavoured to obtain arms and ammunition at the shop of an armorer, but was denied. The streets were barricadoed with chains and carts; but, on Ludgate Hill, he drew his sword, and ordered a charge, which his stepfather Blount executed, and, with his own hand, slew a man who had been formerly suborned by Leicester to assassinate him. Essex was shot through the hat: his followers began to desert. He had been proclaimed a traitor, in one quarter of the city by Garter King at Arms and Thomas Lord Burleigh; in another, by the earl of Cumberland. Desperate, but unsubdued, he forced his way across St. Paul's to Queenhithe, where he took boat, and, strange to say, succeeded in getting back to Essex House. The queen was at dinner when the noise of the tumult brought the news, that Essex was endeavouring to raise the city; nay, that he had succeeded; but she was no more disturbed than if she had been told there was a fray in Fleet Street. Her attendants were struck with consternation, not knowing whom to trust; and Elizabeth alone had the courage to propose going to oppose the insurgents, saying, "that not one of them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye. They would flee at the very notice of her approach."[3] This was more consistent with the energy of her temper, than the tale, that she finished her dinner as calmly as if nothing had happened.

[1] Lingard's note. Winwood. [2] Camden. [3] Lingard.

When Essex returned to his house, he found his prisoners, whom he thought, at the worst, to keep as hostages for his own life, had all been liberated by the perfidious Gorges, who had taken them by water to the palace; and now all that remained to him was to defend his house, which was invested on every side. But when he beheld the great artillery and the queen's forces round about his house, being sore vexed with the tears and incessant shrieks of the ladies, he, after several parleys, from the leads of his mansion, with the assailing force below, surrendered his sword to the lord-admiral about ten o'clock at night, on promise of civil treatment for himself and his friends.[1] The other lords and gentlemen who had adhered to his evil fortunes followed his example. That night they were lodged in Lambeth Palace; for the night was dark, and there was not sufficient water to shoot London Bridge. The next day they were taken by water to the Tower.

On the 12th, a soldier of fortune, named Thomas Lee, was reported to have said, "that if the friends of Essex meant to preserve his life, they should enter the queen's presence in a body, and petition for his pardon, and refuse to depart till it was granted." The same evening Lee was discovered, by the pursuivants, in the crowd, at the door of the presence-chamber, during the queen's supper, and was arrested. In the morning he was indicted on a charge of intending to murder the queen, and was condemned, and suffered the death of a traitor.[2]

Essex and Southampton were arraigned, on the 19th, before the commissioners appointed for their trial. Even if the majority of the commissioners had not been the sworn foes of Essex, he must have been found guilty by the laws of the land, for he had committed overt acts of treason, which nothing but madness could excuse. The crown lawyers who pleaded against him were, Yelverton, who compared him to Catiline and a crocodile, and Coke, who added to the catalogue of his crimes the incompatible charges of atheism and popery, although Essex was a declared puritan, and told him "that he who aspired to the kingdom of Robert the First should, of his earldom, be Robert the last;" and when Essex asked him, "if he really believed any violence was intended to the queen?" artfully replied, "You would have

[1] Camden and contemporary document in Nichols. [2] Camden.

treated her as Henry of Lancaster did Richard II.—gone to her as suppliants, and then robbed her of her crown and life." This was a base appeal to Elizabeth's absurd weakness touching Hayward's history of Henry IV. The worst pang for Essex was to see his former friend, Bacon, rise to refute his defence, and to extol the characters of Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. Essex bade him remember "that it was himself who had composed the eloquent letters which he had been advised to write to her majesty exposing their faults." The details of this interesting trial are, however, too diffuse for the limits of this work. Essex was, of course, condemned to death; and when the sentence was pronounced, he said, "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure."[1]

This arraignment began about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued till six at night. "There was a world of people waiting to see the event. The news was suddenly divulged in London; whereat, many forsook their suppers, and ran hastily into the street to see the earl of Essex, as he returned to the Tower, with the edge of the axe carried towards him. He went a swift pace, bending his face towards the earth, and would not look upon any of them, though some spake directly to him."[2] His execution was appointed to take place on the 25th, Ash-Wednesday. Elizabeth signed the warrant; and it has been said that the tremor of her hand, from agitation, is discernible in that fatal autograph; but the fac-simile of the signature contradicts the fond tradition; for it is firmly written, and as elaborately flourished, as if she thought more of the beauty of her penmanship, than of the awful act, of giving effect to the sentence, that doomed the mangling axe of the executioner, to lay the severed head of her familiar friend and kinsman in the dust.[3]

The romantic story of the ring, which, it is said, the queen had given to Essex, in a moment of fondness as a pledge of her affection, with an intimation, "that if ever he forfeited her favour, if he sent it back to her, the sight

[1] State Trials. Camden. [2] Contemporary tract in Nichols.

[3] The fac-simile of this signature is engraved in Park's edition of Horace Walpole's Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors, from the original in the Stafford Collection.

of it would ensure her forgiveness," must not be lightly rejected. It is not only related by Osborne, who is considered a fair authority for other things, and quoted by historians of all parties, but it is a family tradition of the Careys, who were the persons most likely to be in the secret, as they were the relations and friends of all the parties concerned, and enjoyed the confidence of queen Elizabeth. The following is the version given by lady Elizabeth Spelman, a descendant of that house, to the editor of her great-uncle Robert Carey's memoirs:—

"When Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring, by sending it to the queen, and claiming the benefit of her promise; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who were bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw early one morning a boy, whose countenance pleased him, and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above to the lady Scroope, his cousin, who had taken so friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scroope, and as both these ladies were of the royal bed-chamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both. The queen, unconscious of the accident, waited in the painful suspense of an angry lover for the expected token to arrive; but not receiving it, she concluded, that he was too proud to make this last appeal to her tenderness, and after having once revoked the warrant, she ordered the execution to proceed. It was not till the axe had absolutely fallen, that the world could believe that Elizabeth would take the life of Essex. Raleigh incurred the deepest odium for his share in bringing his noble rival to the block. He had witnessed his execution from the armory in the Tower, and soon after was found in the presence of the queen, who, as if nothing of painful import had occurred, was that morning amusing herself with playing on the virginals.

When the news was officially announced that the tragedy was over, there was a dead silence in the privy-chamber, but the queen continued to play, and the earl of Oxford,

casting a significant glance at Raleigh, observed, as if in reference to the effect of her majesty's fingers on the instrument, which was a sort of open spinnet, "When Jacks start up, then heads go down."[1] Every one understood the bitter pun contained in this allusion. Raleigh received large sums from some of the gentlemen, who were implicated in Essex's insurrection, as the price of negotiating their pardons.[2] He was on the scaffold when sir Christopher Blount, and sir Charles Danvers were beheaded, March 17th. Blount, was the third husband of queen Elizabeth's cousin Lettice, countess of Leicester. If this lady had incurred the ill-will of her royal kinswoman, as generally supposed, by rivalling her in the regard of Leicester, it must be acknowledged, that Elizabeth paid the long-delayed debt of vengeance, with dreadful interest, when she sent both son and husband to the block within one little month.[3]

Merrick and Cuffe were hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the queen graciously extended her mercy to the earl of Southampton, by commuting his death into an imprisonment, which lasted during the rest of her life.

Elizabeth caused a declaration of the treasons of Essex

[1] Fragmenta Regalia, by sir Robert Naunton. [2] Birch.

[3] The unfortunate countess survived this two-fold tragedy three-and-thirty years. Her beauty and connexion with the two great favourites of Elizabeth, Leicester and Essex, is thus noticed in the following lines of her epitaph, by Sir Gervas Clifton:—

"There you may see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land;
She that, in her younger years,
Match'd with two great English peers;
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars;
She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden queen,
Till she was content to quit
Her favour for her favourite,
Whose gold-thread, when she saw spun
And the death of her brave son,
Thought it safest to retire,
From all care and vain desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her days so well,
That to her, the better sort,
Came as to a holy court;
And the poor that lived near,
Dearth nor famine could not fear."

to be published, and a sermon very defamatory to his memory to be preached at Paul's Cross, by Dr. Barlowe, but the people took both in evil part. It was observed withal, that her appearance in public was no longer greeted with tokens of popular applause. Her subjects could not forgive her the death of their idol. Fickle as the populace have proverbially been considered, their affection for the favourite had been of a more enduring nature than that of the sovereign.

The death of Essex left sir Robert Cecil without a rival in the court or cabinet, and he soon established himself as the all-powerful ruler of the realm. Essex had made full confession of his secret correspondence with the king of Scots, and also of the agent through whom it was carried on; and Cecil lost no time in following the same course, and through the same channel. As long as he had hopes of obtaining the hand of lady Arabella Stuart, he had secretly advanced her pretensions to the succession; but when it was known, that this high-born young lady had bestowed her heart on lord Beauchamp, the offspring of the calamitous marriage of the earl of Hertford and lady Catharine Gray, the unprincipled statesman, whose politics were as crooked as his person, did all he could to poison the mind of his jealous sovereign against the innocent girl. In one of the private letters, in his correspondence with James, the malign hunchback speaks with all the bitterness of a despised and disappointed man, of her to whose hand he, the grandson of a tailor, had presumed to aspire, as "Shrewsbury's idol, who," continues he, "if she follow some men's council, will be made higher by as many steps as will lead her to the scaffold."

The first result of Cecil's secret understanding with the king of Scots, was an addition of two thousand pounds a year to the annual pension, which that monarch received from queen Elizabeth; and this was sorely against the will of the aged sovereign, who, at that very time had been compelled by the destitute state of her exchequer, to borrow money on her jewels. The flattery of Cecil, however, and the reverential deference with which he approached her, made him necessary to her comfort, now that she was in the sear and withered leaf of life, with no faithful or tender ties of love,

or friendship, to cheer and support her in her lonely passage to the tomb.

Sir William Brown, the deputy-governor of Flushing, who came over this summer to explain the state of affairs in the Low Countries, gives a very interesting narrative of his interview with her majesty in the month of August 1601. On Sunday morning, after prayers, he was introduced by Cecil to the queen, as she walked in the gardens, at Mr. William Clarke's.[1] "I had no sooner kissed her sacred hand," says he, "but she presently made me stand up. She spoke somewhat loud, saying, 'Come hither, Brown,' and pronounced, that she held me for an old faithful servant of hers, and said, 'I must give content to Brown;' and then, the train following her, she said, 'Stand—stand back! Will you not let us speak, but you will be hearers?' She then walked a turn or two, protesting her gracious opinion of myself; 'Before God, Brown,' said she, 'they do me wrong, that will make so honest a servant jealous, lest I should mistrust him;' and though her words alone had been more than sufficient to content so mean a servant as myself, yet it pleased her to swear unto me, that she had as good affiance in my loyalty, as in any man's that served her."

Brown notices, that he delivered sir Robert Sidney's letter, kneeling, to her majesty, on his first presentation, but that she did not read it, till he was gone; and, indeed, appeared perfectly familiar with the subject. "Having walked a turn or two," says he, "she called for a stool, which was set under a tree, and I began to kneel, but she would not suffer me; and, after two or three denials, when I made to kneel, she was pleased to say, 'that she would not speak with me, unless I stood up.' Whereupon, I stood up, and after having repeated her gracious opinion of me, she discoursed of many things, and particularly of the distaste she had of the States army returning. It seems that sir Francis Vere hath lain all the fault upon count Maurice. I said, 'that count Maurice did protest, that this journey was never of his plotting.'

"'Tush, Brown!' saith she, 'I know more than thou dost. When I heard,' continued the queen, 'that they were at first with their army, as high as Nemigham, I knew no good would be done, but Maurice would serve his own turn, and would, in the end, turn to the Grave (Landgrave.)

[1] Sidney Papers, vol. ii.

I looked that they should have come down nearer to Ostend, or Flanders—that might have startled the enemy, and that they promised me, or else I would not have let them have so many men, to the discontentment of my subjects, as I know, and which, but for the love they bear me, they would not so well digest; and now, forsooth, Maurice is come from his weapon to his spade, for at that he is one of the best in Christendom."[1]

Brown, though he had some things to urge in explanation of the line of policy adopted by the cautious Maurice, was too practised a courtier to oppose the royal orator, after this burst of lion-like disdain at what she deemed the selfishness of her ally. "It was not befitting for me to answer anything for him," says he, "when I saw her majesty so informed already. The truth must appear to her in time, and from a better hand than myself. Then she complained of the French king failing in his promise to support the enterprise of her army." Brown told her majesty, "that it was considered that the French king rather had marvelled at their boldness in going so far, than offered any hope of co-operation with them."

"Tush, Brown!" interrupted the queen, who appeared better informed on this point than her foreign ministers suspected, "do I not know that Buceval was written to, again and again, to move the army to go that way, and that he would not help them?" "If that were so," said Brown, "your majesty may think it was but a French promise." Then, after discussing various subjects with the queen, he mentioned to her that the Zealanders put their sole hope in her majesty, trusting that her powerful influence would induce the States' General to render them the succour they required. "Alas, poor Zealanders!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "I know that they love me with all their hearts." Brown told her majesty "that they prayed for her." Elizabeth received this information with peculiar unction, and delivered a speech on the occasion, which, of course, was spoken that it might be duly reported to those pious Dutch patriots, to provoke them to further manifestations of their good will. "Yea, Brown," said she, "I know it well enough; and I will tell thee one thing. Faith, here is a church of that countrymen in London; I

[1] Sidney Papers.

protest, next after the Divine Providence that governs all my well-doing, I attribute much of the happiness that befalls me to be given of God, by those men's effectual and zealous prayers, who, I know, pray for me with that fervency, as none of my servants can do more."

After a long talk, Mr. Secretary (sir Robert Cecil) came, and the discourse turned on military affairs. Cecil paid her majesty the homage of his knee, in the most deferential manner, while she was pleased to converse on this business; and she, turning to Brown, said to him, "Dost see that little fellow that kneels there? It hath been told you that he hath been an enemy to soldiers. On my faith, Brown, he is the best friend the soldiers have." Cecil replied with his usual tact, "that it was from her majesty alone all the soldiers' good flowed;" and with this compliment, sir William Brown closes his detail of this characteristic scene.

The same month queen Elizabeth, understanding that Henry IV. of France was at Calais, made a progress to Dover, in the hope of tempting him to cross the channel to pay his compliments to her in person. She had previously dispatched a letter to him by lord Edmonds, full of friendly expressions and offers of service; and when she reached Dover, she sent sir Robert Sidney with another, intreating the king to allow her the satisfaction of a personal interview, as she greatly desired to see him. Her pride would have been flattered by the visit of a king of France, and such a king as the hero of Navarre, and she omitted nothing that she imagined might induce him to come. Henry remembering, perhaps, that the queen of Sheba came to Solomon, not Solomon to her, forfeited his reputation for always yielding due homage to the ladies, by excusing himself, under the unanswerable plea of impossibility, from coming to Dover, and courteously invited his good sister to visit him in France. If Elizabeth had been nineteen instead of sixty-nine, he would probably have acted more gallantly.

Elizabeth, in reply, wrote a very courteous letter, explaining the obstacles that prevented her from coming to France, and lamented "the unhappiness of princes, who were slaves to forms and fettered by caution;" and she repeated, "that her regret at not being able to see him was so much the greater, as she had something of the last im-

portance to communicate to him, which she neither durst commit to paper nor trust to any person but himself, and that she was then on the point of quitting Dover for London." Though Henry ought to have had a pretty accurate idea of Elizabeth's habitual diplomacy, his curiosity was so greatly excited by these mysterious hints, that he sent for his faithful minister, Rosny,[1] and said to him, "I have just now received letters from my good sister of England, whom you admire so greatly. They are fuller of civilities than ever. See if you will have more success than I have had in discovering her meaning." The sage premier of France confessed that he was not less puzzled than his sovereign, by the mysterious language of the female majesty of England, and both agreed, that it must be something of very great consequence, which prompted such a communication; and it was agreed that Rosny should embark the following morning for Dover, and make an incognito trip to London, for the purpose of penetrating this important state secret. The moment he landed at Dover, he was met and recognised by a whole bevy of the state officers and members of queen Elizabeth's cabinet, who were evidently on the look out for his master. Sidney, who had seen him at Calais only a few days before, welcomed him with an embrace, and asked him "if he were not come to see the queen?"

The artful diplomatist told him "he was not, and begged him not to mention his arrival to her majesty, as he had brought no credentials, having merely come over to make a private visit to London, without any idea of seeing her." The English gentlemen smiled, and told him "that he would not be suffered to pass so, for the guard-ship had doubtless given a signal of his arrival, and he might shortly expect to see a messenger from the queen, who had, only three days ago, spoken publicly of him in very obliging terms." Rosny, though nothing was further from his meaning, begged them to keep the secret, pretending "that he was only going to take a slight refreshment, and then proceed on his journey;" and, saying this, left them abruptly. "After this fine piece of acting," he says, "I had but just entered my apartment, and spoken a few words to my people, when I felt somebody embrace me from behind, who told me

[1] Afterwards the celebrated Duc de Sully.

'that he arrested me as a prisoner to the queen.' This was the captain of her guards, whose embrace I returned, and replied, smiling, that 'I should esteem such imprisonment an honour.' His orders were to conduct me directly to the queen. I therefore followed him."

"'It is well, monsieur de Rosny,' said this princess to me, as soon as I appeared; 'and do you break my fences thus, and pass on, without coming to see me? I am greatly surprised at it, for I thought you bore me more affection than any of my servants, and I am persuaded that I have given you no cause to change these sentiments.'" After this agreeable beginning, she entered into a long, political conversation, drawing him on one side, that she might speak with the greater freedom, but instead of having anything to tell, she made it her business to endeavour to draw from the French minister all she could of his sovereign's plans, with regard to the house of Austria. Ireland was then threatened with an invasion from Spain, which rendered her desirous of causing a diversion, by attacking that portion of the dominions of Philip III., that was under the jurisdiction of the archduke. Rosny explained to her, that the finances of Henry would not allow him to launch into aggressive warfare. She rejoined, "that there was a vital necessity for keeping the power of the house of Austria within due bounds, in which they ought both to unite, but that the Low Countries ought to form an independent republic.

"Neither the whole, nor any part of those states, need be coveted," she said, "by either herself, the king of France, or the king of Scotland, who would," she added, "become, one day, king of Great Britain."[1] This speech is the more remarkable, as it contains, not only very sound sense, but a quiet, dignified, and positive recognition of James VI. of Scotland by Elizabeth, as her rightful successor, and it is strange that this should have escaped the attention of all our historians; Sully himself records it without comment. Her allusion to the increased importance of her realm, when blended with the sister country, is worthy of a patriotic sovereign. Elizabeth, at that moment, rose superior to all paltry jealousies, for she proudly felt the lasting benefit which her celibacy had conferred on her subjects,

[1] Sully's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 373.

in making the king of Scotland her heir. The fact is deeply interesting, that it was from the lips of this last and mightiest of England's monarchs, that the style and title by which her royal kinsman and his descendants should reign over the united kingdoms of the Britannic empire, was first pronounced. It surely ought not to have been forgotten that it was queen Elizabeth, herself, who gave to that prospective empire the name of Great Britain.

The importance which Elizabeth placed on the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and the clear and comprehensive view she took of almost every point of continental politics, astonished Rosny. The mighty projects she expressed her wish of assisting to realize, filled him with wonder. She desired to see Germany restored to its ancient liberty in respect to the election of its emperors, and the nomination of a king of the Romans; to render the united provinces an independent republic, and annexing to them some of the Germanic states; to do the same by Switzerland. To divide all Christendom into a certain number of powers, as equal as might be; and, last, to reduce all the various religions therein into three, which should appear the most numerous and considerable.[1]

This great and good statesman-historian bestows the most unqualified commendations on Elizabeth: "I cannot," says he, "bestow praises upon the queen of England equal to the merit which I discovered in her in this short time, both as to the qualities of her heart and her understanding."

Many courteous messages and letters passed between Henry and Elizabeth, while he remained at Calais and she at Dover. In the beginning of September, Henry sent a grand state embassy to his good sister of England, headed by his troublesome subject, the duc de Biron, who was accompanied by the count d'Auvergne, the natural son of Charles IX. of France, and nearly four hundred noblemen and gentlemen of quality. Biron and his immediate suite were lodged in the ancient palace of Richard III., in Bishopsgate-street, (Crosby Hall,) while in London; but, as Elizabeth had commenced her progress into Hampshire on the 5th of September, which was the day of his arrival, he was soon after invited to join her there, that he might par-

[1] Sully's Memoirs.

take of the sylvan sports in which our royal Dian still indulged.

Elizabeth was, at that time, the guest of the marquis and marchioness of Winchester, at Basing; she was so well pleased with her entertainment, that she tarried there thirteen days, to the great cost of the hospitable marquis.[1] At Basing, she was joined by the duc de Biron, who was conducted into her presence, with great solemnity, by the sheriff of the county, whom she had sent to meet and welcome the distinguished stranger. She herself came forth, royally mounted and accompanied, to the interview, and when she approached the spot where the duke and his train waited to receive her greeting, the high-sheriff, who rode bare-headed before her majesty, being unacquainted with the stately temper of his liege lady, checked his horse and brought the cavalcade to a stand, imagining that her majesty would have then saluted the duke, but she was much displeased, and bade him go on. The duke, on this, reverentially followed her, cap in hand, bowing low towards his horse's mane for about twenty yards. Then Elizabeth suddenly paused, took off her mask, and looking back, very courteously and graciously saluted him, not having considered it meet for her to offer the first attention to the subject of any other sovereign, till he had first shewn her the respect of following her, although he was the representative of a mighty monarch, and her ally.[2] While Elizabeth was at Basing, Biron was lodged at the Vine, a princely mansion belonging to the lord Sandys, which was furnished, for the occasion, with plate and hangings from the Tower, and other costly furniture from Hampton Court, besides a contribution of seven score beds, and other furniture, which was willingly brought as a loan at her majesty's need, at only two days' warning, by the loyal people of Southampton.

The queen visited Biron at the Vine, in return for his visit to her at Basing, and they hunted and feasted together in princely fashion. At her departure from Basing, Elizabeth made ten knights, the largest number that she had ever made at one time. She said, "that she had done more than any of her ancestors had ever done, or any other prince in Christendom was able to do—namely, in her

[1] Nichols. [2] Nichols' Progresses of queen Elizabeth.

Hampshire progress this year, entertained a royal ambassador royally in her subjects' houses." On her homeward progress, the queen visited sir Edward Coke, her attorney-general, at Stoke Pogeis, where she was most sumptuously feasted, and presented with jewels and other gifts to the value of 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*

This month, the Spaniards effected a landing in Ireland, and took the town of Kinsale, but were defeated, and finally driven out of that realm by the new lord-deputy, Mountjoye. Elizabeth returned to London early in October; while there, she entertained Biron very splendidly, and among other national spectacles, she shewed him one, that must have appalled even the man who had witnessed the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew. "Holding Biron by the hand," says Perefixe,[1] "she pointed to a number of heads that were planted on the Tower, and told him, 'that it was thus they punished traitors in England.' Not satisfied with calling his attention to this ghastly company, she coolly recounted to him the names of all her subjects whom she had brought to the block, and among these, she mentioned the earl of Essex, whom she had once so passionately loved.[2] This incident, it must have been, that gave rise to the absurd, but not more revolting tale, "that she shewed Biron the skull of that unfortunate nobleman, which," it was said, "she always kept in her closet."[3]

The great number of executions, for treason, in the last thirty years of Elizabeth's reign, had indurated her heart, by rendering her mind familiar with the most revolting details of torture and blood, and her eyes to objects from which other women not only turn with shuddering horror, but sicken and swoon if accidentally presented to their view; but Elizabeth could not cross London bridge without recognising the features of gentlemen, whom she had consigned to the axe or the halter. The walls of her royal residence, the Tower, were also converted into a Golgotha, and fearful

[1] Histoire, Henri le Grand, vol. ii. pp. 84, 85.

[2] In recording this trait of Elizabeth, Perefixe makes no detractory comment; he merely relates it as an historical fact, without appearing by any means impressed with the want of feminine feeling which it indicated. If he had a prejudice, it was in favour of Elizabeth, whom he highly commends, not only as one of the greatest princesses in the world, but the best.

[3] Mezerai, and other French writers of an earlier date. Camden confutes the report, by affirming, that the head of Essex was buried with his body.

it must have been for the ladies of her household and court to behold these mangled relics, from day to day—

"While darkly they faded
Through all the dread stages of nature's decay."

Hentzner affirms, "that he counted on London bridge, no less than three hundred heads of persons, who had been executed for high treason"—a melancholy evidence that Elizabeth, in her latter years, had flung the dove from her sceptre, and exchanged curtana for the sword of vengeance.

Sully, the great panegyrist of Elizabeth, and the personal foe of Biron, relates "that Biron had a most extraordinary conversation with that queen, and that he had the want of tact, not only to mention the earl of Essex to her, but to bewail the fate of that nobleman, whose great services had not been able to preserve him from so tragical a fate. Elizabeth condescended to justify her conduct, by explaining to Biron the nature of the perilous schemes in which Essex had madly engaged, which rendered it necessary for her to punish him. She, however, added, "that notwithstanding his engaging in open rebellion, he might still, by submission, have obtained her pardon, but that neither his friends nor relations could prevail on him to ask it." She, it seems, was well aware of the proceedings of Biron himself, and it is supposed that, as a warning to him, she enlarged much on the reverence and obedience that was due from subjects to their sovereigns. It might possibly have been, that in the climax of the excitement caused by this discussion, she shewed Biron the heads of the unfortunate adherents of Essex on the Tower, as a terrific evidence of the evil consequences of his reckless courses, to his friends. Perefixe observes, "that those who stood by, and heard what the queen of England said to Biron on this occasion, recalled the circumstances to mind, when they, soon after, saw him fall into the same misfortune as the earl of Essex, by losing his head, after he had lost the favour of his prince."

Elizabeth summoned her last parliament, to meet at Westminster, on the 27th of October, 1601. She opened it in person, with unwonted pomp, but her enfeebled frame was unable to support the weight of the royal robes, and she was actually sinking to the ground, when the nearest noble-

man caught and supported her in his arms.[1] Yet she rallied her expiring energies, and went through the fatiguing ceremonial, with her wonted dignity and grace.

The sessions commenced with a stormy discussion on monopolies, which had now increased to so oppressive a degree, that the sole right to sell or issue licences for the sale of wine, vinegar, oil, salt, starch, steel, coals, and almost every necessary of life, was vested in the person of some greedy, unprincipled courtier, or wealthy individual, who had purchased that privilege from the minister or ladies of the bed-chamber.[2] The time had arrived when the people of England would bear this grievance no longer. The exigencies of the government required an extraordinary supply to carry on the expenses of the civil war in Ireland, and the commons chose to discuss the monopoly question first, but the queen prevented this exposure of the abuses of her government, by sending a most gracious and conciliatory message to the house, signifying her intention of redressing all grievances by the exercise of her regal authority. The commons' deputation, of 140 members with their speaker, waited upon her to return thanks, and she addressed them at some length, expressing her affection for her people, and her satisfaction "that the harpies and horse-leeches," as she, in her energetic phraseology, termed the monopolists, had been exposed to her.

"I had rather," said she, "that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes, that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient. But I am none of those princes. For I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself, to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment-seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth, in all respects, and that I have such subjects that for their good I would

[1] Lingard.
[2] Parliamentary History. D'Ewes. Mackintosh. Rapin.

willingly lose both kingdoms and life." She concluded this beautiful speech, the last she ever addressed to her senate, by entreating them "not to impute the blame to her, if they had suffered from the abuses of which they complained, for princes' servants were too often set more upon their private advantage, than the good of either the sovereign or the people."

The parliament returned the most dutiful acknowledgments, and after granting an extraordinary supply, was dissolved in November, having scarcely sat six weeks. It was the last of Elizabeth's reign. The following spring, the aged queen appeared to have made a considerable rally in point of health. In March, 1602, the French ambassador records, that her majesty took her daily walking exercise on Richmond-green, with greater spirit and activity than could have been expected at her years.

On the 28th of April, she entertained the duke of Nevers, with a costly banquet, at her palace at Richmond, and, after dinner, opened the ball with him, in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility for her time of life. The French ambassador, Beaumont, notices, that this was the first time she had honoured any foreign prince in this way, since she footed it so bravely with her last royal suitor, the duke of Alençon. The duke of Nevers repaid the courtesy of his august partner, with many compliments, not only kissing her hand, but her foot also, when she showed him her leg, a trait of levity too absurd almost for credibility, though recorded by an eye-witness, who says, that she used many pleasant discourses with him.[1]

On the 1st of May, Elizabeth honoured the sylvan customs of England, in the olden time, by going a Maying, with her court, in the green glades of Lewisham, two or three miles from her palace of Greenwich.[2] To use a familiar phrase, she appeared as if she had taken a new lease of life, and she adopted the whimsical method of damping the eager hopes of the king of Scotland, for his speedy succession to the English throne, by keeping his ambassador, sir Roger Aston, waiting for his audience, in a place where he could see her, behind a part of the tapestry, which was turned back, as if by accident, dancing, in her privy-chamber, to the sound of a small fiddle, and the royal Terpsichore,

[1] Lodge. Lingard. [2] Nichols.

actually kept his excellency cooling his heels in the lobby, while she performed corantos, and other gallant feats of dancing, that he might report to his sovereign how vigorous and sprightly she was, and that his inheritance might yet be long in coming.[1]

This summer, she made a little series of festive visits in the vicinity of her metropolis, and was gratified with the usual sum of adulation and presents, but it is expressly noticed, that, on her visit to the earl of Nottingham, she was disappointed, because she was not presented with the costly suit of tapestry hangings, which represented all the battles of her valiant host with the Spanish Armada.[2]

In July, queen Elizabeth entertained the lady ambassadress of France at her palace of Greenwich; and it is noticed by Harrington, "that her excellency gave away, among the maids of honour and other ladies of the court, fans, purses, and masks very bountifully." Another courtier describes the gay life Elizabeth was leading in the month of September:—"We are frolic here at court: much dancing in the privy chamber, of country dances, before the queen's majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most liked; but in winter, Lullaby, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request as I think." This was the opinion of the earl of Worcester,[3] an ancient servant and contemporary of the queen, who thought that a refreshing nap, lulled by the soft sounds of Bird's exquisite melody,[4] would better suit his royal mistress than her usual after-dinner diversions of frisking, beneath the burden of seventy years, to some of the spirit-stirring Irish tunes newly imported to the English court. Under this gay exterior the mighty Elizabeth carried a heart full of profound grief; and she might truly have said—

"From sport to sport they hurry me,
To conquer my despair."

It was observed that, after the death of Essex, the people ceased to greet the queen with the demonstrations of rapturous affection with which they had been accustomed to

[1] Weldon. [2] Nichols' Progresses.

[3] Letter of the earl of Worcester to the earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 578.

[4] William Bird was organist of the royal chapel in this reign, and one of the greatest among English composers, at an era when England possessed national music, and had composers who produced original melodies.

salute her when she appeared in public. They could not forgive the loss of that generous and gallant nobleman, the only popular object of her favour, whom she had cut off in the flower of his days, and now, whenever she was seen, a gloomy silence reigned in the streets through which she passed. These indications of the change in her subjects' feelings towards her are said to have sunk deeply into the mind of the aged queen, and occasioned that depression of spirits which preceded her death.

A trifling incident is also supposed to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation ring, which she had worn, night and day, ever since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off; and this was regarded by her as an evil portent.

In the beginning of June, she confided to the French ambassador, Count de Beaumont, "that she was a-weary of life," and, with sighs and tears, alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have been ever in her thoughts, and, "when unthought of, still the spring of thought." She said, "that being aware of the impetuosity of his temper and his ambitious character, she had warned him two years before to content himself with pleasing her, and not to shew such insolent contempt for her as he did on some occasions, but to take care not to touch her sceptre, lest she should be compelled to punish him according to the laws of England, and not according to her own, which had always found too mild and indulgent for him to fear any thing from them. His neglect of this caution," she added, "had caused his ruin."

Henry IV., notwithstanding the earnest intercessions he had made, through his ambassador, for the life of Essex, greatly applauded Elizabeth for her resolution in bringing him to the block, and observed, "that if his predecessor, Henry III., had possessed a portion of her high spirit, he would have quelled the insolence of the duke of Guise and his faction in their first attempts to overawe the throne." He said many times, in the presence of his court, that "she only was a king, and knew how to govern—how to support the dignity of her crown; and that the repose and weal of her subjects required the course she had taken."[1]

[1] Winwood's Memorials.

Elizabeth appears to have felt differently on this subject, which pressed heavily on her mind; perhaps more so than many a less justifiable act of severity, as the deaths of the duke of Norfolk and the queen of Scots. But this was the drop that surcharged the cup; and the infirmities of frail humanity warned her that the hour was not far distant when she must render up an account for the blood she had shed; and, however satisfactory her reasons, for what she had done, might have appeared to other sovereigns and to her partial subjects, neither expediency nor sophistry would avail aught at the tribunal, where the secrets of all hearts are unveiled. Besides, she had hitherto destroyed her enemies, or those whom she deemed the friends of her foes. Now she had taken the life of her nearest kinsman and best loved friend, of him whom she had cherished in his early youth with the tenderness of a mother, and, after he advanced to manhood, regarded with the perilous fondness of a jealous lover.

One of the members of Elizabeth's household, gives the following account of the state of the queen's mind, in a letter to a confidential correspondent, in the service of her successor:—"Our queen is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."

There was a vain endeavour, on the part of her cabinet, to amuse the mind of the declining melancholy sovereign, with a new favourite, the young and handsome earl of Clanricarde, who was considered to bear a striking likeness to him whom she so vainly lamented; but the resemblance only increased her dejection. The countess of Essex, however, found consolation for her loss, in this likeness; for she ultimately took the earl of Clanricarde for her third husband.

The state of queen Elizabeth's mind, as well as the breaking up of her constitution, is pathetically described by her godson Harrington, in a confidential letter to his wife.[1] He says: "Our dear queen, my royal godmother, and this state's natural mother, doth now bear shew of human in-

[1] Dated December 27, 1602.

firmity too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from her pains and misery. I was bidden to her presence; I blessed the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone? I replied, with reverence, 'that I had seen him with the lord-deputy' (Essex). She looked up, with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'Oh! now it mindeth me that you were *one*, who saw this man *elsewhere*,' and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she oft put to her lips, but, in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. This sight moved me to think of what passed in Ireland; and I trust she did not less think on *some* who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the lord-deputy (Mountjoye,) and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock.

"Her majesty inquired of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humour, and read some verses; whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say, 'When thou dost feel creeping Time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less. I am past my relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well. I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously, at noon, at some, who minded not to bring up certain matters of account. Several men have been to, and, when ready at hand, her highness hath dismissed in anger; but who, dearest Mall, shall say, 'Your highness hath forgotten?'"[1]

These fits of despondency occasionally cleared away; and we find Elizabeth exhibiting fits of active mirthfulness, especially at the expense of her dwarfish premier, Cecil, who habitually played the lover to her majesty. She sometimes so far forgot the dignity of her age and exalted station, as to afford him a sort of whimsical encouragement by making a butt of him. A ludicrous instance of her coquetry is related by one of her courtiers, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury:—"I send your lordship here enclosed," writes he, "some verses compounded by Mr. Secretary, who got Hales to frame a ditty to it. The occasion was, I hear, that the

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 320.

young lady Derby,[1] wearing about her neck and in her bosom, a dainty tablet, the queen, espying it, asked, 'What fine jewel that was?' Lady Derby was anxious to excuse shewing it; but the queen would have it. She opened it, and, finding it to be Mr. Secretary's picture, she snatched it from lady Derby's neck, and tied it upon her own shoe, and walked about with it there. Then she took it from thence, and pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there also. When Mr. secretary Cecil was told of this, he made these verses, and caused Hales to sing them in his apartments. It was told her majesty that Mr. Secretary Cecil had rare music and songs in his chamber. She chose to hear them, and the ditty was sung." The poetry was not worth quoting; but the verses, it seems, expressed, "that he repines not, though her majesty may please to grace others; for his part, he is content with the favour his picture received." This incident took place when the royal coquette was in her seventieth year. Strange scenes are occasionally revealed when the mystic curtain, that veils the penetralia of kings and queens from vulgar curiosity, is, after the lapse of centuries, withdrawn by the minuteness of biographical research. What a delicious subject for an "H. B." caricature would the stately Elizabeth and her pigmy secretary have afforded.

Cecil was, however, at that time the creature of the expecting impatient heir of his royal mistress, with whom he maintained almost a daily correspondence. One day, a packet, from king James, was delivered to him in the presence of the queen, which he knew contained allusions to his secret practices with her successor. Elizabeth's quick eye, doubtless, detected the furtive glance, which taught him to recognise that it was a dangerous missive; and she ordered him instantly to open and shew the contents of his letters to her. A timely recollection of one of her weak points saved the wily minister from detection. "This packet," said he, as he slowly drew forth his knife and prepared to cut the strings, which fastened it—"this packet has a strange and evil smell. Surely it has not been

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. 576. Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the earl of Oxford, by Cecil's sister, lady Anne, married the earl of Derby, 1594. As the lady was Cecil's niece, it is singular that she shewed reluctance to display her uncle's picture.

in contact with infected persons or goods." Elizabeth's dread of contagion prevailed over both curiosity and suspicion, and she hastily ordered Cecil to throw it at a distance, and not bring it into her presence again till it had been thoroughly fumigated.[1] He, of course, took care to purify it of the evidences of his own guilty deeds.

James I. obtained a great ascendancy in the councils of Elizabeth during the last years of her life, although the fact was far from suspected by the declining queen, who, all the while, flattered herself that it was she who, from the secret recesses of her closet, governed the realm of Scotland, and controlled the actions of her royal successor. The circumstance of his being her successor, however, gave James that power in his reversionary realm of England, of which, he afterwards boasted to the great Sully, the ambassador from France, telling him, "that it was he who actually governed England for several years before the death of Elizabeth, having gained all her ministers, who were guided by his directions in all things." Even Harrington, dearly as he loved his royal mistress, shewed signs and tokens of this worship paid to the rising sun, when he sent a jewel in the form of a dark-lantern, as a new year's gift to James, signifying that the failing lamp of life waxed dim with the departing queen, and would soon be veiled in the darkness of the tomb.

The queen still took pleasure, between whiles, in witnessing the sports of young people. It is noted in the State papers, "that on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary," some maiden of the court, "danced before the queen two galliards, with one Mr. Palmer, the admirablest dancer of this time; both were much commended by her majesty; then she (Mrs. Mary) danced with him a coranto. The queen kissed Mr. William Sidney in the presence, as she came from the chapel; my lady Warwick presented him."

Elizabeth's correspondence with lord Mountjoye is among the extravaganzas of her private life. He was her deputy in Ireland, the successor of Essex, formerly a rival favourite, and was forced to assume, like his predecessor and Raleigh, the airs of a despairing lover of the queen, whenever he had any point to carry with her, either for his public or private interest. His letters generally begin with, "Dear Sove-

[1] Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

reign," "Sacred Majesty," "Sacred and dear Sovereign;" his phraseology, though very caressing, is not so fulsome as that of Essex, nor so audacious, in its flights of personal flattery, as that of Raleigh; however, considering that Elizabeth was nearly seventy, and Mountjoye, a handsome man of five-and-thirty, the following passage must have been difficult of digestion, written on some reverse in Ireland, for which he anticipated blame at court: "This, most dear sovereign, I do not write with any swelling justification of myself. If any impious tongue do tax my proceedings, I will patiently bless it, that by making me suffer for your sake—I that have suffered for your sake a torment above all others, a grieved and despised love."[1]

Elizabeth answered this deceitful effusion with the following absurd billet:

THE QUEEN TO LORD MOUNTJOYE.

"O what melancholy humour hath exhaled up into your brain from a full fraughted heart that should breed such doubt—bred upon no cause given by us at all, never having pronounced any syllable upon which such a work should be framed! There is no louder trump that may sound out your praise, your hazard, your care, your luck, than we have blasted in all our court, and elsewhere, indeed!

Well, I will attribute it to God's good providence for you, that (lest all these glories might elevate you too much) he hath suffered (though not made) such a scruple to keep you under his rod, who best knows we have more need of bits than spurs. Thus 'valeant ista amara; ad Tartaros eat melancholia!'

"Your sovereign,

"E. R."

"Endorsed in the hand of Robert Cecil:[2]—'A copy of her majesty's letter, lest you cannot read it,' then in lord Mountjoye's hand, 'received in January, at Arbracken.'"

It is by lady Southwell, one of queen Elizabeth's ladies immediately about her person, that the melancholy marvels attending her death are recorded. This narrative is still in existence[3] in the original MSS. the costume of place, time, and diurnal routine, render it a precious document. After making every allowance for the marvellousness of the writer, it evidently depicts the departure of a person unsettled in religion, and uneasy in conscience.

[1] The deceiver was, in reality, passionately in love with Penelope, lady Rich, the beautiful sister of Essex.

[2] It seems the letter was an autograph, but so illegible, being written but a few weeks before the queen's death, that her secretary was obliged to copy it that its sense might be comprehended.

[3] It is at Stonyhurst, endorsed by the hands of Persons. "The relation of the lady Southwell of the late Q(ueen's) death, po. Aprilis, 1607."

"Her majesty," says lady Southwell, "being in very good health one day, sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain, and sir Robert Cecil's dependent and familiar, came and presented her majesty with a piece of gold, of the bigness of an angel, full of characters, which he said an old woman in Wales had bequeathed to her (the queen) on her death-bed, and thereupon he discoursed how the said testatrix, by virtue of the piece of gold, lived to the age of 120 years, and in that age having all her body withered and consumed, and wanting nature to nourish her she died, commanding the said piece of gold to be carefully sent to her majesty, alleging further, that as long as she wore it on her body she could not die. The queen in confidence took the said gold, and hung it about her neck." This fine story has crept very widely into history, and even into ambassadors' despatches; but the genealogy of the magic piece of gold, has never before been duly defined. There can be little doubt, that Elizabeth and her minister were absurd enough to accept the talisman, but its adoption was followed by a general breaking up of her constitution, instead of its renewal. "Though she became not suddenly sick, yet she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "she fell downright ill, and the cause being wondered at by my lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confidant, being her near kinswoman, her majesty told her, (commanding her to conceal the same), 'that she saw one night her own body exceedingly lean and fearful in a light of fire.' This vision was at Whitehall, a little before she departed for Richmond, and was testified by another lady, who was one of the nearest about her person, of whom the queen demanded, 'Whether she was not wont to see sights in the night?' telling her of the bright flame she had seen." This is a common deception of the sight, in a highly vitiated state of bile; but, in the commencement of the 17th century, educated individuals were as ignorant of physiology as infants of three years old of the present day; these imaginative vagaries are very precious, as proofs of the gradual progress of knowledge, and its best result, wisdom. The next anecdote, however, goes far beyond all our present discoveries in optics:

"Afterwards, in the melancholy of her sickness, she de-

sired to see a *true* looking-glass, which in twenty years before she had not seen, but only such a one as on purpose was made to deceive her sight, which true looking-glass being brought her, she presently fell exclaiming at all those flatterers which had so much commended her, and they durst not after come into her presence." Her attendants had doubtless left off painting her, and she happened to see her natural face in the glass.

A fearful complication of complaints had settled on the queen, and began to draw visibly to a climax. She suffered greatly with the gout in her hands and fingers, but was never heard to complain of what she felt in the way of personal pain, but continued to talk of progresses and festivities, as though she expected her days to be prolonged through years to come.

Early in the new year 1603, Elizabeth honoured the French ambassador, by standing godmother to his infant daughter, but performed this office by proxy, as it would scarcely have been consistent with her absolute prohibition of the rites of the church of Rome, if she had assisted in person at a Roman-catholic ceremonial. It is quaintly stated, in the contemporary record, "that the queen christened the French ambassador's daughter by her deputy, the lady marquesse, the countess of Worcester, and the lord-admiral, being her assistants."[1]

On the 14th of January, the queen having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind to the last, to beware of Whitehall,[2] removed to Richmond, which she said, "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." The morning before she departed, her kinsman, the lord-admiral coming to her to receive her orders, partly concerning the removal and partly touching other matters, she fell into some speech touching the succession, and then told him, "that her throne had always been the throne of kings, and none but her next heir of blood and descent should succeed." This, confirmed as it is by her remark to Sully, "that the king of Scotland would hereafter become king of Great Britain," proves, that Elizabeth, however jealous she

[1] Nichols.

[2] The queen's last sickness and death. Cotton MS. Titus, c. vii. folio 46.

might be of James during her life, had no wish to entail the legacy of a civil war on her people, by changing the legitimate order of the succession. Her displeasure against those, who might pretend to set up a rival claim to the elder line, was sufficiently indicated by the acrimonious manner in which she named the son of lady Katharine Gray, and her imprisonment of the innocent lady Arabella Stuart, at Sheriff Hutton. Elizabeth removed, on a wet, stormy day, to Richmond; but when she first arrived, the change of air appeared to have had a salutary effect, for she was well amended of her cold; but, on the 28th of February, she began to sicken again.

All contemporary writers bear witness to the increased dejection of her mind, after visiting her dying kinswoman, the countess of Nottingham; but the particulars of that visit rest on historical tradition only. It is said that the countess, pressed in conscience on account of her detention of the ring, which Essex had sent to the queen as an appeal to her mercy, could not die in peace until she had revealed the truth to her majesty, and craved her pardon. But Elizabeth, in a transport of mingled grief and fury, shook, or, as others have said, struck the dying penitent in her bed, with these words, "God may forgive you, but I never can!"[1]

The death-bed confession of the countess of Nottingham gave a rude shock to the fast-ebbing sands of the sorrow-stricken queen. Her distress on that occasion, though the circumstances which caused it were not generally known, till more than a century afterwards, is mentioned by De Beaumont, the French ambassador, in a letter to Monsieur de Villeroy, in which he informs him, "that, having received the letter from the king his master, he requested an audience of the queen in order to present it, but she desired to be excused on account of the death of the countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shewn an uncommon concern."

It is almost a fearful task to trace the passage of the mighty Elizabeth through the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Many have been dazzled with the splendour of

[1] Lady Elizabeth Spelman's Narrative in Life of Carey, earl of Monmouth. De Maurier's Memoirs of Holland.

her life, but few, even of her most ardent admirers, would wish their last end might be like hers.

Robert Carey, afterwards earl of Monmouth, was admitted to the chamber of his royal kinswoman during her last illness, and has left the following pathetic record of the state in which he found her:—

"When I came to court," says he, "I found the queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet, hearing of my arrival, she sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing-chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, *I am not well;*' and then discoursed to me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight, for in all my lifetime before, I never saw her fetch a sigh, but when the queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many sighs and tears, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that queen. I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming.

"After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms (of the chambers) came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, for she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy-chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard the service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse; she remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance, or to go to bed."[1]

Beaumont, the French ambassador, affords a yet more gloomy picture of the sufferings of mind and body, which

[1] Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth, edited by the earl of Cork.

rendered the progress of the "dreaded and dreadful Elizabeth" to the tomb, an awful lesson on the vanity of all earthly distinctions and glories in the closing stage of life, when nothing but the witness of a good conscience, and a holy reliance on the mercy of a Redeemer's love, can enable shrinking nature to contemplate, with hope and comfort, the dissolution of its earthly tabernacle.

On the 19th of March, De Beaumont informs the king, his master, "that queen Elizabeth had been very much indisposed for the last fourteen days, having scarcely slept at all during that period, and eaten much less than usual, being seized with such a restlessness, that, though she had no decided fever, she felt a great heat in her stomach, and a continual thirst, which obliged her every moment to take something to abate it, and to prevent the phlegm, with which she was sometimes oppressed, from choking her. Some ascribed her disorder to her uneasiness with regard to lady Arabella Stuart; others, to her having been obliged, by her council, to grant a pardon to her Irish rebel, Tyrone. Many were of opinion that her distress of mind was caused by the death of Essex; but all agreed, that, before her illness became serious, she discovered an unusual melancholy, both in her countenance and manner." "The queen," says another contemporary, "had fallen into a state of moping, sighing, and weeping melancholy; and being asked, by her attendants; 'Whether she had any secret cause of grief?' she replied, 'that she knew of nothing in this world worthy of troubling her.'" She was obstinate in refusing everything prescribed by her physicians.

Three days after, Beaumont wrote, "that the queen of England had been somewhat better the day before, but was that day worse, and so full of chagrin, and so weary of life, that, notwithstanding all the entreaties of her councillors and physicians for her to take the proper medicine and means necessary for her relief, she refused everything."

"The queen grew worse and worse," says her kinsman, sir Robert Carey,[1] "because she would be so—none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed." A general report of her death prevailed, not only in her own dominions, but on the Continent, as we find by the reports of De Beaumont, the French ambassador.

[1] Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth.

On Wednesday, the lord-admiral was sent for, as the person who possessed the most influence with the queen; he was one of her nearest surviving kinsmen, being the first-cousin of queen Anne Boleyn, whose mother, the lady Elizabeth Howard, was his father's sister. He had also married a Carey, the grand-daughter of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn. He was then in great affliction for the death of his lady, and had retired from the court, to indulge his grief in privacy, for the sight of *doole* (mourning) was as distasteful to queen Elizabeth as to her father. She was aware that those about her anticipated a fatal termination to her present malady, and felt in herself the unmistakeable symptoms of the slow, but sure approach of death, and though she had, with sighs and tears, acknowledged herself weary of life, there was a fearful shrinking manifested, when she found herself actually poised on the narrow threshold that divides time from eternity; and, as if she thought that her reluctance to cross that awful bound would alter the immutable decree, that had gone forth against her, she refused to admit her danger, or to do anything which bore the appearance of death-bed preparations.[1]

The archbishop of Canterbury and Cecil entreated her to receive medical aid, but she angrily told them, "that she knew her own constitution better than they did, and that she was not in so much danger as they imagined."[2] The admiral came, and knelt beside her, where she sat among her cushions, sullen and unresigned; he kissed her hands, and, with tears, implored her to take a little nourishment. After much ado, he prevailed so far, that she received a little broth, from his hands; he feeding her with a spoon. But when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused, and then, in wild and wandering words, hinted of phantasma, that had troubled her midnight couch. "If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed," she said, "as she did when in hers, he would not persuade her to go there." Secretary Cecil, overhearing this speech, asked, "If her majesty had seen any spirits?" A flash of Elizabeth's mighty mind, for an instant, triumphed over the wreck of her bodily and mental faculties; she knew the man, and was aware he had been truckling with her successor. He was not in her confidence, and she answered, majestically,

[1] Birch. [2] Ibid.

"she scorned to answer him *such* a question!" But Cecil's pertness was not subdued by the lion-like mien of dying majesty, and he told her, that "to content the people, she *must* go to bed." At which she smiled, wonderfully contemning him, observing, "the word *must* was not to be used to princes," adding, "Little man, little man, if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much, but ye know I must die, and that makes ye so presumptuous." She then commanded him and the rest to depart out of her chamber, all but lord-admiral Howard, to whom, as her near relation and fast friend through life, she was confidential to the last, even regarding those unreal phantasms, which, when her great mind awoke for a moment, it is plain she referred to their proper causes. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the queen, shaking her head piteously, said to her brave kinsman, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck."

The lord-admiral reminded her of her wonted courage, but she replied, despondingly, "I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." The queen understood that secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that she was mad, therefore, in her sickness, she did many times say to him, "Cecil, I know I am not mad; you must not think to make queen Jane of me." She evidently alluded to the unfortunate queen-regnant of Castille, the mad Joanna, mother of Charles V., whose sad life, as a regal maniac, was fresh in the memory of her dying contemporary.

Her ladies, however, bear firm witness of her sanity, "for," says lady Southwell, "though many reports, by Cecil's means, were spread of her distraction, neither myself, nor any other lady about her could ever perceive that her speeches, ever well applied, proceeded from a distracted mind." Partly by the admiral's persuasions, and partly by force, she was at length carried to bed, but there she lay not long, for again the French ambassador informs the king, his master, "that the queen continued to grow worse, and appeared in a manner insensible, not speaking above once in two or three hours, and at last remained silent for four-and-twenty, holding her finger almost continually in her mouth, with her rayless eyes open, and fixed on the ground, where she sat on cushions, without rising or resting herself, and was greatly emaciated by her long watching and fasting."

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit, that had come over the queen, by the power of melody, at this dread crisis; for Beaumont says, "This morning, the queen's music has gone to her." He sarcastically adds, "I believe she means to die as gaily as she has lived." In his next report, he says, "The queen hastens to her end, and is given up by all her physicians. They have put her to bed, almost by force, after she had sat upon cushions for ten days,[1] and has rested barely an hour each day in her clothes." After she was undressed, and placed more at her ease, in a recumbent posture, she revived, and called for broth, and seemed so much better, that hopes were entertained of her, but soon after she became speechless. When she found herself failing, she desired some meditations to be read to her, and named those of Du Plessis de Mornaye. Yet more, alas! of superstition than devotion appears to have attended the last days of this mighty victress—mighty queen; and gloomy indeed were the clouds in which she, who had been proudly styled "the western luminary," set at last. If we may credit the details of lady Southwell, who has recorded every circumstance of her royal mistress's last illness, with graphic minuteness, some singular traits of weakness were exhibited by Elizabeth, and before the testimony of this daily witness of the occurrences of that epoch be rejected, the reader must bear in mind Elizabeth's well-authenticated practices with the astrologer, Dee.

Lady Southwell affirms, "that the two ladies in waiting discovered the queen of hearts, with a nail of iron knocked through the forehead, and thus fastened to the bottom of her majesty's chair, they durst not pull it out, remembering that the like thing was used to the old countess of Sussex, and afterwards proved a witchcraft, for which certain persons were hanged, as instruments of the same." It was perfectly inconsequential whether the queen of hearts or any other bit of card, was nailed at the bottom of the queen's chair; but the fantastical idea of putting it there, and the terror of the poor ladies who would, but durst not, remove it, because of the horrid sacrifice of human life that attended all suspicion of witchcraft, are lively illustrations of the

[1] This must be a great exaggeration, since Carey and lady Southwell only say four.

characteristics of that era. As the mortal illness of the queen drew towards its close, the superstitious fears of her simple ladies were excited almost to mania, even to conjuring up a spectral apparition of the queen while she was yet alive. Lady Guildford, then in waiting on the queen, and leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy-chamber,[1] went out to take a little air, and met her majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off. Alarmed at the thoughts of being discovered in the act of leaving the royal patient alone, she hurried forward, in some trepidation, in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. Lady Guildford returned, terrified, to the chamber, but there laid queen Elizabeth still in the same lethargic, motionless slumber, in which she had left her.

On the 24th of March, Beaumont, the French ambassador, made the following report of the state of the departing monarch:—"The queen was given up three days ago; she had lain long in a cold sweat, and had not spoken. A short time previously she said, 'I wish not to live any longer, but desire to die.' Yesterday and the day before, she begun to rest, and found herself better after, having been greatly relieved by the bursting of a small swelling in the throat. She takes no medicine whatever, and has only kept her bed two days; before this she would on no account suffer it, for fear (as some suppose) of a prophecy that she should die in her bed. She is, moreover, said to be no longer in her right senses; this, however, is a mistake; she has only had some slight wanderings at intervals."

Carey reports the last change for the worse to have taken place on Wednesday, the previous day:—"That afternoon," says he, "she made signs for her council to be called, and, by putting her hand to her head, when the king of Scotland was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her." By what logic the council were able to interpret this motion of the dying queen, into an indication that such was her pleasure, they best could explain. Lady Southwell's account of this memorable scene is more circumstantial and minute. She says of the queen:—

"Being given over by all and at the last gasp, keeping still her sense in everything, and giving apt answers,

[1] Lady Southwell's MS.

though she spake but seldom, having then a sore throat, the council required admittance, and she wished to wash (gargle) her throat, that she might answer freely to what they demanded, which was to know whom she would have for king?" A servile and unconstitutional question, which it is well no sovereign is expected to answer in these better days. "Her throat troubling her much, they desired her to hold up her finger when they named who she liked; whereupon they named the king of France, (this was to try her intellect,) she never stirred; the king of Scotland—she made no sign; then they named lord Beauchamp—this was the heir of Seymour, whose rights were derived from his mother, lady Katharine Gray, one of the most unfortunate of Elizabeth's victims: anger awakened the failing mind of the expiring queen, she roused herself at the name of the injured person, whom she could not forgive, and said, fiercely, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a king." How sad is the scene—what a dismal view of regality the various versions of this death-bed present! where the interested courtiers sat watching the twitchings of the hands, and the tossing of the arms of the dying Elizabeth, interpreting them into signs of royalty for the expectant heir. In her last struggles, the clasping of her convulsed hands over her brow, is seriously set forth as her symbolical intimation that her successor was to be a crowned king!

"The queen kept her bed fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "besides the three days she sat upon a stool; and, one day, when, being pulled up by force, she obstinately stood on her feet for fifteen hours. When she was near her end, the council sent to her the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, at the sight of whom she was much offended, cholericly rating them, "bidding them be packing," saying, "she was no atheist, but she knew full well they were but hedge-priests." That Elizabeth, in the aberration of delirium or the petulance of sickness, might have used such a speech is possible; but her reluctance to receive spiritual assistance from the hierarchy of her own church is not mentioned by the French ambassador; and Carey assures us, "that, about six at night, she made signs for the archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplains to come to her. At which time," says he, "I went in with them,

and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight.' Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to, and, though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the great King of kings." The following striking anecdote is related by the learned author of "*L'Art de Verifier les Dates*," in connexion with this memorable scene; but it is scarcely in accordance with Carey's record of the archbishop's apostolical address to the queen, and still less with the fact that she was speechless. The incident must, however, be related, because it is deeply interesting, if true:—

"The archbishop of Canterbury," says our authority, "who assisted her last moments with his consolations, said to her, 'Madam, you ought to hope much in the mercy of God. Your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you.' 'My lord,' replied the queen, 'the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death.'"

"After this," continues Carey, "he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary: he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop, the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after, and then thought to leave her." Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted, in that dark hour, of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated—the weakness of the dissolving tabernacle of feeble clay was forgotten. She made, a second time, a sign to have the archbishop continue in prayer.[1]

[1] Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her."

"This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady." As those of a trusted and beloved kinsman of Elizabeth, the statements of sir Robert Carey are doubtless of great importance. Few, indeed, of those, who are admitted to visit the death-beds of sovereigns have left such graphic records of their last hours. It is melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe, that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey and his sister, lady Scrope, were intently watching the ebbing-tide of life for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient king of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly, that the vigilance of the self-interested spies, by whom she was surrounded, was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke; and, about three in the morning, it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe. Lady Scrope gave the first intelligence of this fact, by silently dropping a sapphire ring to her brother, who was lurking beneath the windows of the chamber of death at Richmond Palace. This ring, long after known in court tradition as the "blue ring," had been confided to lady Scrope by James, as a certain signal which was to announce the decease of the queen. Sir Robert Carey caught the token, fraught with the destiny of the island empire, and departed, at fiery speed, to announce the tidings in Scotland.[1] His adventures belong to another portion of this work.

Carey gives us a very different account of his pro-

[1] Brydges' Peers of king James, p. 413.

ceedings, in his autobiography. He affirms that, after he had assisted at the last prayers for his dying mistress, he returned to his lodging, leaving word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call him[1] if it was thought the queen would die, and that he gave the porter an angel to let him in at any time when he called. Early on the Thursday morning, the sentinel he had left in the cofferer's chamber brought him word that the queen was dead. "I rose," says he, "and made all the haste to the gate to get in. I was answered, I could not enter—all the lords of the council having been there, and commanded that none should go in or out, but by warrant from them. At the very instant one of the council, the comptroller, asked if I were at the gate. I answered, 'Yes,' and desired to know how the queen did; he answered, 'Pretty well.'" When Carey was admitted, he found all the ladies in the cofferer's chamber weeping bitterly—a more touching tribute, perhaps, to the memory of their royal mistress, than all the pompous and elaborate lamentations that the poets and poetasters of the age laboured to bestow on her, in illustration of the grief which was supposed to pervade all hearts throughout the realm at her decease.

This great female sovereign died in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fourth of her reign. She was born on the day celebrated as the nativity of the Virgin Mary, and she died, March 24th, on the eve of the festival of the annunciation, called Lady-day. Among the complimentary epitaphs which where composed for her, and hung up in many churches, was one ending with the following couplet:—

> "She is, she was—what can there more be said?
> On earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

It is stated by lady Southwell, that directions were left by Elizabeth that she should not be embalmed; but Cecil gave orders to her surgeon to open her.

"Now, the queen's body being cered up," continues lady Southwell, "was brought by water to Whitehall, where, being watched every night by six several ladies, myself that night watching as one of them, and being all in our places about the corpse, which was fast nailed up in a board coffin, with leaves of lead covered with velvet, her body burst with such a crack that it splitted the wood, lead,

[1] Memoirs of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth, p. 182.

and cere-cloth, whereupon, the next day, she was fain to be new trimmed up." The council were displeased that their orders, in coincidence with the dying request of their royal mistress, should be disobeyed by the malapert contradiction of Cecil regarding the last duties to her corpse;[1] but no one dared to rebuke him publicly or officially.

Queen Elizabeth was most royally interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of April, 1603; "at which time," says old Stowe, "the city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy; and when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man, neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."[2]

The funereal statue, which, by its close resemblance to their deceased sovereign, moved the sensibility of the loyal and excitable portion of the spectators at her obsequies, in this powerful manner, was no other, gentle reader, than the faded wax-work effigy of that queen, preserved in that little mysterious cell of Westminster Abbey, called the waxwork chamber, for the sight of which an additional sixpence was formerly extorted from the visitors to that venerable fane. As the waxwork chamber is now closed to the public for ever, and these quaint memorials of the royal and illustrious dead are never more to excite the mirth, the wonder, or terror, of the unsophisticated sight-seers of London again, a description of the posthumous figure of Elizabeth, which, tradition affirms, was modelled from her person, after death, and is clad in garments from her royal wardrobe,

[1] She seems to have been embalmed, by the mention of cering and cere-cloth, probably as it was against her wish, hurriedly and ineffectually, which occasioned the natural explosion of gas, that scared lady Southwell into a supernatural terror.

[2] The waxen effigies of the great, that were carried on their coffins, were meant to represent the persons themselves. It was the fashion, in the olden time, to deck the corpse in gala array, and carry it to the church uncovered, as we may see even by Shakespeare's allusions, "They bore him bare-faced on the bier."

of the precise fashion she wore in life, may prove an acceptable addition to her personal biography.

There can be little doubt that such as the maiden monarch appeared in the last year of her life and reign, we behold a striking fac-simile in this curious work of art.

It is well known that Elizabeth caused the die of the last gold coin, that was struck with the likeness of her time-broken profile, to be destroyed, in her indignation at its ugliness, and could she have seen the grim posthumous representation of her faded glories, that was borne upon her bier, it is probable that she would have struggled to burst her cere-cloths and her leaden coffin to demolish it. Yet there are the remains of considerable beauty and much majesty to be traced in this very statue. It has the high aristocratic, yet delicately modelled features, with which we are familiar, in the coins and pictures of the last of the Tudors. There is even a likeness of Anne Boleyn, discernible in the contour of the face, especially in the broad, powerful forehead and high cheek-bones. The backward carriage of the head is peculiarly indicative of Elizabeth, in all her latter portraits, and she holds the sceptre and the ball, with the characteristic haughtiness of one fully aware of the full importance of those emblems of regality. Her height is commanding, and her figure stately and symmetrical. She is attired in her royal robes—a kirtle and boddice of very rich crimson satin, embroidered all over with silver; the front of the skirt is wrought in a bold coral pattern, and fringed with tufted and spangled silver fringe; the boddice is very long and slightly rounded at the point; the stomacher, embroidered in *quatre-feuilles* of silver bullion, interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large round Roman pearls, and medallions of coloured glass, to imitate rubies, sapphires and diamonds; it is also edged with silver lace and ermine. The boddice is cut low in front, so as to display the bosom, without any tucker or kerchief, but with a high ruff of guipure, which is now embrowned with the dust of centuries. The ruff is of the Spanish fashion, high behind, and sloping towards the bust. The sleeves are turned over at the wrists, with cuffs and reversed ruffles of the same curious texture as the ruff. About her throat is a carcanet of large round pearls, and rubies, and emeralds; besides this ornament, her neck is decorated with long strings of pearls,

festooned over the bosom, and descending, on either side, below the elbows, in tassels.

Her regal mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, is attached to the shoulders with gold cordons and tassels, and falls behind, in a long train. The skirt of her under-dress, or kirtle, is cut short, to display the small feet and well-turned ancles, of which she was so proud. She wears high-heeled shoes of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous white ribbon bows, composed of six loops, edged with silver gimp, and in the centre a large pearl medallion. Her ear-rings are circular pearl and ruby medallions, with large pear-shaped pearl pendants. Her light-red wig is frizzled very short above the ears, but descends behind in stiff cannon curls, and is altogether thickly beset with pearls. Her royal crown is affloriated, small, high, and placed very far back on her head, leaving her high and broad retreating forehead, and part of her head, bare and bald.

She has a gold cordon, with large tufted and spangled gold tassels descending nearly to her feet. It is surprising how well the bullion with which her dress is decorated has stood the test of time, for its discoloration proceeds rather from an accumulation of dust than tarnish. As an undoubted specimen of the costume worn by Elizabeth in the last year of her reign, this figure is very valuable.

Elizabeth was interred in the same grave with her sister and predecessor in the regal office, Mary Tudor. Her successor, king James I., has left a lasting evidence of his good taste, and good feeling, in the noble monument he erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey. Her recumbent effigies repose beneath a stately canopy, on a slab of pure white marble, which is supported by four lions. Her head rests on tasselled and embroidered cushions, her feet on a couchant lion. She is mantled in her royal robes, lined with ermine, and attired in fardingale and ruff, but there is almost a classical absence of ornament in her dress. Her closely curled hair, is covered with a very simple cap, though of the regal form, but she has no crown, and the sceptre has been broken from her hand, so has the cross from the imperial orb, which she holds in the other. She was the last sovereign of this country to whom a monument has been given, but one of the few whose glory required it not.

The frontispiece of this volume, is from a curious original painting of queen Elizabeth, at Henham Hall, in Suffolk, in the possession of the earl of Stradbroke, by whose courteous permission it is engraved for this work, from an accurate reduced copy, executed by his accomplished niece, Miss De Horsey.

The name of the artist is unknown; but it is evidently the work of the court painter, and one of those portraits for which Elizabeth condescended to sit in person, for the face is executed in strict accordance with the royal contempt for the rules of art; and though the features are elegantly delineated with regard to outline, the total absence of shade spoils the effect; but Elizabeth forbade the use of these darkening tints, as injurious to the lustre of her complexion. The portrait is a three-quarter length, and represents the queen, somewhere about the thirtieth year of her age, when the iron signet of care began to reveal its impress on her ample brow, the elongated visage, and the thin and sternly compressed lips. The eyes are dark and penetrating, the complexion fair and faded, the hair of the indeterminate shade, which foes call red and panegyrists auburn; it is curled, or rather frizzled, in a regular circle round the brow, and very short at the ears. The costume fixes the date of the picture between the years 1565 and 1570, before Elizabeth had launched into the exuberance of dress and ornament, which rendered her portraits so barbaric in their general effect, as she advanced into the vale of years, and every year increased the height and amplitude of her radiated ruff, till it rose like a winged back-ground, behind the lofty fabric of jewels she wore on her head, and at last, overtopped the cross of her regal diadem.

In the Henham portrait, her ruff is of a less aspiring fashion, and resembles those worn by her beautiful rival, Mary Stuart, when queen of France; it is formed of small circular quillings, of silver guipure, closely set round the throat, and confined by a rich carcanet or collar of rubies, amethysts, and pearls, set in a beautiful gold filagree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. The boddice of the dress, which is of rich white brocade, embroidered in diagonal stripes, with bullion, in a running pattern of hops and hop-leaves, fastens down the front, and is made tight to the shape, and with a point, like

a dress of the present times. It is ornamented between the embroidery with gems set in gold filagree of the same pattern as the carcanet. The boddice is also slashed with purple velvet, edged with bullion. The sleeves are of the form which, in the modern nomenclature of costume, has been termed *gigot;* they are surmounted on the shoulder with puffs of gold gauze, separated with rubies and amethysts, and two small rouleaus, wreathed with pearls and bullion. The sleeves are slashed with velvet, embroidered with bullion, and decorated with gems to match the boddice, and finished at the wrists with quilled ruffles of the same pattern as her ruff. She wears the jewel and ribbon of the garter about her neck. The George is a large oval medallion, pendent from a pale blue ribbon, and decorated with rubies and amethysts of the same lozenge form and setting, as those in her carcanet. Her waist is encircled with a jewelled girdle to correspond. The skirt of her dress is very full, and faced with three stripes of miniver, in the robing form. Her head-dress is very elegant, consisting of a coronal of gems and goldsmith's work, placed on crimson velvet, somewhat resembling the front of the pretty hood of queen Katharine Parr, in the Strawberry-hill miniature, but surmounted with a transparent wreath of laurel leaves made of gold gauze, and stiffened with gold wire; very beautiful lappets descend from this wreath, formed of pipes of gold gauze, arranged in latticed puffs, edged with vandyked guipure of bullion, and fastened at every crossing with a large round pearl. A white rose confines one of the lappets on the right temple. The effect of these lappets is very striking, and the dress, as a whole, is in excellent taste, yet very different from that in any other of the numerous portraits of Elizabeth, I have seen.

In one hand she holds a white rose carelessly. Her hands are ungloved and very delicate in contour, the fingers long and taper, with nails of the almond shape, which has been said to be one of the tokens of aristocratic lineage. Elizabeth was always excessively vain of the beauty of her hands. De Maurier, in his Memoirs of Holland, says, "I heard from my father, who had been sent to her court, that at every audience he had with her, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to display her hands, which

were indeed very white and beautiful." Her gloves were always of thick white kid, very richly embroidered with bullion, pearls, and coloured silks on the back of the hands, fringed with gold, and slashed with coloured satin at the elbows, stiffened with bullion gimp. In the palm, five air-holes, rather larger than melon-seeds, were stamped, to prevent any ill effects from confined perspiration.

The costume of the celebrated portrait of Elizabeth, in the Cecil collection, presented by her to Burleigh, is much more elaborately decorated than the Henham picture. She wears a lofty head-dress, with a heron-plume, and two ruffs, one, the small close-quilled ruff just described, round the throat, and a high, radiated ruff, somewhat in the Spanish style, attached to her regal mantle, which is thrown a little back on the shoulders, and becomes gradually narrower as it approaches the bust; behind this, rises a pair of wings, like a third ruff. Her robe, in this celebrated picture, is covered with eyes and ears, to signify her omniscient qualities, and her power of acquiring intelligence, and, to complete the whole, a serpent, indicative of her wisdom, is coiled up on her sleeve.

As a direct and amusing contrast to this allegorical representation of the maiden monarch in her sagacity, may be named a quaint portrait in the Hampton Court collection, by Zuchero, where she is attired in a loose robe, formed of the eyes of peacock's feathers, with a high-crowned cap, such as limners have, in all ages, consecrated to Folly's especial use, with a mask in her hand, and a wanton smile upon her face. Only it was the right royal pleasure of the mighty Elizabeth, to be thus delineated in her sportive vein, we might be apt to fancy, that she had been profanely caricatured in this undignified costume.

The miniatures of Elizabeth are rare, and in better taste than her portraits in oil. There is one in the Tollemache collection, at Ham House, highly worthy of attention. From the softness of the features, the youthful appearance, and the utter absence of regal attributes, it must have been painted when she was only the lady Elizabeth, and would be the more valuable on that account, independently of the fact that she is represented as prettier, more feminine, and above all, more unaffected than in her maturer portraits. Her age is apparently about twenty. She wears

a black dress, trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bows of rose-coloured ribbon. Her elaborate point lace ruffles are looped with pearls and rose-coloured ribbons. Her hair, which is of a light auburn colour, approaching to red, is rolled back from the forehead, and surmounted with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel, set with pearls, and from which three pear-shaped pearls depend. She has large pearl tassel ear-rings. This miniature is a very small oval, with a deep blue back-ground.[1]

A greater mass of bad poetry was produced on the death of queen Elizabeth, (and the assertion is a bold one,) than ever was perpetrated on any public occasion. Lamer and tamer lines may have appeared at later eras, but for original and genuine absurdity, the Elizabethan elegies challenge the poetic world to find their equals. The following lines were greatly admired, and were preserved in more than one chronicle. They were written on the water procession, when her corpse was rowed down the Thames from Richmond, to lie in state at Whitehall: four lines will prove a sufficient specimen:

> "The queen did come by water to Whitehall;
> The oars at every stroke did tears let fall.
> Fish wept their eyes of pearl quite out,
> And swam blind after ——."

Scarcely less absurd is the following sycophantic effusion, written by one of the sons of lord Burleigh; but, whether Robert Cecil, afterwards earl of Salisbury, or his elder brother, Thomas, afterwards created earl of Exeter, it is not easy to decide, as both have obtained the credit of them:

> Now is my muse clad like a parasite
> In party colour'd robes of black and white,
> Grieving and joying too, both these together,
> But grieves or joys she most I wot not whether.
> Eliza's dead—that splits my heart in twain,
> And James proclaim'd—that makes me well again.

[1] The portrait at Hampton Court, said to be Elizabeth at sixteen, is, certainly, her sister Mary, as the features denote; but the similarity of the costume worn by the two princesses has occasioned this very general mistake. An example of this graceful style of dress may be seen in a recent pictorial publication of great interest to fair students—"The Costumes of British Ladies," by Mrs. Dupuy; No. 3—a work that contains very beautifully coloured specimens of the varying fashions adopted by the ladies of England, from the Norman conquest to the present times, and will, when completed, form an attractive volume for the boudoir.

After these specimens of folly and pretence, the elegant melody of these verses by George Fletcher, appears to great advantage; and here follow three stanzas, selected from a monody on queen Elizabeth, by that great poet, when a youthful student:

"Tell me ye velvet-headed violets
That fringe the fountain's side with purest blue—
So let with comely grace your pretty frets[1]
Be spread—so let a thousand playful zephyrs sue
To kiss your willing heads, that seem to eschew
Their wanton touch, with maiden modesty—
So let the silver dew but lightly lie,
Like little watery worlds within an azure sky.

"Lo! when your verdant leaves are broadly spread,
Let weeping virgins gather you in their laps,
And send you where Eliza lieth dead,[2]
To strew the sheet which her pale body wraps.
Ay me! in this I envy your good haps—
Who would not die there to be buried?
Say, if the sun deny his beams to shed
Upon your living stalks, grow you not withered?

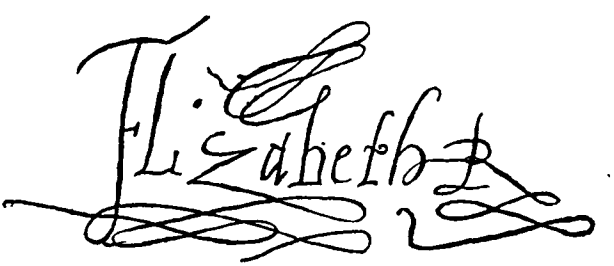
"That sun, in morning clouds enveloped,
Flew fast into the western world to tell
News of her death: Heaven itself sorrowed
With tears that fast on earth's dank bosom fell;
But when the next Aurora 'gan to deal
Handfuls of roses 'fore the team of day,
A shepherd drove his flock by chance that way,
And made the nymphs to dance[2] who mourned but yesterday."

The following record was borne of queen Elizabeth, by her godson, Harrington, several years after the hand that wielded the sceptre and the sword of empire, were in the dust, and the tide of court favour and preferment were flowing liberally to him from her successor:—"Her mind was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the westerly point in a summer's morn, 'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections, and her subjects did try to shew all love to her commands, for she would say, 'her state did require her to command what she knew her people would willingly do, from their own love to her.' Surely, she did play her tables well, to gain obedience thus, without constraint; but then she could put forth such alterations in her fashion, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubtings whose daughter she was."

[1] *Fret* is a chased or embroidered edge or border.

[2] This allusion is to the rejoicings on the proclamation of king James.

Again, he says, in a familiar letter to his brother-in-law, Markham, and surely, the memoir of this great sovereign and most extraordinary woman, can scarcely close in a more appropriate manner than with this noble tribute to her memory:—"Even her errors did seem marks of surprising endowments; when she smiled it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in wondrous manner, on all alike. I never did find greater show of understanding than she was blest with, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look back and become *laudater temporis acti.*"



ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Anne, or Anna, of Denmark, first queen-consort of Great Britain, &c.—Her parentage and protestant education—Disputes between Scotland and Denmark relative to the Orkneys—Youth of James VI. of Scotland—Negotiations for marriage between James VI. and Anna's sister—Broken by queen Elizabeth—Anna's hand demanded by James VI.—Marriage traversed by queen Elizabeth—Obligations of Mary, queen of Scots, to Anna's father, Frederic II., king of Denmark—His death—King James's efforts for the marriage—Sends proxies to Denmark—King James and princess Anna married by proxy at Cronenburg—Anna sails for Scotland with a Danish fleet—Twice driven by storms from the Scottish coast—Suspicion of witchcraft—Quarrel of the Danish admiral with a witch—Disasters of the queen's ship—She takes refuge on the coast of Norway—Queen's miserable state—She writes to king James by Steven Beale—King James sails to Norway—Meets her—Their marriage on the Norway coast—King James's Morrowing gift—Dangerous journey over the Norway mountains—Joyous arrival in Denmark—Re-union with Danish royal family—Re-marriage of James and Anna by Lutheran rites—Their voyage to Scotland—Landing and sojourn at Leith—Scotch presbytery dislike the queen's unction—Her entry into Edinburgh—Robes—Crowned queen of Scotland at Holyrood—Queen's palace—Settlement of household—Queen's dialogue with sir J. Melville—Witch Simpson confesses a conspiracy against the queen—Accuses lord Bothwell as instigator—Bothwell troubles the queen—King's jealousy of the earl of Murray—Ballads of him and the queen—Her palace attacked by Bothwell—Queen's kindness to her Danish maid and Wemys of Logie—Bothwell invades Holyrood—Danish ambassadors alarmed for the queen—Value of the Danish alliance to James VI.

ANNE OF DENMARK was undeniably inferior, both in education and intellect, to most of the royal ladies whose biographies have occupied our preceding volumes. Her political position was, nevertheless, more important than any queen-consort of England, since she was the wife of the

first monarch whose sovereignty extended over the whole of the British islands. Her dower, moreover, completed the geographical wholeness of her husband's fortunate inheritance; for the Orkney and Shetland islands, which had, in the preceding century, been pawned by Denmark to Scotland, were yielded ultimately to the Scottish king, on condition of his marrying this princess. The sovereignty of these barren islands may appear, at the present day, a trifling addition to the majesty of the British crown, yet they are links of the great insular empire of the sea; and their retention by any rival maritime power must have caused, at some time or other, a considerable waste of blood and treasure.

Anne of Denmark was the first queen of Great Britain;[1] a title which has been borne by the wives of our sovereigns from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the present era. Before, however, she attained this dignity, she had presided fourteen years over the court of Scotland, as consort of James VI.

The line of sovereigns from whom Anne of Denmark descended had been elected to the Danish throne on the deposition of Christiern II., so notorious for his cruelties in Sweden. Perhaps the outrages this tyrant perpetrated against humanity were less offensive to his countrymen than the accident of his family consisting of two daughters; for, by the ancient custom of Denmark, continued to this hour, the crown could only be inherited by male heirs. The crowns of Denmark and Norway[2] were, by the people, dur-

[1] Queen Elizabeth first used the name Great Britain as a collective appellation for the kingdoms in this island, as we have shewn in her biography. James I. had sufficient wisdom to adopt it. He took an important step towards the union of the whole island (afterwards perfected by his great grand-daughter, queen Anne), when he called himself king of Great Britain. Previously, his titles of king of England and Scotland had set his fierce subjects of the south and north quarrelling with each other for precedence. As early in his English reign as October 23, 1604, Lord Cranbourne wrote thus to Mr. Winwood, from the court at Whitehall: "I do send you here a proclamation, published this day, of his majesty changing his title, and taking upon him the name and style of king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, by which he henceforth desires to be acknowledged, both at home and abroad, and that his former titles shall be extinct." The proclamation was at Cheapside with the lord mayor and heralds. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., and Winwood's Mem.

[2] The crown of Norway, which came to Denmark by a female, and, of course was expected to descend in the female line, was in vain claimed by the celebrated Christina of Lorraine, who was daughter to the deposed Christiern II. and Isabella of Austria, sister to the emperor Charles V. Her character has been drawn in the life of queen Mary I., vol. v. chap. 6.

ing the life-time of Christiern II., bestowed on his uncle Frederic I., whose reign, and the change of religion from the catholic to the Lutheran creed, commenced simultaneously in 1524. The son of this elected king was Christiern III., who completed the establishment of the protestant religion in Denmark. His eldest son, Frederic II., succeeded him; he married Sophia, the daughter of his neighbour, the duke of Mecklenburg, and had, by her, six children, born in the following order: Elizabeth, the eldest, born at Coldinga, August 25, 1573; Anna, or Anne, the second child and subject of this biography, was born at Scanderburg,[1] December 12, 1575; Christiern, the crown-prince, afterwards Christiern IV., who more than once visited the English court, was born at Fredericsburg, April 12, 1577; Ulric, duke of Holstein, and bishop of Sleswig, was born at Coldinga, in 1578; and two other daughters.

It was the opinion of the French ambassador, that Frederic II. was one of the richest princes in Europe, for he possessed the endowments of seven bishoprics in Denmark and Norway, which his father Christiern III. had appropriated to his own use. It is well known that king Christiern, having possessed himself of the whole wealth of the church at the Danish reformation, sent a very gracious message to Luther, expecting to receive great praise for the exploit; but the reformer almost execrated him for his selfishness, and considered him an utter disgrace to his creed. This wealth, however, gave an increase of power to the royal family of Denmark. Frederic II. drew, moreover, a great income from the tolls of Elsineur, besides a revenue of 200,000 dollars, arising from the duties on Hamburgh and Rostock beer, which supplied the potations of the north of Europe. As Frederic was a prudent prince, and laid up large dowries for his daughters, their hands were sought by many of the northern princes. They were all educated as zealous protestants of the lutheran creed.

Sophia of Mecklenburg, queen of Denmark, bore a high character among the protestants for her many domestic virtues. "She is," (wrote a spy, whom Burleigh had employed to report the characters of the Danish royal family)' "a right virtuous and godly princess, who, with a

[1] Milles' Catalogue of Honour.

motherly care and great wisdom, ruleth her children."[1] Whatever were the moral excellences of queen Sophia, her judgment, in rearing children, must have been somewhat deficient, since the princess Anna could not walk alone till after she was nine years old, being carried about in the arms of her attendants. This might have been a piece of semi-barbarian magnificence, for the princess was extremely well made, and was afterwards very famous for her agile dancing.

In the preceding century, when James III., of Scotland, married a princess of Denmark, whose brother, Christiern I., had, on some internal commotion in his dominions, pawned to him the Orkney and Shetland isles, they had proved a wonderful advantage to the commerce of the country, for these islands had been terrible thorns in the side of Scotland, and even of England, in former times, when they were the rendezvous of the Norwegian sea kings, who made such frequent piratical descents on the British coasts. The Orkneys had for a century quietly pertained to the Scottish crown, having, as sir James Melville declared, "laid in wadset, or unredeemed mortgage." But, the reigning king of Denmark, Frederic II., finding himself rich and prosperous, thought proper, in the year 1385, to offer repayment of the mortgage and arrears, and to reclaim this appanage of the Danish crown. A war with Denmark, which possessed an overpowering navy, was a dismal prospect for Scotland, just breathing from all the miseries with which the power or policy of England had oppressed her; on the other hand, the restoration of the Orkneys was an intolerable measure, as a formidable naval power would be immediately re-established within sight of the Scottish coast. This question was earnestly debated for two or three years; at last, it appeared likely to be accommodated by a marriage between the young king of Scotland, James VI., and one of the daughters of the king of Denmark.[2]

The princess Anna, at the time the negotiation began for the restoration of the Orkney isles, had passed her tenth year, and, being considered too old to be carried in the arms of her nurses, had been just set on her feet. While she is taught to walk, to sew her sampler, to dance, and

[1] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh. Ellis, second series, vol. iii. p. 143.
[2] Melville's Memoirs.

other accomplishments, we will take a glance at the history of the monarch destined to become her partner for life.

The calamities of the royal house of Stuart have been the theme of many a page. Hard have been their fates, and harder still it is, that the common sympathies of humanity have been denied to them, though the very nature of their misfortunes prove they were more sinned against than sinning. Such has been the venom infused on the page of history by national, polemic, and political prejudices, that no one has taken the trouble to compare line by line of their private lives, in order justly to decide whether this royal Stuart, who received a dagger in his bosom; that, who was shot in the back; or another, who was hoisted by the treacherous mine from his peaceful bed; or those who, "done to death by slanderous tongues," laid down their heads on the block as on a pillow of rest, were, in reality, as wicked as the agents who produced these results? Yet, if facts are sifted, and effects traced carefully back to their true causes, the mystery of an evil destiny which is so often laid to the charge, as if it were a personal crime attached to this line of hapless princes, will vanish before the broad light of truth.

Most of the calamities of the royal line of Scotland originated in the antagonism which, for long ages, was sustained between England and their country. Either by open violence or insidious intrigue, five Scottish monarchs had suffered long captivities in England;[1] and, owing to the wars with England, or the commotions nurtured in Scotland by the English, six long minorities[2] had successively taken place before James VI. was born. The regents who governed in the names of these minor sovereigns were placed or replaced by factions of the fierce nobility, who, at last, refused to submit to any control, either of king or law. In fact, the possessor of the Scottish crown was either destroyed or harassed to death as soon as an heir to the throne was born.

"Woe to the land that is governed by a child!" says the wise proverb. This was a woe that Scotland had hitherto known sufficiently; but it was possible for it to be aggravated, by the sceptre falling to a *female* minor, which it did

[1] David I., William the Lion, David II., James I., kings, and Mary queen of Scots.

[2] James I., James II., James III., James IV., James V., and Mary.

at the early death of James V., who left it to his daughter Mary, a babe just born.

This unfortunate queen assumed the reins of government, in Scotland, in the midst of a religious civil war. When she returned to Scotland she was the widow of Francis II., king of France; she married, in 1565, her cousin, Henry Stuart,[1] lord Darnley. Soon after the birth of an heir, her husband was murdered, and she was driven into captivity in England. A faction of the most turbulent of the Scottish nobility took possession of her infant, and proclaimed him king, when a long minority commenced, civil wars of factions struggling who should reign in the little child's name. Such had been the proceedings in Scotland, with some accidental variations, for six previous minorities, only the troubles and disasters of the minorities of queen Mary, and of her son James VI., were aggravated by the furious struggles of three religions, the catholics, the reformers, and the calvinists.

Edinburgh Castle was the birth-place of James VI. He was born June 19, 1566. During the short period in which his mother retained her regal authority after his birth, he was baptized, according to the catholic rites, in Stirling Cathedral, by the name of Charles James, December 17, 1566. His sponsors were Charles IX. of France, and queen Elizabeth of England; and the latter sent, as her gift to her godson, a golden font.

In order to defend the heir of Scotland from being taken possession of by a faction of the turbulent nobility, James III. had, in the preceding century, built and strongly fortified the beautiful castle of Stirling. In this castle queen Mary's infant was left, under the care of the earl of Marr, hereditary guardian of the heir of Scotland. His state-governess was Annabella, countess of Marr. His cradle and chair, of carved oak, are still in the possession of the Erskine family, and are in perfect preservation.

The infant, James VI., was but fourteen months old, when the revolution was completed which dethroned his mother. He was at Stirling Castle when it occurred, and his coronation was performed in Stirling Cathedral. His hereditary

[1] Eldest son to lady Margaret Douglas and Matthew Stuart, earl of Lenox. See the Life of Mary I., vol. v., where lord Darnley and his mother are mentioned.

guardian, the earl of Marr, took him in his arms from the nursery, carried him in the procession, and placed him on the throne. This earl then held the crown of Scotland over the head of the innocent creature, put the globe and sceptre in his baby grasp, and undertook, in his name, all the necessary oaths and obligations. After all was done, and the infant king was proclaimed as James VI., lord Marr took him down from the throne, and carried him back to his cradle. James Stuart, earl of Murray, eldest illegitimate son of the infant king's grandfather, James V., assumed the government, as regent for James VI.

The little king was so badly nursed, that he did not walk till he was five years old, but was carried about in the arms of his chamberlain. His nurse was a drunkard, and nourished him with vitiated milk. This circumstance, perhaps, gave him a predisposition to inebriety. The health of the royal infant was greatly injured before the vice of his nurse was discovered. James was, in after-life, weak on his feet; but it must be owned, that the manner of dressing infants, three centuries ago, was enough to cripple them, without any other malpractices in their nurseries. The unfortunate little creatures, as soon as they were born, were swathed, or swaddled, in a number of rollers, their arms were bound down to their sides, and their legs straight and close together, after the exact pattern of an Egyptian mummy. This operation was called swaddling, and, when completed, the miserable babe looked precisely like a chrysalis, with a little round face at the top, clad in a cap or hood, without a border. The ancient monastic carvings and illuminations, frequently represented the infant Saviour thus enveloped in the arms of the Virgin; indeed, the practice probably prevailed all over the world from the remotest antiquity.[1] Royal babes were more elaborately swaddled than their subjects; and when their poor little cramped limbs were released on being weaned, it was a marvel they ever gained the use of them.

[1] This frightful custom prevailed in England, at the beginning of the last century; it was continued among some hordes of gipsies within the memory of man. The writer's grandmother once saw a gipsy-child, thus swaddled, in the lanes near Hampton Court. The increase in population in latter years is partly owing to the cessation from this barbarous practice. In ancient genealogies, it may be observed, half the children born died in infancy.

Although the infant James VI. could not walk, he could talk fast enough, and very early displayed a prodigious memory, an insatiable curiosity, and a queer talent for observation, saying unaccountable things, and shewing a droll kind of wit as soon as he could speak. His conduct, at opening his parliament, in 1671, when he had arrived at the discreet age of four years, stamps him at once as a juvenile oddity.

In those days, good subjects were not contented without they identified the person of an infant king, by seeing him perform his regal duty of opening parliament. Accordingly, the lords and burgesses of Scotland convened at Stirling, in the great hall of the castle, which is still entire, a noble Gothic room, 120 feet in length. Thither the infant king was carried in the arms of his trusty guardian, the earl of Marr, and set on the throne, at the upper end, having been previously taught a short speech to repeat to his parliament. From the throne the little creature silently and curiously made his observations on the scene before him, and, among other things, espied a hole in the roof of the hall where a slate had slipped off, and admitted the light. Others say that the hole was in the canopy of the throne. However, when he was required to make his speech, he recited it with astonishing gravity and precision, but added to it, in the same tone, the result of his previous observation, in these words—"There is *ane* hole in this parliament."

Such an addition to a royal speech, from such an orator, would have caused great mirth in a happier age and country; but the distractions, the miseries, and the fanaticism with which Scotland was then convulsed, caused these words of the infant monarch to be heard with horror and consternation. The parliament deemed that a spirit of prophecy had descended on babes and sucklings, and that the little king foresaw some great chasm to be made by death in their number.[1]

The regent, Murray, had been recently assassinated, and the earl of Lenox, the father of lord Darnley, and grandfather to the royal child, had been elected regent in his place. The violent death of this unfortunate earl of Lenox,

[1] Lindsay. Likewise Archbishop Spottiswoode.

in the course of the same year, justified the omen in the eyes of the superstitious people.[1]

The earl of Marr, the young king's tutor and guardian, was elected to the dangerous post of regent of Scotland, which he filled but a few months. The perplexities of his new position certainly cut short his existence. Marr appears to have done all in his power, to establish the episcopal church of Scotland, which is, in some instances, much nearer the ancient faith than the church of England. Therefore, the prevailing tone of James's domestic education must have tended to a religion, which was considered as the reformed catholic church. Nevertheless, a professor of every one of the creeds, then contending for supremacy in Scotland, was to be found among the infant monarch's preceptors. George Buchanan, his principal pedagogue, being a calvinist; master Peter Young, his preceptor, was of the reformed episcopal church, while two deprived abbots balanced the scale in favour of the catholics.

"Now, the young king was brought up at Stirling Castle," says Melville,[2] "by Alexander Erskine, (his governor,) and my lady Marr, and had, for principal preceptors, master George Buchanan and master Peter Young, the abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, (branches of the house of Erskine,) and the laird of Dromwhassel, his majesty's master of the household." The description of these coadjutors, whose united labours formed the mind of the royal oddity, king James, are thus admirably sketched:—"Alexander Erskine was a nobleman of true gentle nature, well loved and liked by every man, for his good qualities and great discretion—in no-wise factious or envious, a friend of all honest men; he desired rather to have such as were of good conversation, to be about the young king than his own

[1] One day, when the regent, Lenox, was on his way to visit the infant king, he was beset by conspirators, and he received, not far from the town of Stirling, a mortal wound in the back, from one captain Calder. The brave earl of Marr roused the men of Stirling, they beat off the assassins, and carried the wounded regent to the castle, where his grandson king James, was. The first care of the dying man was to ask, "If the babe was safe?" and being told the attack had not reached the infant king, "Then," said the regent, "all is well!" He died that night, with apparent resignation and piety.

[2] Archbishop Spottiswoode's History of Reformation in Scotland, p. 257.

[3] Melville's Memoirs, p. 261-2.

nearer kin, if he thought them not so fit. The laird of Dromwhassel, on the contrary, was ambitious and greedy; his greatest care was to advance himself and his friends. The two abbots were wise and modest; my lady Marr was wise and sharp, and held the young king in great awe, and so did master George Buchanan. Master Peter Young was gentler, and seemed to conduct himself warily, as a man unwilling to lose the sovereign's favour."

But it was the celebrated George Buchanan who took the practical part of the king's education, and is said to have treated him with great severity, and to have defied lady Marr, when she wept at the stripes the school-master deemed it his duty to inflict. Yet we find that Melville considered lady Marr as a sharp governess herself, more likely to recommend a larger portion of castigation than to mourn over the share administered by the pedagogue. Melville gives a sarcastic sketch of Buchanan, hit off with the bold pencil of one who draws from the life. "Master George was a stoic philosopher, but looked not far before him; a man of notable qualities for his learning, pleasant in company, rehearsing at all times moralities short and *feckful*. He was of guid religion,—for a poet, but he was easily abused and so facile that he was led by any company that he haunted; he was revengeful and variable, changing his opinions with every private affront." It was a most repulsive circumstance that the infant James should have been educated by his mother's most bitter maligner.[1] Nor was this man fit to govern a young prince. Most of James's faults must have sprung from his tuition by a vain, violent, and capricious pedagogue. If he had not been domesticated with kinder-hearted persons, this prince must have proved a demon, instead of what he was—an odd-tempered, good-natured humorist.

The earl of Morton, of the house of Douglas, now obtained the regency; he was the great enemy of the young king's mother, and was afterwards convicted as one of the murderers of his father, lord Darnley.

[1] Buchanan had been professed as a friar, in France, where the story goes that Mary queen of Scots had, when queen-dauphiness, with earnest prayers and tears, saved him from being burnt for heresy; if this was the case, he made her an ill return. M. Le Pesant: Life of Mary, 1646.

Meantime, the faithful Erskines kept sedulous guard on their young monarch, at Stirling Castle. War, religious and civil, was raging round this palace-fortress, but, owing to the providential law which consigned its hereditary government to the head of the family of Marr, together with the personal guardianship of any heir or minor king of Scotland, it remained safe, for several years, from the attacks of the numerous enemies to royalty.

The favourite companion of the young king was Thomas Erskine, who, born on the same day as himself, had shared his majesty's cradle and his sports, but not his pacific nature; for, in after-life, Thomas was the valiant captain of his guard, in very dangerous times. James loved, with an enduring attachment through life, every person with whom he was domesticated in Stirling Castle, excepting Buchanan.[1] The humorous oddities of the young king became more confirmed as his mind unfolded; he was fond of little animals, and very good-natured to his young companions, but had a nick-name for every one, and a pet name for all his intimates. One day, he was playing at quoits, with the young earl of Marr, who was but a few years older than himself, when he cried out, "Jonnie Marr has *slaited* me!" The word "slaiting," it seems, in the north, means taking a sharp advantage in games of the kind. From this incident the young king always called Marr "Jonnie Slaites." Many were the affectionate letters addressed, by the royal hand, to Marr, beginning with this nick-name.[2]

The royal child was not permitted long to be occupied exclusively with these healthful sports, or with the studies fitting for his age. Faction and civil war broke in upon such pursuits, no doubt, greatly to the injury of his character; and, in the year 1577, the guileful Morton, driven to desperation by the wrath of the oppressed people, affected to surrender his regency into the hands of the young monarch; hands only fit for the cricket-ball, the slate, or copy-book. Certainly there is a near analogy between semi-barbarians

[1] James mentions Buchanan's scandalous chronicle on his mother with detestation in his Basilicon. Works of king James, p. 167.

[2] Erskine MS. Memoirs, quoted in the Bannatyne Club publications. Marr was born in 1562. He survived his royal friend and ward just long enough to see the shadows of the approaching troubles of Charles I. He died, aged seventy-two, in 1634.

and children, which may prove an excuse for contemporary historians, who discuss with gravity the progress that Morton made in the favour of his majesty of eleven years! and very seriously vituperate the heinous tendency of James to favourites when he was at that sage age, and how, by this influence, Morton prevailed on the king to dissolve a council of regency of twelve nobles, and continue him in his office! Meantime, one of the princes of the blood-royal, Esmé Stuart, earl of Lenox, and lord d'Aubigny, came from France, and assumed authority about the young king's person. Morton was, soon after, convicted of Darnley's death, and of an intention of surrendering James into the hands of Elizabeth. He was beheaded, and acknowledged, at least, privacy in the conspiracy which destroyed Darnley. The government of the kingdom fell into the hands of the nearest relatives of the blood-royal, of whom, the earl of Lenox aforesaid was the principal person. Jealousies existed regarding the tendency of the latter to catholicism, and great anarchy prevailed. At last, in 1582, on the 13th of October, a general insurrection of the presbyterian party took place, and, in an expedition, called the Raid of Ruthven, led by the fanatic earl of Gowrie, they got possession of the king's person, who was forthwith consigned to a species of captivity, attended with personal violence and restraint. When James offered some resistance, Andrew Melville, a preacher, shook the youthful monarch by the arm, and called him "God's *seely* vassal," which, however, only meant to say, that he was God's *harmless* or *helpless* vassal, an epithet which the youth and powerless state of the young king rendered truly appropriate.

The fearful examples of the long series of crowned victims, his unhappy ancestors, who had preceded him on the throne of Scotland, not one of whom, had for centuries attained the age of forty, and the strange situation in which he was placed, planted dissimulation in the heart of the boy from mere self-defence. He pretended a certain degree of imbecility and fatuity—after the example of Brutus, at the court of the Tarquins—and affected great timidity, when his conduct, in many a fearful crisis it was his lot to encounter, proves that he possessed not only great sagacity, but no little courage. Those who persist in believing

James a fool and a coward, must find it difficult to account how he could have made the daring escapade, when he was but sixteen, from the restraint in which he was held by Gowrie and his colleagues, at a time when his mother, queen Mary, wrote in despair from her prison, "that her son was utterly lost and ruined, and that the regal dignity had passed utterly from her family." From an old inn, near St. Andrew's Castle, he escaped, by the assistance of his relative, the *crownel* or colonel Stuart, to the protection of his great uncle, the earl of March, who held garrison at that castle; and a revolution followed. The earl of Gowrie was, soon after, beheaded, and the harassed country enjoyed some breathing time, while the furious contentions of the two religious factions of episcopacy and presbytery, confined themselves merely to the warfare of the tongue, in which it must be owned they were truly indefatigable.

"Our king, this year, (1685,)" saith a queer old chronicle[1] of delectable quaintness, "was become a brave prince in bodie and stature, so weël exerciset in reading, that he could perfitlie record all things he had either heard or read. Therefore that noble king, Frederic II. of Denmark, who had then twa doghters, was willing (gif it suld please our king) either to give him the choice of thaim, or that he would accept the ane of thaim, as it suld please the father to bestow *quhilk* suld be the maist comely, and the best for his princelie contentment." King James received the Danish ambassadors, who brought this civil offer, at Dunfermline, but advised them instantly to depart for St. Andrew's, as the plague was raging in the palace; he said he would send his own horses to carry them thither. An unfortunate misunderstanding occurred, for the Danish ambassadors, having sent on their own horses and baggage, and finding the promised escort did not arrive, actually left Dunfermline on foot; and James was in consternation when he found the neglect that his perverse and disobedient people had put upon the envoys of his courteous ally. This was the more to be regretted, since king Frederic had ordered the Danish embassy, in case king James was not eager for the marriage, to demand restitution of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, which were the rightful property, not of

[1] Historie of King James the Sext.

Scotland, but of Denmark. James's marriage was, in fact, at this juncture, an object of interest and contention between his mother, the captive Mary queen of Scots, and his godmother, queen Elizabeth. The views of these queens were, of course, in direct contradiction to each other. Mary wished her son to offer his hand to one of the daughters of Philip II., king of Spain, and of her early friend, Elizabeth of France. The queen of England insisted on his marriage with the princess of Sweden, grand-daughter of Gustavus Vasa, and, at the same time, a protestant; if he accepted this offer, Elizabeth declared she would be at the whole expense of the wedding.[1] The Scottish government were more inclined to the Danish alliance than any other; but Mary queen of Scots, who hoped to see her son marry a catholic of her recommendation, opposed his marriage with either of the northern princesses, under the plea that their fathers, being but elected to their dignities, were not of equal rank with hereditary monarchs.[2] The Scotch government, however, did not relish the idea of a naval war with the powerful king of Denmark for the possession of the Orkneys; they had, as well, a shrewd idea that his daughter would have a "rich tocher," and therefore sent Peter Young, the king's old schoolmaster, to inquire all needful particulars in Denmark.

Both king James and his mother owed a deep account of gratitude to the king of Denmark, on account of the manly manner in which that monarch had exerted himself to clear queen Mary's fame from the aspersion thrown upon her relative to her husband's murder. Bothwell, who had effected a forced marriage with the queen, died in the king of Denmark's custody, 1576, and had, on his death-bed, made a declaration of the entire innocence of queen Mary regarding this foul deed, which he said was committed by himself, Murray, and Morton, without her knowledge. This important declaration Frederic II. sent to queen Elizabeth and to Scotland,[3] attested by the primate of Denmark, and the municipal authorities of the district

[1] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., published by Mr. Colburn.

[2] Mary's conversation with Mr. Sommer: Sadler Papers, vol. ii.

[3] See copies of abstracts of this important paper, in the Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., edited by Agnes Strickland.

where Bothwell expired. Queen Elizabeth carefully suppressed it, but that it made a strong impression on the mind of young James, his unswerving affection to the royal family of Denmark throughout his life gave reason to suppose.

On the other hand, queen Elizabeth could have had no reason for opposing so equal and advantageous a match, as that of the young king of Scotland with a protestant princess of Denmark, than the offence given by the active part which Frederic II. had taken in clearing the aspersed character of her prisoner. However this might be, queen Elizabeth commenced an opposition so vehement to the Danish alliance, that the marriage treaty was delayed for three years. Meantime, queen Elizabeth brought the unfortunate mother of James VI. to the block, to the grief and regret of the Scottish people in general—feelings which are prevalent in the nation, with very few individual exceptions, to this day. A base faction,[1] the members of which had the majority in the Scottish government, connived at Mary's murder; they were at the same time the bribed slaves of England, the opponents of their king's alliance with Denmark, and the custodians of his person. King James has been severely blamed for not revenging his mother's murder; but the letters of remonstrance he wrote both to queen Elizabeth and his false ambassadors, are still extant, though little known. His own pathetic words, in his Basilicon, declaring "that he was, in reality, as complete a prisoner in Scotland as his mother was in England," are the simple truth, and may be substantiated incontrovertibly by the documents of that era. Thus situated, he was forced to accept queen Elizabeth's excuses that his mother was executed by mistake. His predecessors, James IV. and James V., would have defied her unto the death, but those high-spirited princes perished in their prime, while James VI., lived through every danger and disaster, to unite the great island empire.

Before the close of the eventful year of 1587, the king of

[1] The letters of Patrick Gray, Archibald Douglas, and the Laird of Restalrig, who were the tools of this faction, may be read in Lodge's Illustrations. The base treachery of the latter of these men to his most unfortunate country, as a receiver of Elizabeth's bribes, is proved by his own precious epistles; as he was one of the heroes of the Gowrie conspiracy, his bribe-worthiness deserves notice.

Denmark again sent an angry demand for the restitution of his Orkney islands, and threatened war as the alternative. The young king of Scotland considered that this was a delicate intimation, that he had been "o'er slack in his wooing," and accordingly appointed master Peter Young, once more as his matrimonial negotiator, and joined in the commission his own kinsman, the *crownel*, or colonel Stuart. These functionaries returned in the summer of 1588, "weel rewardit and weel contentit with all they had seen, especially with the fair young princesses." Upon which king James despatched forthwith the bishop of St. Andrew's, and the *crownel* Stuart, to conclude the match with the eldest princess of Denmark.

While they were gone, queen Elizabeth, who took infinite satisfaction in marring all private matches, which were within the reach of her influence, once more took active measures for traversing the matrimonial hopes of her royal heir and godson, James VI.

If the prosperity of the protestant interest had been indeed the leading principle of her life, she ought to have rejoiced in the prospect of the Danish alliance, which would give the heir-presumptive of England, a protestant mother for his children. Yet, in the perverse spirit of her diplomacy, she artfully appealed to the love of change, inherent in the human mind, and sought to divert the fancy of king James from the bride so suitable to him in every respect. At her instigation Henry, king of Navarre, (afterwards Henry the Great of France,) sent, in embassy, to Scotland, the poetical noble, Du Bartas, with an offer of the hand of his sister, the princess Catherine of Navarre, to king James. This illustrious lady was a firm protestant, but was certainly old enough to be James's mother. "Du Bartas," says Melville, "brought with him the picture of the princess Catherine, with a guid report of her rare qualities."[1]

King James infinitely enjoyed the society of the noble poet, Du Bartas, who was, if possible, a pedant quainter than himself; and he did not wholly discourage the idea of his own union with the sister of Henry the Great. Meantime that inveterate match-marrer, queen Elizabeth, took care that the king of Denmark should be informed of

[1] Melville's Memoirs, which, collated with the Bannatyne and Abbotsford printed documents, form the staple of this narrative.

Du Bartas' errand at the Scottish court, which information, as anticipated, gave him infinite displeasure. Accordingly, he declared to the Scotch ambassadors, "that he thought their mission was but feckless dealing, or deluding him with fair language." The royal Dane acted on this idea; he betrothed his daughter Elizabeth to the duke of Brunswick, and loudly demanded the restitution of his islands, being ready and willing to pay the mortgage money. *Crownel* Stuart entreated that the king of Denmark would bestow his younger daughter Anna on his sovereign. "If your king sends to espouse Anna before the 1st of May, 1589," was the reply, "she shall be given to him; if not, the treaty will be at an end, and Scotland must restore the isles." With these words, he gave a beautiful miniature of his youngest daughter to the crownel, and dispatched him on his homeward voyage.[1] Frederic died directly after, and Anna lost the rank of daughter to a reigning king. Her eldest brother, a boy of eleven years old, was elected king by the title of Christiern IV.; and her mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg, was appointed queen-regent, with twelve councillors of regency, in the list of whom the Shakesperian names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern figure conspicuously. The young Anna was left entirely to the disposal of her mother and the council-regents.[2] There is a fine portrait of Anna's mother, in her widow's dress, at Hampton Court.

The Scotch ambassadors from Denmark returned, bringing with them the portrait of young Anna, which James received before Du Bartas went back to France. How lovely the little miniature was, may be seen to this day among the Scottish regalia, at Edinburgh; it is appended to the beautiful Order of the Thistle, a legacy from cardinal York to his kinsman, George IV., who, with good taste and feeling towards his Scottish subjects, deposited this Stuart relic with the crown-jewels of Scotland. The miniature of Anna of Denmark is enclosed in one of the green enamelled heads of the Order of the Thistle, and thus had been worn through life by her spouse. There is likewise a whole-length portrait of her, in a corner of the royal bed-room at Hampton Court, as a dark-eyed girl, with a very delicate ivory complexion. The dress is entirely white; the youth of the portrait, the queer costume of the high head, shoulder-ruff

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.

and immense farthingale, (the same worn at the court of France in 1589,) authenticate the tradition that it was another of Anna's portaits sent at this time to king James. Both the miniature of the Order of the Thistle, and this young portrait at Hampton Court, give the idea that Anna of Denmark, at sixteen, was a very pretty girl.

King James compared the portrait of the youthful Danish princess with that of the mature Catherine of Navarre, and then entered into a long course of prayers for guidance on the subject of his marriage. At the conclusion of his devotional exercises, he called together his council, and told them "how he had been praying and avisen with God for a fortnight, and that, in consequence, he was resolvit to marry the Danish princess." He need not have laid his decision on his prayers; such was the natural choice of a person of his age between a bride of sixteen and one of six-and-thirty; but the faction then prevalent in his council exacted the grimace of inspiration regarding every action of life, and insisted on inquisition into private prayer, the open discussion of which, always assumes the appearance of hypocrisy. Notwithstanding the happy determination to which these aspirations of the young king had conducted him, there were many contradictions to be accommodated before the final appointment of the embassy of procuration to wed the fair Dane. Great alarm was expressed by king James, lest the queen-regent, her mother, and the council of guardianship, should "deem themselves scoffit," if the bride was not "wooed and married and a'" before the fated 1st of May, 1589, appointed by her dead father.

The real cause of the delay was queen Elizabeth, who positively insisted on king James' marrying Catherine of Navarre. Now, had he chosen this princess, Elizabeth had already prepared a plan of circumvention, for she wrote to Henry IV. to hold back his sister's wedlock for three years, so that poor James had not a chance of a bride, whichever way his choice fell, had he determined to be guided in marriage by his undutiful godmother. Elizabeth likewise exerted her influence so actively among her paid creatures in the Scotch privy-council, that a majority of its members were adverse to the Danish match. James, at length, became desperate, and devised forthwith a notable specimen

of the skill in king-craft, on which he plumed himself. "King James," says Melville, "took sic a despite at the wilful delays of his council, that he caused some of his maist familiar servants to deal secretly with the deacons of the Edinburgh artizans, to make a manner of meeting threatening to slay the chancellor and maltreat the council, in case the marriage with the princess of Denmark was longer delayed." The Edinburgh mob likewise reviled queen Elizabeth, and loudly protested "that her opposition to their king's wedlock with a princess of suitable age and religion, could only arise from apprehension lest heirs should spring from this marriage, which would one day revenge the cruel murder of poor queen Mary."

This seasonable and loyal insurrection wonderfully expedited the movements of the refractory councillors. They appointed, with the utmost celerity, the earl-marischal of Scotland, the constable of Dundee, and lord Andrew Keith, as proxies to conclude the king's marriage; and after another sharp contest about "the siller for the outfit of the said proxies," they sailed, within the given time, to unite James of Scotland with Anna of Denmark.[1]

The earl-marischal and his companions, after all, did not arrive in Denmark till the middle of June; they were, however, received with great joy by queen Sophia and the young princess Anna. The ceremonial of the marriage by proxy was delayed till the 20th of August that year, (1589,) because a noble fleet, the pride of the maritime and flourishing state of Denmark, had to be prepared to carry the young queen of Scotland to her future home. The earl-marischal of Scotland, received her hand as proxy for his king at Cronenburg, a strong fortress-palace in the isle of Zealand, built on piles, overhanging the sea, very richly furnished with silver statues, and other articles of luxury. This fortress is situated at the very entrance of the Sound, where the Danes levy their tolls on ships passing to the Baltic. The month of September had arrived before the bride, in company with the earl-marischal and his train, embarked on board the ship of Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, who sailed, with eleven other fine ships, for Scotland.

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 362 to 369; likewise Camden's Elizabeth (White Kennet) vol. ii. p. 557.

Twice the Danish squadron, with the bride-queen, made the coast of Scotland, so near as to be within sight of land, and twice they were beat back by baffling winds, which blew them to the coast of Norway. At last the Danish admiral, Peter Munch, began to consider that there must be more in the matter than the common perversity of winds and weather; and he began to reckon up his misdeeds, and consider what witches he had affronted, for he felt convinced that some very potent sorcerer, bore him an ill-will, and was now tampering with the winds, to prevent him from bringing the fair young queen of Scotland safely into harbour. By his own account admiral Munch must have been a very ill-behaved person, for he remembered that he had lately, in the course of his official capacity, presented one of the baillies, or burgesses, of Copenhagen with a cuff on the ear, whose spouse, being a notable witch-wife, had, in the sapient opinion of this admiral, raised those contrary winds, to be revenged for the insult offered to her husband.

This way of accounting for storms on the wild German ocean, in the fall of the year, will appear droll enough in these days; but the worst of ignorant superstition is, that its comic absurdities are sure to be followed by some fearful tragedy. The unfortunate wife of the Danish baillie, and other supposed witches, were burnt alive, for the impossible offence of having brewed storms to be revenged of Peter Munch, the admiral.[1]

When the admiral and his fleet had come to the conclusion that they were bewitched, of course nothing went well. A third storm came on, some say after they arrived within sight of Scotland, or, at most, within sixty miles of the coast. The whole fleet was dreadfully tossed: the admiral's ship, in which the young queen sailed, fared the worst. Nor was its disasters confined to the effects of the winds and waves. A cannon suddenly broke from its fastenings, and, rolling over the deck, killed eight Danish sailors before the eyes of the young queen, and very nearly destroyed her; and, withal,

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 369. "Quhilk storm of wind was alleged to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them when they were brunt for that cause. What moved them was a cuff, or blow, quhilk the admiral of Denmark gave to ane of the baillies of Copenhagen, whose wife being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raised the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral."

before this cannon could be pitched overboard, it so shook and damaged the ship, that she could scarcely be kept above water. Out of the other ten Danish ships, there was not one but what were in a deplorable state. Ten of them returned to Denmark; but the admiral's ship, with the queen, took refuge in a sound, in Norway, twenty miles embayed in land. It would seem that admiral Peter Munch dared not bring back the young queen of Scotland, since he had been commissioned, by the queen-regent, her mother, and the privy council of Denmark, to carry her to her husband; and he (who does not appear to be one of the wise of the earth) considered that it was contrary to etiquette that she should return. It was utterly impossible to take her to Scotland, for the frost immediately set in severely in Norway, so there she had the prospect of staying the whole of a long winter at Upslo, a miserable place, which produced nothing eatable. The young queen immediately wrote letters to the king of Scotland, describing these sad accidents and mishaps. She despatched these letters by Steven Beale, a young Dane, who braved the worst the weather and the witches could effect, to carry the news of the bride's disasters to her spouse.[1] Some scandal-mongers, of the seventeenth century, thought fit to unite the name of Steven Beale scandalously with that of Anne of Denmark; but we can find no grounds for their calumnies, excepting the gallant exertions of this gentleman to carry the letters of his princess to her betrothed spouse.

King James had previously heard that his wife was upon the sea, and had, from that time, exerted himself, to his utmost, for her honourable reception in Scotland. He busied himself greatly in the appointment of the ladies and gentlemen who were to compose the household of his bride; and it may be observed, that he preferred those who had been faithful to his unfortunate mother in her long adversity. It is to his credit that he reserved the most honourable places for Jane Kennedy and her husband, sir Andrew Melville. This pair, who are historically illustrious for their personal fidelity to Mary queen of Scots, had attended her on the scaffold, and bore her last words and recommenda-

[1] Murdin Papers.

tions to her son. They afterwards married, and were treated with great favour and gratitude by king James.[1]

Lady Melville was appointed first lady of the bed-chamber to the king's expected consort; but a sad accident prevented her from ever seeing her new mistress. In order to shew her diligent loyalty, when she heard of her appointment, she crossed Leith Ferry, in a violent storm, on Michaelmas-day, when her boat was run down by a ship, and she was drowned, with two servants of her brother-in-law, sir James Melville, the historian, who most pathetically relates the disaster, gravely attributing it to the malice prepense of the Scottish witches, who, in conjunction with their sisterhood in Norway, had brewed the storm to drown the harmless young queen, but their malice fell thus upon her lady-in-waiting; and, he adds, "that the witches afterwards pleaded guilty to this feat."

Just after the woful catastrophe of poor lady Melville, arrived Steven Beale with the tidings of the distresses of the royal bride, who remained storm-bound on the desolate coast of Norway. He delivered her letters to king James, at Craigmillar Castle. The king read them with great emotion. Thomas Fowler, an officer of his household, and at the same time a vile spy in the pay of England, wrote the whole of these proceedings to lord Burleigh.[2] The letters of the young queen, he says, "were tragical discourses, and pitiful, for she had been in extreme danger of drowning; king James has read them with tears, and with heavy deep-drawn sighs." The very next day, the king declared, in council, that it was his intention "to send the earl of Bothwell (Francis Stuart), with six royal ships, to claim the Danish princess as his bride, and bring her home." In the afternoon, Bothwell made his appearance, with a handful of monstrous long bills, containing the calculations of the expense of such a voyage, which cast the king into great perplexity. The Scottish chancellor, seeing the trouble of his monarch, declared, "if he would be contented with such ships as he and some other loyal subjects could furnish, he

[1] Sir Andrew Melville (brother to sir James Melville, the statesman-historian of Scotland) was the steward of the household to Mary queen of Scots, a place of great danger and confinement: he was with her at her death, and afterwards married her best beloved maid, Jane Kennedy, whose tragic death is here related.

[2] Murdin Papers; where his letters are printed.

would go and seek the queen himself"—a doughty naval exploit for a lord-chancellor, it must be owned.

From this moment, James took the resolution of going himself on this errand. It was an undertaking of some danger; for the best ship the chancellor could furnish was one of but 120 tons—a mere bauble for enduring the wintry seas, which rage between Scotland and Norway, and which had so seriously discomfited the powerful Danish fleet. Profound secrecy was needful to be observed concerning the king's intentions, for the populace were, by no means, willing to part with him. Nevertheless, in the words of the old ballad, he was resolved to embark—

> "For Norroway, for Norroway,
> For Norroway over the foam,
> The king's daughter of Norroway,[1]
> The bride to bring her home."

"The chancellor's ship," continues Fowler, "was well furnished with good and delicate victual, particularly with live stock and *pullen*, and much banqueting stuff, with wines of divers sorts." All the officers and attendants, that had been appointed to serve the young queen, were doomed to share the no slight risks of the royal knight-errant, and, much to their discontent, were required to take their places in the chancellor's cockle-shell of a ship.

"All the minions of the king's stable and bed-chamber were sent on board," continues Fowler. "He was desirous that I should go,[2] but I answered 'I was but weak and durst not tempt the sea at this cold time of the year.' He told me, however, nothing that he himself intended the voyage, nor mentioned it to any other creature, but if God had not hindered him by wind and weather, he would have stolen on board yesterday night, being Sunday, when a great storm arose, and drove the ship from her moorings at Leith. For all that he means to go, but has let none of the nobility into the secret, and when Bothwell and the duke of Lenox laid it sorely to his charge, that he meant to undertake this dangerous voyage, he mocked and jibed at them." Some of the dissatisfied among the common people, on hearing rumours of the king's intentions, said, "See whether he

[1] The king of Denmark was, till 1814, likewise king of Norway.

[2] The son of this spy was afterwards secretary to Anne of Denmark, when queen of England.

enters the country again!" Nothing, however, could change James's purpose, not even the intelligence that Elizabeth had eight great ships cruising on the northern seas, and the domestic spy does not fail treacherously to acquaint Burleigh of the pigmy force of the Scottish monarch, being only five small ships and barks, the largest 150 tons. But one was armed, and this carried ten little falcons and falconets of brass, taken out of Edinburgh castle for the purpose. Considering the character that James VI. bears in history, for constitutional timidity, the expedition was daring enough. Indeed, it would have furnished any other king, but one of the name of Stuart, with a reputation for courage during life.

Just before these events occurred, the king had sent a piteous supplication to England, for the salary queen Elizabeth allowed him, as her godson. His secretary, Colville, in his letter, assured lord Burleigh, that the manifold hard occurrences, which had fallen out regarding the marriage, had so "noyed his majesty that he could not write so timeously as he ought and suld."[1] James, indeed, seems to have been at his wit's end for money, in order to furnish forth his wedding cheer, before he was troubled with these additional expenses of a voyage. It appears that Elizabeth had lately found out that the alliance was a very suitable one, and had promised to be very generous to the bride.[2]

From the hour that king James resolved on this adventurous expedition, he proceeded to set his affairs in order for his departure, doing, at the same time, queerer things, and making quainter speeches, than ever were done or said by a monarch since kings reigned on the earth. It would be difficult to define whether he meant his council to obey or laugh at the directions he left for their guidance.[3] Take, for instance, the following original explanation of his motives for concealing from his chancellor, Maitland, his intentions of seeking his royal bride in person:—

"Sa I say, upon my honour, I keepit it fra my chancellor, as I was never wont to do ony secrets of my weightiest

[1] This letter is dated October 24th, 1589; the king had not then sailed; he does not mention in it that such were his intentions. These documents are in Murdin's State Papers, pp. 640—642.

[2] Camden. Murdin.

[3] Spottiswoode, 877, and Bannatyne Papers.

affairs; twa reasons moving me, I knew that gif I had made him of my counsel, therefore he had been blamit for putting it in my head, *quhilk* (which) had not been his duty; for it becomes na subjects to give princes advice on sic subjects, and then remembering *quhat* (what) envious and unjust burden he daily bears, for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself."

In this dry manner the royal oddity gave his chancellor a sharp quip or two, while pretending to exonerate him from advising him to undertake this dangerous expedition. Nevertheless, the poor chancellor was obliged to be of the party. It would be difficult to define, as he was not to meet with a bride at the end of the voyage, wherefore his grave person was exposed to the vagaries of the northern waves? Perhaps James thought that, in his absence, fewer intrigues would be concocted between his cabinet and that of queen Elizabeth, and, in truth, the result proved that he judged well, in regard to those of his nobles he took with him, and those he left behind.

In a second paper, he favoured his privy-council with the following most original reasons for his elopement, founded on the great propriety and expediency of his entering into the holy pale of matrimony as speedily as possible.

"He was alone in the world," he said; "had neither father, mother, brother, or sister; yet a king, not only of this realm, but heir-apparent of another," and he added, using the curious expression of his godmother, queen Elizabeth, "I thought, if I hasted not to marry at my years, folk might consider me *a barren stock*, since a king was powerless if without a successor." He added, "the treaty being perfected, and my queen on her journey, when I was advertised of her detention by contrary winds, and that it was not likely she could complete her voyage; therefore, resolvit I, to make that possible on my part, which was *unpossible* on hers. It had been offered to the choice of my young queen, whether she would return to Denmark, or remain in Upslo till the spring." Very affectionately, as James considered, she resolved to brave all the hardships and privations of a sojourn in Norway, to returning to Denmark, without seeing him.

"Albeit," continued the royal lover,[1] "hitherto, we have not behaved ourself dissolutely, but patiently waited for the good occasions God should offer, (*i.e., till it should please heaven to provide him with a good wife,*) yet, now taking to heart *her* pains, and dangers, and all the difficulties which have attended her voyage, we could find no contentment till we enterprised ourself that voyage towards her, to bring her home, which we are in good hope to do." He then proceeds to put his combative subjects on honour, in his absence, in these words:—"We shall be home in twenty days, wind and weather serving, yet, fearing the time of my stay may be longer, at God's good pleasure, and seeing that, in former times, the kingdom hath wanted a governor, longer than we trust in God, it shall want us—namely, from the death of our grandmother, the queen-regent, until the arrival of our *dearest* mother from France, the space of fourteen months; during which time, for the reverence and love carried to her—albeit, a woman in person, and a minor in years—no violence was committed by any person, and greater peace observed than at any time before or since. Therefore, our expectation is nothing less of the good behaviour of our subjects, in this our absence."

He then appointed the duke of Lenox, president of the council, and his cousin, Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, to assist him; he affectionately exhorted all the preachers "to preach peace and quietness, and to pray indefatigably for his safe voyage;" and finished this most original of kingly compositions, with the assurance, that "we sal remember the peaceful and obedient most thankfully, when occasion presents." According to Spottiswoode, the tiny fleet which bore the adventurous king to Norway, sailed October 22nd; but from the spy Fowler's letters, we should judge it sailed a day or two later.[2]

Fortune favoured the brave, for a prosperous breeze succeeded the frightful storms, which had nearly shipwrecked his bride; and in four days, he neared the Norwegian

[1] Spottiswoode 377-8. The original papers printed in the Bannatyne collection.

[2] In the books of sederunt (session) of the lords of the Scottish council, is this entry:—"The king shippit at Leith to pass to Norroway, on Wadinsday, between twelve and ane houris after midnight *quhilk*, was the xxii. day of October, 1689. Introduction of Letters of James VI. p. xvii. Maitland Club, Edinburgh."

coast, but he was not to land without a sharp taste of the dangers he had voluntarily encountered; for, on the fifth day, a furious tempest sprang up. For four-and-twenty hours the king's little bark was in great danger of wreck. At last, she ran safely into one of those sounds which open their hospitable arms for tempest-tossed mariners on the northern Atlantic, and the adventurous monarch landed at Slaikray, on the Norwegian coast,[1] October 28th, 1589; yet he must have been many days travelling to find the village of Upslo, the doleful abiding place where Anne of Denmark had, in great tribulation, established her head-quarters since October the 19th.

"She," continues our annalist, "little looked for his majesty's coming at sic a tempestuous time of the year." James certainly did not discover his queen's place of retreat till the 19th of the following month, according to all dates[2] of their time of meeting; when he at length discovered her abode among the Norway snows, he, with the *bon-hommie* which marked his character as much at two-and-twenty as in his more mature career, waited for none of the ceremonies of his rank and station, but leaving his train to seek their lodgings, as they might, he marched directly into the presence of his bride, and, booted and spurred as he was, he frankly tendered her a salute. Our annalist's words are, "Immediately at his coming, the king passed in quietly, with *buites* and all, to her highness; his majesty minded to give the queen a kiss after the Scottish fashion, quhilk the queen refusit, as not being the form of her country. But after a few words, privily spoken, betwixt his majesty and her, familiaritie ensued."

The conduct of the Scottish king towards the young girl, who, without any choice of her own had been consigned to him as a partner for life, was infinitely to his credit as a human being. He had risked his life to come to her aid, when he heard she was in distress and peril; and, after all he had undergone for her, he very naturally laid aside the formalities of royal rank, and at his first interview, assumed the affectionate demeanour of private life. In so doing, he acted in due conformity with existing cir-

[1] Majoribanks, a burgess of Edinburgh and contemporary and annalist.

[2] The great discrepancies we find in the dates of this voyage of James', is probably caused by the circumstance that some of the annalists reckon by the new style, and some by the old.

cumstances, for the rigour with which nature was reigning around, the height of the awful mountains, the raving of the wintry tempests, and the stern shroud of ice and snow, enveloping the coast where they were wayfarers and sojourners, all combined to give royalty a lesson on the nothingness of human pomps and ceremonies. Besides, whatever were the faults of James, every one must own, that he had a very proper idea of the claims of a wife on his affections, and remembered that he was a husband as well as a king. His own words addressed afterwards in a letter to the queen on this subject, speak for him better than aught which can be said by another: "I thank God I carry that love and respect to you, which by the law of nature I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhither* (whether) ye were a king's, or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent, I married you, but the love and regard I now bear you, is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you pardon my rude plainness in this."

James VI. married Anna of Denmark, on that wild and stormy coast, the Sunday after he met her,[1] Mr. Davie Lindsay, his favourite chaplain, performing the ceremony in French, a language mutually understood by the bride and bridegroom. The banquet was spread in the best manner the time and place permitted, and the harmony of the royal wedlock would have been complete, excepting for a fierce wrangle for precedency between the earl-marischal and the chancellor of Scotland, which called forth the utmost eloquence of the royal bridegroom to pacify.

The next morning, king James made his bride a present of the palaces and domains of Dunfermline and Falkland.[2] These were the usual dowry of the Scottish queen-consorts, but the king evidently persuaded his bride that the deed of gift which secured them to her, was a peculiar grace and favour, proceeding exclusively from his royal munificence to herself, in compliance with the laudable custom of his country, by which all amiably-disposed bridegrooms bestow a present on their wives the morning after marriage, called,

[1] Spottiswoode.

[2] Memoirs, by Mr. David Moysie, quoted in the Bannatyne Papers.

in the parlance of Scotland, "*the morrowing gift.*" The deed which secured these possessions to the bride of James, is thus entitled, "Grant by the king, to the queen's grace, of the lordship of Dunfermline, in morrowing gift."[1]

The wild winds sung the epithalamium of this singular royal wedlock in so loud a tone, and the winter-storms, which had intermitted for king James's arrival at Upslo, renewed their fury in a manner, which rendered all hopes of return to Scotland that season abortive. Meantime, king James sent an adventurous messenger, over the mountains, to Denmark, to inform the queen-regent of his safe arrival, and his marriage with his betrothed princess.

The honeymoon of king James and his young queen, was spent at Upslo, as merrily as the rugged season and country would permit, and towards the end of it, ambassadors arrived from Copenhagen, who, in the name of the queen-regent, Sophia, entreated the newly-married pair to come, if possible, over the mountains and spend the winter at the Danish capital. It is well known, that no communication by land can exist between Denmark and Norway, excepting by traversing a large portion of the intervening kingdom of Sweden. There was no alternative for the royal pair, excepting undertaking this enterprise, or remaining at Upslo till May.

A journey through Norway in mid-winter is, if travellers of the present day tell truth, enough to try the nerves of the most intrepid persons, malgré all the improvements of modern times. It is well known, that Charles XII., a century later, in vain attempted to force the ice-defended barriers of the Norwegian mountains, and that whole regiments of his hardy northern warriors perished in the very passes through which king James's track laid, only the fatal fortress of Fredericshall existed not then. The difficulties of a land journey over the passes between Norway and Sweden, had been so represented to king James, that he would not risk the safety of his bride, till he had made the experiment in his own person. It seems likely that some doubts were entertained of the placability of the king of

[1] This deed dates the royal marriage November 23rd. It is printed in the valuable collection of documents respecting the marriage of king James, by the Bannatyne Club.

Sweden, through whose dominions the part of the route laid. James, therefore, sent captain William Murray forward to Stockholm, to ask a safe conduct.

James himself took a tender farewell of his bride on the 22nd of December,[1] and travelled through the tremendous passes of the Norway frontier till he reached Bahouse, a castle close to the Swedish border; he found William Murray had not arrived from Stockholm. King James then retraced his steps, and again set forward in the company of his queen, and very appalling dangers they all encountered in this Christmas journey over the Norway Alps. They, however, arrived without loss of life or limb at Bahouse; and, soon after, William Murray made his appearance on the Frozen River, accompanied by four hundred troopers, whom the king of Sweden had sent as an honourable escort to the king and queen of Scots through his dominions. They entered Sweden on the 7th of January, and travelled without any particular difficulty through that country, till on the 18th they reached the Swedish side of the Sound, in the midst of a raging storm. They were forced to tarry at Elsingburg three days, weather-bound, before they could cross the ferry to the island of Zealand, where stood jutting forth at the nearest point, opposite to the Swedish territory, the royal castle of Cronenburg. At this palace, the royal family of Denmark had assembled, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of king James and queen Anna. At last, on the 21st of January, the royal travellers safely crossed the Sound to the castle of Cronenburg, where they were affectionately welcomed by Anna's mother; the queen-regent Sophia; the boy king, Christiern IV.; little Ulric, the duke of Holstein; the princess royal, Elizabeth; and her affianced lover, the duke of Brunswick, who had arrived at the Danish court to solemnize his nuptials.

The scene was now pleasantly changed, from the rude and famine-stricken huts of Upslo,[2] to all the splendours of a rich court, enlivened by two royal bridals. For the

[1] Archbishop Spottiswoode.

[2] Upslo was the site of Christiana, the modern capital of Norway, afterwards built by Christiern IV., the brother of James I.'s queen, and named after him. (See Atlas Geographique). Subsequently, it possessed a cathedral and a castle, but is unanimously described as a wild and miserable place, when the Danish princess took refuge there, both in her letters and in the Scottish contemporary documents.

Danish ecclesiastics insisted on marrying king James and their princess over again, according to the Lutheran rites. Thus were they married three times—once by procuration, once on the Norway coast, and again at Cronenburg. As to the king, he was, as his letters evince, in an uproarious state of hilarity, and perfectly willing to be married as many times as his new relatives thought proper. The worst was, that, in the deep carouses with which the magnates of Denmark celebrated the royal marriage, the student-king increased that tendency for too powerful potations to which most of his follies and errors may really be traced. He dates his letters "From the castle of Cronenburg, quhaire we are drinking and driving *out* in the auld manner."

At the last celebration of the marriage of James and Anna, the government of Denmark made a formal surrender of the disputed isles of Orkney and Shetland, as part of the marriage dowry of their princess.[1] She had, besides, forty thousand crowns, but this sum was not paid down at her wedlock.

Nothing impaired the pleasure of the royal visit to Denmark, excepting the turbulent propensities of those Scottish nobles who had accompanied the king, or had stayed with the queen, since her betrothal and embarkation the previous summer. Melville expressly bewails their misbehaviour, and says, the king's time was almost entirely occupied in keeping peace between these pugnacious courtiers of his, "such were their strifes, prides, and partialities; for the earl marischal, every day, disputed precedency with chancellor Maitland; the constable of Dundee quarrelled with lord Dingwall; and sir George Hum (Hume) ousted William Keith out of his place in the wardrobe. At last, all divided into two factions, the chancellor against the earl marischal; altogether, king James had no small *fasherie* in keeping them in decent behaviour."

The wedding of the duke of Brunswick and Elizabeth of Denmark was not completed till the spring, and king James and queen Anne, delayed their voyage homewards in order to be present at its celebration, so long, that their loving lieges in Scotland began to think themselves wholly forgotten, and therefore despatched, as a gentle reminder, six of their largest ships, and Mr. Patrick Galloway, one of

[1] Spottiswoode.

the king's favourite preachers,[1] to urge the return of the royal absentee. This deputation arrived in the midst of the Brunswick wedding. King James, who was longing to hear news from Scotland, found, with great satisfaction, that all went well, for there had only occurred, in Scotland, two insurrections, a few riots in Edinburgh, and some skirmishes in the Highlands. This was a praise-worthy state of affairs, considering the usual proceedings in Scotland.

The young queen of Scotland was now required to bid a life-long farewell to her tender mother, queen Sophia. This great lady had encouraged among her children an ardent friendship and affection, and seems herself to have united, with no contemptible talents for government, the domestic virtues for which the princesses of the house of Mecklenburg have to this day been celebrated. The young king of Denmark retained a loving remembrance of his sister Anna (whom he infinitely resembled in person), and, in after times, he paid long visits at her court.

King James and his young consort sailed from Cronenburg about the 21st of April, escorted by a stately Danish fleet, commanded by admiral Peter Munch, with whom the reader has been previously acquainted, and accompanied by the Danish ambassadors, who were to be resident, or, in the language of the times, *leiger* in Scotland.

The royal fleet safely arrived at Leith, on May-day,[2] 1590, and all Edinburgh came forth to meet their king, and see their new queen; both were received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. To the king's credit, the first thing he did, on landing, was to return thanks to God for the safety of himself and his wife. The queen did not enter Edinburgh directly, but sojourned at Leith, at what our authority calls "the king's new work." At this place, the Danish bride remained till the 6th of May.[3]

While the queen was reposing after her fatigues, her king was bestirring himself to raise funds for the expenses which his marriage rendered unavoidable. He was afflicted by all the tribulations common to those, who wish to make a splendid appearance with very slender means, or rather, without any means whatsoever. Very piteous were the

[1] Spottiswoode. [2] Bannatyne Papers.

[3] Spottiswoode, who says, moreover, that the king arrived on the 20th of May; but the documents printed by the Bannatyne Club prove throughout, by a series of dates, that this is a mistake.

missives he sent forth to his nobles, requiring benevolences to meet the expenses of his queen's coronation, and the celebration of his marriage festivities. Nothing came amiss —from those who had no ready cash, goods were thankfully accepted or borrowed. One family possesses an autograph letter from the king, dated Linlithgow Palace, in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons, to grace his marriage feast." In another letter, he craved the loan of a pair of silk stockings, from his dear Jonnie Slaites, (the earl of Marr,) for his own royal wearing, at a reception he gave the Spanish ambassador, adding, with a pathos peculiar to himself, "Ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub, on sic an occasion." "I have a curious letter," says Pennant, "addressed by king James to John Boswell, of Balmato, of whom he begged the loan of a thousand marks, with this pithy remark, 'Ye will rather hurt yoursel vera far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.'"

Nor was the important subject of the "ready siller" the only torment which plagued the poor king. The manner of the queen's coronation threatened to produce a religious warfare among the divines of the three differing faiths which were still struggling in Scotland. The formula of all royal rites and ceremonies had been, from time immemorial, arranged according to the catholic ritual. No coronation, marriage, baptism, or any other solemnization, had hitherto been performed in the royal family of Scotland, excepting in consonance with decrees of the ancient religion, and the very idea of anything of the kind at this juncture nearly drove all the presbyterians frenetic.[1]

The day after the queen's arrival, the council assembled to debate on her coronation. As none of the bishops of the episcopal church of Scotland were at Edinburgh, (nor could they be summoned in the hurry the king was in,) Mr. Robert Bruce, a minister, was appointed to perform the ceremony, with all the ancient rites. The ministers of the kirk were much grieved in spirit at the unction in the coronation, which they objected to, as Jewish, and threatened Mr. Robert Bruce with censures of the synod, if he dared

[1] Spottiswoode.

to consecrate the queen. James was very angry at these scruples; he called the refractory ministers before him, and told them, if they prevented Bruce from crowning his bride, he would put off the ceremony till one of the bishops came, who would perform all required, without heeding their censures. This was worse than anything; the unction was more welcome than the presence of an episcopal bishop, and the refractory Calvinists at last agreed, that Bruce should crown the queen, who was to be consecrated, in the abbey church of Holyrood, the next Sunday.[1]

The queen made her state-entry into Edinburgh, from Leith, on the Tuesday before her coronation, riding in a car, richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet; on each side of her[2] sat her two favourite Danish maids of honour, Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kroas. The king rode on horseback, immediately before the queen's carriage, and thus, with a vast train of the nobles and gentry, then resident at Edinburgh, the royal bride was escorted to old Holyrood.

Whatever trouble king James might have in raising the funds for the occasion, it is certain that every thing was, at last, procured consistent with the grand ceremony of a coronation; and his Danish bride was provided with rich robes, and all appurtenances accordant with the "royal making of a queen," as the following memorandums, extracted from the book of expenses, on this occasion, will fully prove:—"By his highness' precept and special command for furnishing ane robe to his dearest bed-fellow, the queen, the 17th of May, being the day of her majesty's coronation. Imprimis, for 30 ells of purple velvet, to be the said robe, price the *elne*, 16*l.* Sixteen ells of white Spanish taffeta, to be lining of the said robe. Thirty-four ells broad passaments of gold, wrought twice about the same, weighing 44 oz. and ane drap weight, price of the oz. 5*l.* 3 oz. of broad passaments of gold, of ane narrower sort, to work the *craig* (neck) of said robe; 6 oz. of silk to sew the same, 24*s.* 1 ell of Spanish taffety, to furnish the lining and *stammack* (stomacher). Item, to the said stammack, half an ell of

[1] Bannatyne Papers. "Marriage of James VI. and Anna of Denmark," from whence these particulars are collated by the author, with the contemporary chroniclers Melville, Majoribanks, and Moysie.

[2] Probably on seats where the doors opened on each side of the carriage, which was the place, in these ancient vehicles, for the nearest attendants of the sovereign.

purple velvet. Purple velvet, and red crimson satin, to line the *bonnet* (cap) of her majestie's crown; price of the ell of velvet, 16*l.*, and of the ell of satin, 7*l.* Four ells of white Florence ribbon, to be strings to the said *stammack*, and ane hank of gold to a greit button to the foresaid robe. 3 ells of white taffety to his majesty's board, viz. to a white silk table-cloth, 7*l.* 10*s.*"[1] The extravagant price of the materials need not startle the reader. The pounds were but "punds Scotts," which reduces all things to a reasonable rate. The pages and footmen who waited on her majesty of Scotland, were duly graced with jackets and *jupes* of crimson velvet. The Danish lords were liberally supplied with scarlet broad cloth for their table-cloths, and stool-covers, at the kirk and palace of Holyrood.[2]

All robes, and other "stately gear," being thus duly prepared, the queen's coronation took place on Sunday, May 17th, within the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The ceremonial we give in the words of a curious contemporary document—

"Twa high places were appointed there; one for the king, the other for the queen. The king's procession having entered the Abbey, that of the queen followed, preceded by several Danish nobles, magnificently dressed, with diamond chains about their necks; then came the Scottish nobles and heralds. Lord Lion, king-at-arms, ushered lord Thirlstone, bearing, 'betwixt his twa hands,' the queen's crown. Then followed the queen herself, in her royal robes, supported, on the right hand, by Robert Bowes, ambassador from England; on the left, Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, Stene Brahe, and Bredon Ranzou, ambassadors of Denmark. Mrs. Bowes and Dame Annable, countess of Marr, '*quha* (who) had brought up the king's majesty from his birth and minority,' followed directly after the queen. After them, the countesses of Bothwell and Orkney, lady Seaton and lady Thirlstone, the chancellor's wife, and other Scottish ladies. Next to them, followed certain noble Danish virgins, as Katrine

[1] Marriage of James VI. Bannatyne Club, pp. 13—15.

[2] Fifteen feather beds, hired for the strangers, (Danes and others,) from the 4th day of May, 1590 to the 18th of June, when the queen went to Dunfermline, "taking for ilka bed in the night, 2*s.*; likewise, for furnishing eight chambers, with two feather beds in every chamber, and coal and candle thereto, to the Danes who slept out of the palace."

Skinkell and Anna Kroas;[1] and, after them, other noble ladies and virgins, which accompanied the queen to the place where she was to sit in the church. *Quhilk* (which) all being set down, maister Paitrik Galloway, the king's minister, goes up into the pulpit, and, after prayers made, chuses his text out of the 45th Psalm. The preaching being ended, the duke of Lenox and the lord Hamilton, maister Robert Bruce, and maister David Lindsay, go, all four together, to the king's majesty, that he might publicly order them to proceed to the act of coronation. Maister Robert Bruce then declared to the assembled people, 'that he was directed, by his majesty, to crown the queen.' The countess of Marr immediately came to her majesty, and took her right arm, and opened the *craig* (neck) of her gown, and laid bare part of the arm and neck. Maister Robert Bruce then poured on her breast and arm a bonny quantity of oil, and then covered them with white silk. The duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the virgins of Denmark, then convoyed the queen to her retiring-room, where she put on another princely robe, and came and sat in her former high place. Silence being then demanded, the king commanded the queen's crown to be brought to him, which being done, he gave it to the duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the chancellor, who placed it on the queen's head. The crown being *firmly knit* on her head, the king sent immediately the sceptre, which Mr. Robert Bruce delivered to her." Thus the coronation of a queen-consort of Scotland was ostensibly and publicly shewn to be entirely an act of grace of her royal lord, who, by the hands of his chamberlain and chancellor, actually crowned her himself. The officiating religious minister addressed the following words to her:— "We, by the authority of the king's majesty, with the consent of his states, representing the whole body of his country, place this crown on your majesty's head; and we deliver this sceptre to your highness, acknowledging you to be our sovereign queen and lady, to whom we promise all points of office and obedience, dutiful in those things that concern the glory of God, the comfort of the kirk, and the preservation of his majesty; and we crave from your majesty, the confession of the faith and religion we profess."

This request Mr. David Lindsay, who had resided in

[1] This lady is often mentioned in English letters, as Danish Anna.

Denmark for the preceding seven months, expounded in her majesty's language, who agreed, and, by touching the Bible with her right hand, made oath, to the following tenour:—

"I, Anna, queen of Scotland, profess, and, before God and his angels, wholly promise that, during the whole course of my life, so far as I can, I shall sincerely worship that same eternal God according to his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures. That I withstand and despise all papistical superstitions and ceremonies and rites, contrary to the word of God, and procure peace to the kirk of God within this kingdom. So God, the Father of all mercies, have mercy upon me."

When the whole prayers were ended, the heralds, the lord Lion and his brethren, cried, with loud voices, "God save the queen!" and the whole people echoed the acclamation, and the trumpets sounded. "Then her majesty was raised off the seat where she was sitting, and brought to a higher place; and silence being made, Mr. Andrew Melvin, principal of the College of Theologians, made ane oration in twa hunder Latin verses,"[1] which, it will be owned, was an unreasonable number. Maister Robert Bruce then addressed the people, "on the subject of the great benefit that would accrue to Scotland, by God having given their king a helpmate of the same religion." After which, the nobility knelt before the queen, and, holding up their hands, offered her the oath of homage "as queen and spouse of their most clement sovereign." Maister Paitrik Galloway then pronounced a blessing on the coronation, from the pulpit, and the royal processions retired from the Abbey of Holyrood, the queen still wearing the crown on her head, and the chancellor going directly before her majesty. The remainder of the day was spent in princely revelry at Holyrood Palace.[2]

From the time that the consort of king James became a crowned queen in this island, it will be proper to designate her by the national name of Anne, as she is only known in history by this name; although she never acknowledged it herself; in all her numerous autographs, whether extant in private letters, or appended to Latin documents, she signed her name Anna.

[1] Bannatyne Papers. Marriage of James VI., p. 37—56. [2] Ibid.

The Tuesday after her coronation, the queen made a grand tour, in her "gold coach," through the streets of Edinburgh, attended by all the great ladies and officers who had assisted at her coronation, and accompanied by the king; her good citizens of Dun Edin having prepared many goodly presents and quaint pageants for her gratification. At Edinburgh Cross, "fountains ran with claret for the loyalty of the day." Above the Nether Bow, was represented, to the delight of the good lieges of Edinburgh, the pageant of a royal marriage. At the end of this species of pantomime, which her majesty and all her train paused to witness, there was let down from the very summit of the porte of the Nether Bow, by silken strings, a box, covered with purple velvet, on which was embossed a great "A" in diamonds. This casket contained jewels worth twenty thousand crowns, a noble present from the town of Edinburgh, to their queen, and, in truth, far surpassing in value any civic gift to a queen we have yet recorded in the island.

The remainder of May and the beginning of June were occupied with festivities and rejoicings on account of the queen's arrival and coronation. The king and queen then removed to the queen's summer palace of Falkland, where they entertained the Danish visitors for some days, who departed, at last, complimented with presents as rich as the state of the royal finances would permit. The queen then went to the palace of Dunfermline, which she was to consider as peculiarly her own private residence.

From her first settlement in Scotland, Anne of Denmark took the greatest delight in her palace of Dunfermline—not in the Gothic castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the hill where Malcolm Canmore, and his English consort, St. Margaret, reigned; and to which Edward I. brought his queen, Marguerite of France, after he imagined he had subdued Scotland. The domestic palace of the Stuart queens was a more comfortable abode near the town. As it had been neglected for the last century, and fallen to decay, Anne of Denmark rebuilt the apartments where the queens of Scotland used to lodge. The whole domain is situated in a soft air and rich country, considering its northern locality; the dower palace has an ecclesiastical origin, having been originally erected by the abbots of Dunfermline. It is probable that the works performed

by the orders of queen Anne chiefly related to the restoration and fitting up of the interior of the palace, for the magnificent ruins which remain, bear few marks of the architecture of the sixteenth century.[1]

During the first visit of the royal bride to this favourite palace, her revenue and dower were finally settled, and her household was permanently arranged. In the course of this business, she began to shew some sparks of that petulance and perverseness of disposition which was occasionally perceptible in her conduct through life.

King James, in the full conviction of the fidelity of sir James Melville to the unfortunate queen, his mother, gave him a high situation in his young wife's household, and earnestly advised her to consult him in every difficulty, which her inexperience of the customs of her new country might involve her. The queen, very perversely, took an aversion to this tried friend of the Scottish crown. Some days after his presentation, as her counsellor and first gentleman, she asked him, rather abruptly, "Whether he was ordained to be her keeper?" evidently meaning her gaoler. "'I answerit,' pursues sir James Melville, 'that her majesty was knowen to be descendit of sa noble and princelie parents, and sa weel brought up, that she needit na keeper, albeit her dignity required to be servit by honourable men and women, both auld and young, in sindre occupations.' Then her majesty replied, 'That I was evilly dealt withal.' Now it seemeth that at first, when she was as yet ignorant of every man's qualities, some indiscreet enviers would have put me out of her favour. I replied, 'I was put in her service to instruct sic indiscreet persons, and also to give them guid ensample how to behave themselves dutifully and reverently unto her majesty, and to hold them back, and to keep her from their rashness and importunity.' At length, her majesty appearit to be weel content with my service, where I spendit many years, attending sometimes at the council days, sometimes assisting on her exchequer, when their majesties were together; but when they happenit to be apart, I waited only on the queen."

A quarter of a century had elapsed since a queen had

[1] Pennant's Scotland. According to a Latin inscription, quoted by Pennant, she did not finish the renovation of this her favourite palace till the year 1600.

presided over the Scottish court, and this had been a period of unexampled savageness and brutality among the men who composed it, insomuch, that no female could pass through any part of the king's palace without being grossly affronted by the officers of the household. The queen, herself, only passing between her own private apartment and that of the king, at Linlithgow palace, being unknown, was insulted by one of her husband's *gentlemen*. Great reformations in consequence,—and greatly needed they were,—took place at the ill-behaved court; but the introduction of the decorum which the etiquette of a queen's household required, so offended the ladies who had previously frequented it, that they departed by mutual consent, and left the fair Dane to exercise the new regulations solus with her household ladies. "I have seen the king's grace but not the queen," wrote one of James's officials,[1] June 11, 1590, "for things are beginning to be strangely altered; the court wondrous solitary, for the pattern of the court of Denmark is greatly before the eyes of the king, and of our reformadoes, by whom the royal household is diminished of the best of his servants. Our queen carries a marvellous gravity, which, with the reserve of her national manners, contrary to the humour of our people, hath banished all our ladies clean from her."

The superabundance of gravity imputed thus to the young queen of Scotland, is, by no means in accordance with the general tenour of her conduct, during the first years of her marriage, which, in truth, rather indicated the levity natural to a girl of sixteen than the dignity becoming her exalted rank. She manifested more gaiety than was consistent with prudence, and at last, raised no little jealousy in the mind of her husband, by her commendations of the beauty of the earl of Murray. This earl was a Stuart, who had married the heiress of the regent Murray, and was consequently a family connexion of king James. He was an ally, both by blood and friendship, with Francis, earl of Bothwell, who soon after raised a desultory civil war in Scotland.

The realm and royalty of Scotland had been scarcely ridded from the pest of Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, when,

[1] Letter of William Dundas. Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii. p. 405.

as if an evil spirit had been communicated with the title, another Bothwell rose up to occupy the public attention. His turbulence and restless spirit would have rendered him as great a nuisance as his uncle and predecessor, Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, if he had possessed the consummate abilities for perfecting mischief of that arch agitator, whose name is so painfully connected with the misfortunes of Mary, queen of Scots. King James had granted the title of Bothwell,[1] by his mother's particular request, to Francis Stuart, the son of one of her illegitimate brothers, by the sister and heiress of Hepburn, earl of Bothwell. Like all the illegitimate descendants of James V., this youth, encouraged by the kindness of his royal relatives, cherished presumptuous hopes regarding the succession to the crown.

The marriage of James, and the natural expectation of heirs apparent, crushed the incipient hopes of Bothwell, and rendered him malcontent; yet, he manifested no inclination to insurrection, till he was excited by an accusation, as ridiculous as it was provoking. This was no other than having induced witches to raise the storms, that had nearly shipwrecked the queen, and actually drowned lady Melville at Leith Ferry.

Such accusations, if noticed by historians, are generally attributed to some clumsy state intrigue, for the great effects which spring from trifling causes, such as the workings of imagination on the minds of the lower orders, are seldom taken into consideration; yet, Scotland was thrown into a state of civil war, solely from the insane imaginations of a few old women, who voluntarily came forward, and declared themselves allies with the Danish and Norway witches, who had nearly drowned the queen the preceding winter, and withal, that they had been instigated to the mischief by the earl of Bothwell.

The earl acted with some dignity, when he first heard, by common report, this accusation. He made his appearance before the king, and haughtily demanded a trial for this imputed offence, which he averred, with great good sense, ought not to be believed. "For," said he, "neither

[1] See a draft of a will of Mary queen of Scots, never executed, in the Cottonian collection, and partly printed in Robertson's Appendix, which clearly indicates the relationship of the two earls of Bothwell.

the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, nor his sworn friends the witches, are entitled to the least credit on this occasion."[1]

But, as the laws regarding witchcraft stood, in Scotland, this appeal, both to good sense and moral justice, was utterly useless. The regent, Murray, among other enormities unnoticed by general history, had induced the Scottish legislature to pass an act rendering sorcery liable to a fiery death, and, in consequence, he had burnt alive his personal enemy, the lord Lion, king-at-arms, as a wizard, besides two old women, over whose martyrdom he presided in person.[2] Among the most hideous features of the era, appear the facts that, though under the plea of necessary reformations, the fine arts had been utterly banished from all places of worship, the most horrid superstitions were not abolished, but rather frightfully aggravated. The supposed witch, according to the ancient law, who only incanted or invoked evil spirits, was but punished by doing penance, if poisoning or other murders were not proved; but regent Murray, following the example of his great uncle, Henry VIII., had made the imaginary crime of witchcraft capital. Scotland had demolished organs, banished music, shattered painted glass, broken the lofty arch, and levelled the glorious column, ruined Dryburgh, and desecrated Roslin, for these things she termed superstitious; and, aided by the same spirit of religious destructiveness, completed her code of reformations by burning hecatombs of wizards and witches.

King James found these new laws in force when he assumed the regal authority. For a time, he not only believed in the necessity of them, but made this folly conspicuous, by writing, a dissertation on witchcraft. By which proceeding, most persons, at the present hour, believe that he was the originator of the atrocious laws just mentioned. These laws, however, did not originate with him; but he found more than one monomaniac, challenging the operation of them by accusing themselves[3] of a necro-

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

[2] See Chalmer's Life of the regent Murray; the documentary evidence quoted by him, proves at once the facts stated, and the date of these laws.

[3] Melville's Memoirs.

mantic conspiracy against his queen. His want of wisdom in the matter was, supposing that the witches themselves knew best what they had done. Thus, when he wrote his book, he supposed that the reality of witchcraft was founded on the positive evidence of voluntary confession. There was, in truth, quite sufficient for legal conviction, but not enough for moral justice; for self-accusation was, in those times, as in the present, often prompted by monomania. Very little, even in this era of physiological inquiry, is satisfactorily known of that strange aberration of the human mind; but it is known that, whenever public attention has been greatly excited by any mysterious murder, instances have occurred of persons coming forward and accusing themselves of perpetrating it, even when it was physically impossible that they could have so done. In these days, such patients are consigned to medical care. In the semi-barbarian ages, they would have been infallibly immolated. Little pains, then, were taken to ascertain the responsibility of a criminal; and the ravings of a poor maniac were often deemed intentional blasphemies. If a poor old crazy creature took it into her head that she was the Virgin Mary, she was condemned as a wilful offender, and, poor wretch, was burnt to death! If an unhappy maniac raved that he was the Saviour of the world, and a brother Tom o' Bedlam believed that was the case, the unhappy patient was sentenced to be flogged from Charing Cross to Aldgate.[1] Such were the medicaments prescribed by our forefathers for insanity. Their cruelties were of little consequence to the really mad, for, alas, if human sympathy is almost unavailing to the boundless woe, human malice is nearly powerless. It was a favourite freak of a large class of monomaniacs, after sorcery became, in the sixteenth century, obnoxious to the punishment of death, to confess themselves witches. Indeed, half the time of the judges, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, was occupied in these absurd confessions.

Of the melancholy class of patients who are sane, and even well conducted on all points excepting one wild vagary which holds strong possession of the brain, was, doubtless, the unfortunate woman who confessed herself guilty of raising the storms to drown the queen in the

[1] Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times.

preceding autumn. This *soi-disant* witch accused many men and women as her abettors: she was, by name, Annis Simpson, and was called, by her neighbours, "the wise wife of Keith." When she was brought forward for examination, her demeanour astonished all her judges; "for she was," say the Scotch chroniclers, "no common or sordid hag, but a grave and douce matron, whose serious and discreet answers made a wonderful impression on king James."[1] She declared "she had a familiar spirit, who, upon her call, did appear, in a visible form, and answered her on the subjects of persons lying sick, or exposed to mortal danger, whether they should live or die."

"The king asked her, 'What words she used when calling her spirit.' She replied, 'As he had taught her, she merely called, 'Holla, master!' when he came without fail.' She added, that the earl of Bothwell had consulted her as to what should become of the king and the new-married queen, 'how long the king should reign, and what should happen after his death?' Her spirit promised to make away with the queen, but, as to the king, the said spirit used words she could not understand. Being pressed to declare the sound of them, she said distinctly the words were,' 'Il 'est un homme de Dieu.' The by-standers eagerly translated the sentence, "He is a man of God." This they considered splendid circumstantial evidence as to the truth of the depositions of the witch, and without giving any reasonable explanation why a Scotch fiend should speak French, they deduced, as she knew not what the words meant, she must have heard them as she declared. The vanity of the king was marvellously tickled by the respect in which he was held by the powers of darkness, and his conceit in his own wisdom and godliness, of course, was greatly augmented. Annis Simpson then proceeded to describe one of the diabolic orgies at which she affirmed she was present. This, she made oath, "took place by night, in the church of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat on his head, preached out of the pulpit, with many light candles about him, to a great number of them (the witches). His sermon 'was regarding the skaith they had done since last meeting, and what

[1] Spottiswoode.

success the melting a wax figure of king James had had;' and 'because one seely puir plowman, callit Grey Meill, chancit to say, 'Nathing ailit the king yet, God be thankit,' the devil gave him a sound box on the ear. And as divers among them began to reason together why they had, as yet, done the king no harm, though they had injured others, the devil again pronounced the oracular sentence, 'Il est un homme de Dieu.'

"Now, after the devil had endit his admonitions, he came down from the pulpit and invited all the company to come and kiss his ears, which were cold as ice, and his body hard as iron, as those said that handled him, his face was terrible, his nose like the beak of an eagle, great burning eyn, his hands and legs hairy, with claws on his nails like the griffon, and spak with a hollow voice, saying 'that the witches of Norway and Scotland entered into combination against the queen's coming.'"[1]

Among the articles of *dittay* against Annis Sampson, she was accused of foreknowing, by the aid of the devil, the last Michaelmas storm, and that she knew "that great would be the skaith by land and sea," she being, at the same time, informed by a spirit, "that the queen would never come to Scotland without the king's majesty went to fetch her."

Another of these wise articles accuses Annis Simpson, on her own confession, "that she, with ten other witches and wizards, indited a diabolical despatch to Marian Leuchop, a noted sorceress at Leith, which billet ran thus—

"Marion Leuchop, Ye sal warn the rest of the sisters to raise the wind this day at eleven hours, to stop the queen's coming to Scotland."[2]

This feat, they supposed, was accomplished by the following ceremony:—"They baptized a cat, and passed her thrice through the links of the chimney cruik, (on which the boilers hang,) then, at Bessie Todd's house, they tied four joints of a dead man to the cat's feet, and at midnight all the witches and their allies, at Leith, sallied out and carried the cat to the pier-head; from thence they cast her as far as possible into the sea, and cried out, 'See, there be no deceit among us.'" Poor puss, notwithstanding

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

[2] Records of the High Court of Justiciary. Annis Simpson was first strangled, and then burnt to ashes, on this evidence. Papers on the marriage of James VI. with Anne of Denmark (XVI).

her impediments, swam safely on shore, from which the whole sisterhood inferred "that the queen would arrive safely in Scotland." However, they repeated the ceremony, and they considered that the drowning of lady Melville, at Leith Ferry, was the result. In consequence sir James Melville, in his memoirs, bears Simpson and her cummers an especial ill-will. She proceeded to confess, before the council, "that she and a large sisterhood of witches, to the number of two hundred, all put to sea, each embarking in a separate riddle or sieve," each carrying a flagon of wine with which they made merry, and floated jovially to North Berwick kirk, where they landed and sang this stave—

"Cummer go ye before!
Cummer go ye!
Gif ye will not go before
Cummer let me."

This being sung in chorus to the tune of a popular reel, Gillies Duncan led the procession, playing on a Jew's trump." This narrative proved a little too strong for the credulity of the king, upon which the witch, Annis Simpson, who seemed thoroughly actuated by an *esprit-du-corps* for the honour and possibility of her art, requested Gillies Duncan might be sent for, who performed the witch tune and danced the witches' dance, to the accompaniment of that melodious instrument the Jew's harp. The king was the only person who remained incredulous, upon which Annis, being determined to produce conviction in the royal mind, took the monarch on one side, and told him all that passed between him and the queen at their first interview on the desolate coast of Norway. James was aghast, and vowed by all that was sacred, "that he did not believe the utmost cunning of the evil one could have revealed the same."[1]

The result of all these follies was a melancholy one. The poor monomaniac, the *soi-disant* witch, Annis Simpson, was, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, sentenced to be "first *werriet* and then *brunt*." Accordingly, she was first strangled, and then her body was consumed to ashes. It is to be feared that her mischievous hallucinations brought the

[1] News from Scotland, a contemporary tract, vol. xlix. of the Gentleman's Magazine. Many passages in the witch-dialogues, in Macbeth, have evidently originated from this trial.

same doom on two or three other persons, some of whom, it is said, were tortured to induce confession. Such is the inference to be drawn from the proclamation for the apprehension of Bothwell, who, when he found himself irretrievably implicated in the confessions of witch Annis, broke prison and ran away. As to the queen herself, she remained perfectly passive in the business, content that the wisdom and godliness of her royal spouse had, according to the witch's evidence, saved her from a watery grave.

From the hour of Bothwell's escape, a desultory civil war virtually commenced in Scotland, which was peculiarly directed against the royal family, wherever their residence might be. The queen had very little quiet, in whatsoever palace she might be sojourning, for alarms were constantly occurring that the "black Bothwell" was thundering at the gates, or making some mischievous inbreak. Every noble in Scotland, who felt friendship or bore enmity to Bothwell, was on the alert, either to aid him or annoy him. Among others, the earl of Murray, who had been admired by the young queen, was a very warm partizan of the fugitive earl. He came, notwithstanding, to the royal festival, at Christmas, 1591-2, when the king again became jealous of him, owing to the queen's imprudent commendations of his beauty.

The earl of Murray was slain soon after, (February, 1692,) in a feud with the earl of Huntley, and court scandal did not scruple to affirm that the homicide was instigated by king James. But the Gordons had suffered such bitter wrong from their fellow nobles, in the reign of the late queen Mary, that their vengeance, when their hour came, was only too consistent with the manners of the times; therefore the king may safely be acquitted of any concern in it. That James was offended at the girlish indiscretion of his young queen is certified by a crusty Scotch chronicler,[1] in which occurs the following notice of Murray:—"*Quhm* (whom) the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before, had commendit, in the king's hearing, with too many epithets, as the properest and most gallant man at court. To which the king replied, 'Ye might have excepted me.'" James was too fond of peace and quiet to take bloody ven-

[1] MS. Annals of Scotland, by sir James Balfour, Lyon king-at-arms; the manuscript is in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh.

geance for a few heedless words, spoken by a girl of the queen's age; and as to the fact, that Huntley pleaded the royal commission for the slaughter of Murray, it was only true thus far—that the king had employed him to suppress the earl of Bothwell and all his allies and abettors, because, after his late audacious attempts on the liberty of the royal family, he had fled, and, with his adherents, were in revolt. The implication of the queen's name in these adventures, gave rise to some historical ballads, which are still chanted by Scottish maidens among the oral poetry of the land:

"Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have ye been?
They've slain the earl of Murray,
And laid him on the green.

'Now wae betide thee Huntley!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him with you,
But forbade you him to slay.'[1]

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He might have been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba',[2]
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He was the queen's luve.

Oh, lang will his lady
Look o'er Castle Downe,
Ere she see the earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town."

A second ballad, on the same subject, enters fully into the particulars of the king's jealousy, but the name of "the bonny earl of Murray" is disguised under that of "young Waters:"

"About Yule when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A! there is come to our king's court
Many a tall we'el favour'd man.

[1] This verse acquits the king of any injurious intention towards Murray.
[2] The golf.

Our queen look'd o'er the castle wa',
Beheld both dale and down,
And then she saw 'young Waters'
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did run before,
His horsemen rode behind;
A mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graithed his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters raid upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

O then out spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he—
'O tell me who is the fairest lord
Rides in this company?'

'I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
Mine e'en did never see.'

Out then spake the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he),
'An if he had been twice as fair,
Ye might have excepted me!'

'You're neither lord nor laird,' she said,
'But the king that wears the crown;
There's not a lord in fair Scotland
But maun to thee bow down.'

Yet for a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad na be,
But for the words our queen did say,
Young Waters he must die!"

Notwithstanding the romantic imaginations of the poets, it is certain that the earl of Murray was the victim of a feud which his father-in-law had commenced with the Gordons, before either the queen, the king, or himself were born, and that he was a sacrifice to the memory of the gallant lord Gordon, who was beheaded, by the regent earl of Murray, for aspiring to the hand of Mary queen of Scots.

While the queen was abiding peaceably at her dower palace of Falkland, the succeeding summer, Bothwell made a furious attack on it; he was repulsed, from the royal apartments, but he succeeded in gaining entrance into the stables, and carried off all the queen's horses. This was in June, 1592. The queen, after this rude attack, removed to the palace of Dalkeith, which, in the following August, was made the scene of a very singular adventure. "Queen

Anne, our noble princess," says our chronicler,[1] "was served by divers gentlewomen of her own country. She was very partial to one of them, a fair Danish lady, called Margaret Twineslace, whom one of the king's gentlemen, John Wemys, of Logie, was courting with right honest affection. tending to the godly bond of marriage." Unfortunately, Wemys was a friend of the insurgent earl of Bothwell, and the king received certain information that he had conferred with him just before the attack on Falkland Palace. He was examined, on this accusation, before the king and council, and having confessed that he continued frequently to confer with Bothwell, he was committed prisoner to the guard-room, in Dalkeith castle, and every one thought his life was in danger. That night it was the turn of his Danish love to sleep in the queen's bed-chamber. It is generally supposed that Margaret waited till the king and queen were both alseep, but it is most likely that the queen was privy to the whole plot. Mistress Margaret then stole out, and went to the prison-room of her lover, Wemys of Logie, and commanded his guards to lead him forthwith to the queen's chamber, for the king wished to put a question to him. The sentinels knew she was the lady-in-waiting, and did not doubt she had authority for what she said, and accordingly conducted Wemys to the queen's chamber-door. Margaret charged them to remain there quietly, and, taking Wemys by the hand, let him boldly into the room, where her royal master and mistress were sleeping. "An sa," says our quaint old chronicler, "she closit the door, and *convoyed* the said Wemys to a window, where she ministered a lang cord to him, to let himself down upon, and sa he happilie escapit by the subtletie of luve."

The guards waited patiently at the door of the queen's chamber till the early dawn of an August morning, when they raised an alarm, and it was found that they had been deceived. The manner of Wemys's escape caused much laughter in the palace; the queen took great pains to pacify the king, who was so much amused by the adventure, that he issued a proclamation, offering pardon to Wemys of Logie, if he came back to his duties, which he did, in a few days,

[1] Historie of James the Sext, published by the Bannatyne Club, pp. 251—253. Archbishop Spottiswoode gives the prosperous termination of the adventure, and Melville mentions it.

and he was soon after married to the Danish maid-of-honour who had risked so much for his sake.[1]

Long after this adventure, Bothwell continued to make occasional attacks on whatever palace the queen happened to sojourn in, and she was liable to be roused at all hours of the night or morning by uproars he chose to raise, when trying to gain admittance. He always gave out, that his sole intention was to obtain an interview with king James, to apologise to him, and to explain to him, that he was driven to these outrages by chancellor Maitland, through whose machinations he was sure he had been accused of witchcraft. Those, who consider the folly of the accusation, will pity Bothwell, though it will be owned, that rushing into a royal bed-room, with a drawn sword, was not a rational way of making an apology. In the winter of 1593, he got into Holyrood, by the way of the kitchen, "as the gate was set open to let forth from the palace, my lady Athol, who came to visit her mother, the lady Gowry." He rushed into the king's chamber with his sword in his hand, and his friend and ally, master John Colville, with another sword. King James behaved with great spirit, he was but half-dressed, his hose not being *knit*, (tied,) and bade them strike him if they durst. Bothwell then fell at his feet, and said, "he was driven to hard courses by the practices of his enemies, begging the king to take his own sword and kill him, or to pardon him." He then laid his head on the ground, and taking the king's foot with his hand, set it on his long hair in sign of greater humility: "quhilk moved his majesty to have sic compassion on him, that he granted him his pardon freely, as his majesty told me himself that same day, and the hail manner of his incoming." So says Melville, who was in Holyrood at the very time of this uproar.

Notwithstanding the extreme humility of his rebel, James was virtually made a prisoner in his own palace, till a change of ministers was effected by Bothwell's faction. The desire of such change in these days, is signified quietly by minorities in the house of commons; but in the barbarous and semi-barbarous ages, the ministers of a sovereign were not displaced without a violent uproar in the royal residence, very frequently an insurrection took place attended with blood-

[1] Spottiswood, p. 389.

shed; the ministers of state were invariably stigmatized as royal favourites.

The Danish ambassadors, who dwelt at the house of Kinloch, near Edinburgh, suffered some anxiety respecting the welfare of the queen, and charged sir James Melville, to enter the state apartments, and ask what condition the royal family were in? The king then came to a window, leading the queen by the hand, and they both assured the people assembled in the court below, "that they were well, and the affairs were settled." It is, however evident, that Bothwell had possession of the palace, because the Danish ambassadors applied to him, through Melville, for leave of audience of the queen in the afternoon: "Quhilk," says Melville, "was granted, and I conducted them to the queen's chamber, and leaving them there, passed forward to see his majesty, wha was glad to get ony of his awn that he might speke to."

The king now felt the great assistance he derived from his Danish alliance, since the ambassadors demanded to return to their own country, where they should inform the queen's brother of the state of the palace. The difference was finally settled, by the enemy of the Bothwell faction, chancellor Maitland, being displaced and finally banished to his own estate. He had appropriated, to the queen's infinite displeasure, some of the manors belonging to her favourite domain of Dunfermline to his own use, and no remonstrances of her majesty could induce him to restore them; therefore, her influence, which now began to be considerable with king James, was thrown into the scale against him.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of the queen's eldest son (afterwards Henry prince of Wales) at Stirling—Queen's reception of the ambassadors, with baptismal gifts—Maternal troubles—Enraged at leaving her infant with lord and lady Marr—Gives the king a curtain lecture—Remains perverse—Pretends sickness—King takes her to Stirling Castle—She leagues with a faction—Birth of her eldest daughter (Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia)—Queen's accomplishments—Birth and death of her second daughter—Queen's friendship for the Ruthven family—Scandals on her relating to the Gowry Plot—Queen's affection for Beatrice Ruthven—Birth of her second son (Charles I.)—Queen's interview with Beatrice Ruthven—Anger and suspicions of the king—He reproves the queen—They are reconciled—James VI. succeeds to the English empire—Anne of Denmark queen-consort of James I., king of England, Scotland, and Ireland—The king prepares to enter England without the queen—Bids her a tender farewell—Prince Henry's letter to her—She goes to Stirling, to take him from lady Marr, who resists her—Queen falls ill at Stirling—Unreasonable anger—The Scotch privy council attend her—Her life in danger—Delivered of a dead prince—Various letters, concerning the queen, from the council at Holyrood to the king in England—All her demands granted—She is still perverse—King's letter to her—Her hatred to lord Marr—Prepares for her journey to England—Queen Elizabeth's robes and jewels sent for her wearing—Opposes the king respecting her English household—Fresh perversities at Berwick—Her progress through England—Elegant reception at Althorpe—Meets the king near Grafton—Arrival of the king and queen at Windsor—Queen quarrels with English nobles—She refuses to take the sacrament at her coronation—Suspected of popery in consequence—Dislikes changing to a third religion—Religious inconsistencies enforced by the coronation oath.

The birth of an heir to Scotland put an end to the long series of tumults with which Bothwell had agitated the court. Very soon after this auspicious event, he perceived

that all his partizans fell from him, upon which he fled to France.[1]

Queen Anne brought her first-born son into the world, at Stirling Castle, February 19, 1594. The king determined to give him the name of his own unfortunate father, and the name of the queen's father, and Henry-Frederic, the boy was named, with the first protestant baptismal rites that had ever been administered to a prince in this island.

The best insight to the domestic routine of Anne and James, in Scotland, is afforded by the royal privy purse expenses, which form a species of daily journal of their harmless lives. Through our long course of biographies we have found that the closer inquisition that is made into the letters and journals of the royal dead, who were most reviled in the 16th and 17th centuries, the more respectable do their characters appear; whether the same rule holds good in regard to those that were lauded to idolatry, our readers will best answer by the perusal of what we have collected; all we can say is, that we "invent nought, and set down nought in malice."

The accounts of the lord-treasurer of Scotland[2] commence but in 1593, and conclude with the accession to the throne of England; many a quaint and naive entry is to be found therein, but we must again warn our readers, lest they marvel at the munificence of our royal oddity, King James the Sext, that his disbursements were made in "punds Scots;" for instance—

"Item, by his majesty's precept, to certain *puir* strangers, Hungarian captives to the Turk, 200*l.*"—"May 1594. Item, by his Majesty's precept, to Helen Laytill, his highness' *awn* nurse, and to Grissel and Sarah Gray, her dochters, for their apparelling again the baptism of his highness' dearest son, the prince 646*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"—"Item, by his majesty's command, for transporting of the lion fra Halyrood House, to Striveling (Stirling) and there fra back again 207*l.* 16*s.*"

What part the lion was to play at the royal christening, unfortunately, we cannot explain.

[1] Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, died there. In 1616, when king James was quietly reigning in England, he sent from France for the heir of his troublesome kinsman, and restored to him all his patrimony, but with the title of Bothwell he would not invest him. (Life of James the Sext, p. 390.)

[2] Printed by the Maitland Club, with the Autograph Letters of the family of James VI., p. lxxi, the following thrifty item in the lord-treasurer's accounts:—"To Elizabeth Moncrief, lavender (laundress) to the prince, his grace, for saip, (soap), *sciffing*, and for wesching his claithes from February to January, 276*l.*, *Scots.*"

"Item, paid by the queen's majesty's missive, for the furniture of ten great deer hounds, appointed by her to pass into Denmark."

There is an item of their majesties' charity, in *almous*, to a poor destitute wretch, who had laid herself down at the gate of Holyrood palace, in a peculiarly unfortunate situation. Then follows a requisition from the king, for peace and quiet at the royal baptism:—

"James Lenox accompanied three heralds, with their coats displayed; and twa trumpeters, passing to the *Mercat* Cross at Striveling, with letters (proclamation), charging all, and sundry, our sovereign lord's lieges of the *quhat* estate, quality, or degree, *saever* they be of, to set apart their particular feuds, quarrels, and grudges, and keep gude peace during the time of the baptism, as they tender his majesty's honour and estimation of their native country."

It is curious to observe, that this precept gives tacit permission for the continuation of the feuds', quarrels, and grudges of the *sovereign lord's lieges*, so that they have but the decency to suspend them on this day of high festival.

The prince was baptized according to the ritual of the episcopal church of Scotland. Archbishop Spottiswoode has not disdained to narrate the ceremonial. The countess of Marr, the governess of the infant prince, and the queen's ladies brought him from his nursery, and laid him in a state-bed, in the queen's presence-chamber, from whence they carried him in procession, and delivered him to his nearest relative, the duke of Lenox, by whom he was presented to the ambassador of his godmother, queen Elizabeth, the earl of Sussex. Lord Hume carried the prince's ducal coronet of Rothsay, lord Livingstone the towel, lord Seaton the bason, and lord Semple the laver. The English ambassador, who represented queen Elizabeth, the godmother, followed with the royal babe, whose train was supported by lords Sinclair and Urquhart, and four Scottish gentlemen, of honourable lineage, bore a canopy over him. When the procession arrived at the door, king James, who was seated there, rose and received the English ambassador, who delivered the babe to the duke of Lenox, and seated himself in a stall decorated with velvet. The service was performed by the bishop of Aberdeen. The lord Lion proclaimed the titles of the prince; gold and silver were thrown from the window, among the populace, and then the heir of Scotland was brought back in procession, to the state-bed in his mother's presence-chamber.

When the ceremony of baptising her infant was ended, the queen of Scotland received, in state, the presents and congratulations of the foreign ambassadors who had assisted at this rite. Sir James Melville, who was present on this occasion, gives a lively sketch of the scene.

"I was appointed," says the statesman-historian, "to stand a little behind, but next to her majesty's chair. To the English, German, and Danish ambassadors, the queen made answer herself; but to the States of Holland, albeit her majesty could speak *seemly* French, she whispered in my ear to declare to them her answer. Then every ane of them, by order, made their presents as *god-bairn* gifts. The jewels of precious stones she resavit with her awn hand, and then deliverit to me to put into their cases, and lay them on a table quhilk was preparit, in the middle of the chamber." Queen Elizabeth sent a cupboard of plate, and some cups of massive gold; Holland presented a parchment with a yearly pension of five thousand florins to the little prince. The cups were so heavy, that sir James Melville declares he could hardly lift them. "I leave to others to set down their value; all I know is, they were soon meltet and spendit; I mean, so many as were of gold, quhilk suld have been keepit in store for posteritie. But then they that gaf advise to break them wanted their part, as they had done of the queen's tocher."

Of the amount and times of payment of this said tocher, or dowry, for the squandering of which the Sully of Scotland is so indignant, no very decided account can be given. However, as Melville affirms that a tocher was spent, it is evident some ready cash had been received by king James.

The heart of the young queen was alive to the most passionate instincts of maternity, and these were painfully outraged when she found it was her husband's intentions to leave her young son in the royal fortress of Stirling, to the care of his hereditary guardian, the earl of Marr.[1] The old countess of Marr, the king's former gouvernante, was to be inducted into the same office for the infant Henry, to the queen's extreme grief. She earnestly pleaded to have

[1] Birch State Papers, vol. i. p. 242.

him with her during his tender infancy, instead of being restricted to occasional visits. It was in vain that king James explained to her that it was part and parcel of the law of Scotland for its heir to be reared in Stirling Castle, under the care of an earl of Marr, and that he owed his own life and crown to this providential arrangement, and that the Erskine family were most worthy of this high trust; but the queen would not be content.

Then began a series of sorrows and disquiets, which not a little impaired the peace of the royal pair; queen Anne, with all the anguish of maternal jealousy, saw the first caresses of her little one bestowed on the old countess of Marr and her son, and she hated them with all the vivacity of her nature. She was at Linlithgow Palace with king James, May 25, 1595, when her little Henry had arrived at the engaging age of fifteen months old; and being in the utmost distress of mind because the Marrs had possession of her darling, of whom she was deprived, she bestowed a curtain-lecture on king James, regarding the subject nearest her heart. The substance of this exordium was, however, overheard and transmitted to England by a spy, at the earliest opportunity.[1] The queen pleaded piteously with her husband that she might not live separated from her infant. She urged her constant affection, and reminded king James "how she had left all her dear friends in Denmark to follow him; she represented that her brother, king Christiern IV., for love of her, had ever been his sure friend, therefore it was an ill return to refuse her suit, founded on reason and nature, to prefer giving the care of her babe to a subject, who, neither in rank nor deserving, was the best his majesty had." This was scarcely just to the earl of Marr, who had been, at the same time, play-fellow and guardian to his orphan king, and was, withal, one of the best subjects he ever had, and he was right to place his infant in the care of one so tried and trusty, even if the law had not prescribed it. King James, in reply to this curtain-lecture, said "that his infant he knew to be safe in Marr's keeping; and though he doubted nothing of her good intentions, yet, if some faction got

[1] Birch State Papers, vol. i. p. 243.

strong enough, she conld not hinder his boy being used against him, as he himself had been against his unfortunate mother."

This reply, which ought to have shewn Anne that her bereavement of her babe was not an intentional wrong, but an inexorable necessity, did not bring to her mind the conviction it ought to have done. She pleaded, wept, and even coaxed the king that the matter might be referred to council, in which she had secretly obtained a large faction of persons, who only cared for her wishes as they militated against the earl of Marr. The king perceived, very quickly, indications of rebellion in his council, and, to his great uneasiness, ascertained that his queen was perversely inclined to be made a tool of the factious.

The correspondence of Anne of Denmark is a very curious feature in her history. It is almost unique, not only among queenly epistles, but is almost deserving a place in the history of letter-writing. She seldom wrote by deputy—her autographs are all holographs, and her letters extant consist of a series of mere notes, in which, though a foreigner, she contrived to infuse her whole meaning. These little missives are written in the most exquisite Italian hand; they are, most of them, spirited and humorous; all are pithy, and to the purpose of the writer. The first note extant in the queen's hand, we are inclined to think belongs to the time when she was intriguing to get possession of her infant, and was meant to provide funds for her rebellious journey to Stirling. There is a hurry of spirit in its indicting, which could belong to no other period of her life, excepting at another attempt of the kind made when her husband was absent, taking possession of the English throne: but this document is written in the Scottish dialect, while, to the queen's credit, she had made herself mistress of the English language before she became queen of England, and wrote and spelled it far better than did her great grand-daughter, queen Anne of Augustan celebrity. The present document is addressed to George Heriot, banker and jeweller to Anne of Denmark, who is almost as much immortalized by the genius of sir Walter Scott as by his own good works. Unfortunately, Anne of Denmark never dated a note or letter. If she had known

what a great inconvenience this careless habit would be to her dutiful biographer, she surely would have amended it for her own sake.

ANE PRESEPT OF THE QUEEN.[1]

"Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes vith all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentie.

"Anna R."

In the course of a few days, the king informed the queen that, as her heart was so entirely set on seeing her infant, she should go to Stirling Castle forthwith, but she refused, lest it should be supposed that she went thither out of compliment to the earl of Marr, to grace the wedding of lord Glamis. She declared she was not well, and she would not go; but the king obliged her to obey him. She set out on horseback, May 30th, with her train, but either was, or pretended to be, so seriously discomposed by the caperings and rearing of her horse, that she took to her bed at Linlithgow Palace, and professed herself too ill to go any farther. The earl of Marr made a journey to pay his duty to her in her sickness, but was not admitted to her presence "for fear," as it was said, "that he should perceive her illness to be fictitious." He was, besides, so uncivilly treated by her people, that he was glad to return to Stirling Castle the same day that he left it.[2] The queen added, to the ingratitude of insulting so trusty a friend as the earl of Marr, the folly of an attempt which, in the eyes of a less indulgent husband than king James, would have been considered downright rebellion. She planned an expedition to Stirling Castle, while the king was absent on summer progress: she meant to head an armed band, composed of the lords of her faction and their followers, who were, by force, to take the infant-prince from the earl of Marr. The

[1] Holograph, from original papers, pertaining to Heriot's Hospital, kindly communicated by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Edinburgh. We are indebted to the great kindness of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, the late learned master of Heriot's Hospital, for the communication of these curious items, from the contemporary inedited records belonging to that noble foundation which he has most generously communicated. We are happy to learn that Dr. Stevens is preparing a history of Heriot's Hospital, from the rich store of documents in the charter-chest of the institution, to which he has, for the last five years, devoted his time and talents.

[2] Birch, State Papers, vol. i. p. 258.

king heard of this plot, and made a journey, from Falkland Palace, speedy enough to prevent it.[1] He obliged the queen to travel with him to Stirling Castle, but differently attended to what she had devised. Here the king permitted her to see and caress her babe as much as she chose, but was inexorable in his intentions of retaining Marr as his guardian. Indeed, he left the following document in the hands of Marr when they quitted the castle:—

"My lord Marr,

"Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, and I have *concredited* to *yow* the charge of his keeping on the trust I have of your honesty; this I command yow, *out of my own mouth, being in company of those I like*,[2] otherwise, for any charge or necessity which can come from me *yow* shall not deliver him. And in case God call me at any time, see that neither for the queen, nor the estates their pleasure, you deliver him till he be eighteen, and that he command yow himself.

"This from your assured friend,

JAMES R.

"Striveling (Stirling) Castle, June 24, 1595."

A succession of stormy debates, agitated by the queen's faction, in the council ensued, but all failed in shaking the king's firm trust in the loyalty of the earl of Marr and his lady-mother. To the infinite discontent of the royal mother, her little son remained at Stirling. Whoever glances over the events of the seven successive minorities of the kings of Scotland, will plainly perceive that it was the systematic policy of the oligarchy of that country to get possession of the heir of the kingdom, and, as soon as possible, to destroy the father,[3] and govern, during a long minority, according to their own notions of justice, which was invariably the law of the strongest. To obviate this customary order of affairs, James III. had fortified the castle of Stirling, and educated his heir in that stronghold; but his barons had, at last, obtained possession of the royal boy, and destroyed their sovereign in his name. James VI. and the earl of Marr resolved, that the infant, Henry, should never be set up as a parricidal puppet. The king had

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James, p. 185.

[2] This mysterious expression justified Marr in withholding his charge from the king himself, lest he should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be forced to command the surrender of the prince.

[3] Every sovereign of Scotland, from the reign of Robert III., (time of our Henry IV.,) had ascended the throne a minor; hence arose all the misfortunes of the Scottish kings of the line of Stuart.

studied the history of his country; and we have just shewn how he had explained to his queen, that he had himself, in his unconscious infancy, been made the instrument of his unfortunate mother's deposition, and that the same tragedy would be repeated if her boy was not left in the keeping of the earl of Marr, who had, even in youth, proved himself well worthy the trust of being hereditary guardian of the prince of Scotland, and captain of Stirling Castle. It must lower the character of Anne of Denmark in the eyes of every one, both as woman and queen, that she was not to be convinced by these unanswerable inferences from the experience of the past, but preferred to indulge the mere instincts of maternity at the risk of involving her husband, her infant, and their kingdom, in the strife and misery of unnatural warfare.

The queen continued to torment herself, and all around her, with her grievances and jealousies regarding her eldest son, till her thoughts were for a time detached by the birth of her second child. In the words of our chronicle,[1] "The queen was deliverit of a ladie at Falkland, August 15, 1596, who was baptisit by the name of Elizabeth." The baptism took place at Holyrood, and the city of Edinburgh stood godmother to the Scottish princess, being represented by the person of the provost. Perhaps, the provost's good dame would have been the more fitting representative of the mural godmother, the romantic city of Dun Edin. The young princess, was the name-child of queen Elizabeth; she lived to be that beautiful queen of Bohemia, the protestant heroine, whose adventures form so romantic an episode in the history of the 17th century; and, who was the ancestress of our present royal family.

The infant princess, was given to the charge of lord Livingstone, who, with his wife and family, had been devoted adherents of Mary, queen of Scots. The calvinistic kirk murmured, because lady Livingstone was a catholic.[2] King James answered, he did not give the royal babe to her care, but to that of her husband, though it might have been answered, that lord Livingstone would scarcely know what to do with the infant, without the agency of his lady.

[1] Life of James the Sext.

[2] Lady Livingstone, one of queen Mary's *Maries*, was for many years a protestant.

The ministers of the kirk were exceedingly malcontent at this period, some of them refused to pray for the queen, and others, when they did pray, did it in such a sort, that it would have been more decent to have let it alone. "Guid Lord," prayed master Blake, in the pulpit, "we must pray for our queen, for the fashion's sake, but we have no cause, for she will never do us ony guid." He added, all kings were the "divil's bairns," and that queen Elizabeth was an atheist. The contumacious prayer-maker, was required to ask pardon for all these extraordinary aspirations, especially "for having treasonably calumniated his majesty's bedfellow, the queen." Master Blake sturdily refused to ask her majesty's pardon; and was banished; but a most notable broil was raised before peace was restored between the court and the kirk.[1]

Anne of Denmark was always looked upon by the presbyterians, with a degree of angry jealousy, as a supporter of the episcopal church. She had been brought up a lutheran, and she naturally leant to that faith which best coincided with the tenets of her own religion. She seldom exercised any self-control respecting her preferences, and had probably incurred the ill-will of the kirk, by expressing imprudent partiality. She appears, for many years of her life, to have been utterly ignorant of the art of governing either herself or others, or of calculating the probable consequences of her word and actions; her chief fault was a passionate temper, which rendered her liable to fits of petulance, like a spoiled child. Her affections were, however,

[1] Spottiswoode. There was likewise a scuffle between the king and the kirk, whether some English comedians should exercise their vocation or not at Edinburgh. In November, 1599, James had bestowed on certain *Inglis* comedians the benefaction of thirteen crowns of the sun; how much that might amount to we cannot explain, though there is a notation appended, "that each crown was 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, punds Scots." He ordered sir George Elphinstone to deliver these English players some timber to build a house for their pastime; but when the play was ready, the Scottish kirk thought fit to "pronounce the player-men excommunicate and accursed, and that all their aiders and encouragers were in a reprobate way." Then the king sent William Forsyth to the *Mercat* Cross, at Edinburgh, with a proclamation, that it was his pleasure that the elders and deacons of the hail (whole), four sessions should annul their act concerning the *Inglis* comedians; and, at the same time, he ordered proclamation to be made to all his lieges, that it was his majesty's pleasure that the said comedians might use their *ploys* in Edinburgh. How the king and kirk settled the dispute does not appear; but James sent another benefaction to the proscribed players of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, punds Scots. Lord Treasurer's Accounts, lxxv.

most enduring and tenacious, and when once she formed an esteem for any one, she never deserted that person. "If ever," says sir James Melville,[1] "she found that the king had, by wrong information, taken a prejudice against any of his faithful subjects or servants, she always exerted herself to obtain information of the truth, that she might speak with the more firmness in their favour." As an instance, he mentions, that when his brother, Robert Melville, was disgraced by the king, the queen represented "that he had himself presented the brothers of the Melville family to her in her youth, as tried servants of his grandame,[2] and his unfortunate mother; that he had recommended her to be guided by their advice, and she had found their truth and worth." The king listened to her remonstrances, and restored sir Robert Melville to his good graces.

The queen was brought to bed of a daughter, at Dalkeith Palace, December 24, 1598. The venerable Mr. David Lindsay baptized the child, by the name of Margaret, in Holyrood chapel. In preparation for the birth of this princess, king James ordered the following articles:—

"Item, by his highness' precept, the furniture following made to the use of his darrest bedfellow: For ane cradle to the bairn, 16*l.* Item, for ane chair for the maistress' nurse, 4*l.* Item, for the seat at the feet. Item, to four stools for the rockers, 2*l.* Item to the wright's expenses passing to Dalkeith, to set up the work, and to the wright's childer in drink, silver."[3]

For the infant princess herself, there is little outlay, excepting for *mutches* of *laine*, (flannel night-caps,) and pearling, to hem the same. She died in infancy.

In the same accounts occur many entries for silk stockings, for the queen and her children, but they are called by the disagreeable name of *silk shanks*. A purchase was made for the princess Elizabeth, of "ane *birse* to straik (stroke) her hair with," and this, we verily believe to be no other than a hair-brush. A small piece of satin is charged to make the little princess a mask, and "twa babies (dolls) bought for her to play with."

As the century waned to its close, and queen Elizabeth's years approached old age, the balance of power in the island began to incline, most unusually, towards the northern kingdom. Flattering intimations from the English nobility

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 403, 404.
[2] Mary of Lorraine, queen regent of Scotland.
[3] Lord Treasurer's Accounts. Maitland Papers, lxxiv.

ever and anon arrived at the Scottish court, from the secret recognition, by some one or other among them, of James's hereditary right to their throne. He subsequently declared he possessed, for the last seven years of queen Elizabeth's reign, more power in the English privy-council than that queen herself. This was but according to the law of retribution, for, during the chief part of that century, English intrigue had repeatedly revolutionized Scotland, and fostered therein a party and religion, whose professed principles were those of democracy. The Ruthven party in Scotland was the germ of that republican faction, which afterwards extended to England, and, in the middle of the next century, made the whole island-empire shudder, under the scourge of revolutionary anarchy.

The early leader of the democratic party in Scotland, was the head of a family of respectable rank among the lower nobility of Scotland, named Ruthven, which subsequently attained the earldom of Gowry. In three distinct assaults on the personal liberty of the sovereign, the family of Ruthven were the instigators and principals. The brutal conduct of lord Ruthven to Mary queen of Scots, when Rizzio was assassinated, is universally known. Then his son, the earl of Gowry, led the revolutionary movement, called the "Raid of Ruthven," when her son, while yet a youth, was seized, and held captive, till he effected his escape. Gowry was beheaded, but his young sons were not deprived of his family property. The young earl of Gowry was educated in France, and his brothers and sisters were reared and educated at court, and given advantageous places about the person of the young queen, when she first came to Scotland. Her attachment to two of them, Alexander and Beatrice, who had both grown up under her protection, has involved her name in a series of dark and obscure scandals, of which most readers have heard, but of which no history has ever traced the origin, or even defined the relative positions of the parties.

It was very seldom that such a pertinacity of turbulence occurred, as that manifested by three successive generations of the Ruthven family, without the persons agitating had some claims to royal descent and connexion. It will be remembered that Henry VIII.'s sister, Margaret Tudor, queen of Scotland, set him the example of his

bigamies, by marrying and putting away a plurality of husbands, and the Ruthvens claimed descent from a daughter of this queen by her third husband, lord Methvin. Genealogists declare that this daughter of queen Margaret was the first wife of lord Ruthven, and died childless, but all the facts of the case strongly support the tradition that the earl of Gowry was her son, since the very circumstance that James VI. bestowed personal patronage on the children of this his mortal foe, brought them up in his palace, and placed them about his queen, proves that they had claims of near relationship to himself, though he could not, and would not, own them as princes of the blood-royal of England; for if he had done so, he must have illegitimatized his own father's descent, since the second husband of his great-grandmother, queen Margaret, (from whom lord Darnley was descended,) *survived* her third husband, lord Methvin: consequently, they could not both be her legal spouses; neither could the children of both marriages be legitimate.

The domestic crimes of Henry VIII., it is well known, produced much bloodshed and civil calamity in England; nor was Scotland without her share of the miseries of civil war, induced by the ill conduct of his sister; it is certain that the Ruthven family aided in three several insurrections, disturbing public peace, and occasioning more or less bloodshed, because it was supposed that they were a branch of the royal family, possessing certain reversionary rights on the English birthright of James VI., if he and his children were removed.

Anne of Denmark has been implicated with the Gowry plot, a mysterious conspiracy against the life of her husband, of which the young Ruthvens were the leaders; but she is only connected with it by a tie slight as a silver ribbon, according to the following tale of court gossip.

"One day, in the summer preceding the birth of Charles I," says a very scandalous chronicle, "the queen was walking in the gardens of Falkland Palace, with her favourite maid of honour, Beatrice, when they came up to a tree under which Alexander Ruthven, who was but a youth of nineteen, laid fast asleep, overcome by the heat, or violent exercise. The queen, it is said by some—and by others, his sister, Beatrice Ruthven—tied a silver ribbon round his neck, which had been given to the queen by the king, and left him sleeping. Presently, king James himself came by,

with his attendants; the silver ribbon caught his attention, and he bent over the sleeper and gazed on it very earnestly. The king, instead of waking Ruthven, (who, by the way, was a gentleman of his own bed-chamber,) and asking him how he came by the ribbon, went his way, leaving the sleeper still sleeping. Back instantly came Beatrice Ruthven, who had been anxiously watching the demeanour of the king, twitched the ribbon from round her brother's neck, and fled, leaving him, it must be supposed, in a sleep as sound as the Celtic hero, Oscar, who could only be roused by a monstrous stone being hurled against his head. Meantime, Beatrice rushed into the queen's presence, and threw this ribbon into a drawer, telling her majesty, 'that her reason for so doing, would be presently discovered.' King James, directly after, entered on the scene, and demanded the sight of his silver ribbon, in the tone of Othello, asking for the fated handkerchief; but the queen of Scotland, more lucky than Desdemona, quietly took out the silver ribbon from the drawer into which Beatrice had just shut it, and placed it in his hands. James examined it earnestly for some time, and then pronounced his oracular sentence in broad Scotch:—'Evil take me, if *like* be not an ill mark.'"

From this pantomimic story, the writers of the seventeenth century have drawn the inference, that king James himself contrived the Gowry plot against his own life; in order to revenge his jealous suspicions against the youth, Alexander Ruthven, and his queen;[1] yet, as the sister of the hero of the tale was concerned throughout the whole of the fantastic trifling with the silver ribbon, there is no reason to fix any stigma on the queen, or on any one else. But those acquainted with the physiology of plots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will not be surprised that a great calumny should have as slight a foundation.

To enter into the long details of the Gowry plot here would be impossible: it is, almost to this hour, a subject of party discussion; and volumes of controversy have been written on the subject, the only advantage of which is, that many particulars have been preserved as evidence on one side or the other, throwing light on the manners and

[1] Life of the earl of Gowry, by Pinkerton, who draws his intelligence from a writer who bore the appropriate name of Cant.

customs of a very obscure epoch. In the endeavour to recriminate the Gowry plot on the king's party by foreknowledge of the calamities awaiting the house of Ruthven, the following incident[1] is related of the queen's pet-maid of honour:—Beatrice Ruthven was a girl of great vivacity and joyous spirits, more like the Beatrice of Shakespeare than the heroine of the puritan party in Scotland. One day, she was laughing at Dr. Herries, one of the magnates of the Scotch episcopal church, on account of his club-foot, or, as she called it, his "bowit-foot;" when the doctor, annoyed at the discussion, took her hand, opened it, peered curiously into it, and said, "Mistress, leave laughing! for I see, ere long, that a sad disaster will befal you." The doctor merely meant to tame a teazing coquette by an unlucky prediction, which might mean anything, from the death of her lap-dog to the loss of her lover; but, as the incident befel within two days of the miserable catastrophe of her brothers, Dr. Herries got the credit of being a deep wizard, by one party, and of foreknowledge of the Gowry plot, by the other.

The queen and her ladies had been, since the second week of July, 1600, settled in her summer palace of Falkland, where the king joined them, meaning to reside there to hunt, during the month of August, in the neighbouring woods of Perth. The queen was awakened, much earlier than usual, by the king rising to go hunting, on the morning of the 3rd of August. While he was dressing in his hunting-garb, she asked him, "Why he went out so early;" to which he replied, "That he wished to be astir betimes, as he expected to kill a prime buck before noon."[2] This trifling incident the queen afterwards thought was prophetic of the bloodshed which occurred on that disastrous day.

The king was certainly going hunting, but that was not his primary object. He had been informed, by his gentleman of the bed-chamber, young Alexander Ruthven, that a jesuit, with a bag of gold, had just been seized near Perth, and was then detained, at Gowry House, in that town, till the king would please to examine him, which he could do privately while refreshing from hunting. Such an

[1] Calderwood Gowry Plot. [2] Steward's Collection.

incident was thoroughly in unison with the customary proccedings of that era; for, be it observed, that when any person, above the grade of a common robber, had a mind to a bag of gold found on a traveller, the most strenuous efforts were forthwith made to prove both traveller and gold to be jesuitical. Meantime, king James, who reckoned on enjoying, besides his morning hunt, two prime diversions, being a controversial dispute with a recusant, and counting over a bag of Spanish gold, slipped away from the chase at noon, and, with only an attendant or two, came to Gowry House, in Perth.[1] He was received by the earl of Gowry, young Ruthven's eldest brother, who had not long returned from the court of queen Elizabeth. After dinner, on a sign from Alexander Ruthven, the king withdrew with him, expecting to be introduced to the jesuit and his gold. In that idea, the king followed Alexander Ruthven, without suspicion, up various winding stairs and intricate passages, into a strong circular chamber, the prison-hold of the Gowry family: here, instead of seeing the jesuit and his gold, the king beheld a portentous figure of a gigantic man, clothed completely in black armour, while Alexander Ruthven cut off all retreat by locking the heavy door. He then made a murderous assault on the king, reproaching him with the death of his father, the late earl of Gowry. King James, who was unarmed, kept him at bay as well as he could; and the black giant took no part in the struggle. The king remonstrated with Alexander, "told him that he was a child, under tuition of a regent, when the late earl Gowry was beheaded, and reminded him of the great affection the queen bore to Beatrice, and how kindly he himself had been treated during the whole of his reign." This discourse was of no avail. After a pause, young Ruthven made a second, more violent, attack on the king, who would have been murdered, but for the vigilance of his page or henchman, young Ramsay.

[1] This antique baronial residence, sometimes called Gowry Palace, and sometimes Gowry House, (the locale of the plot and tragedy) was only pulled down in the present century, 1807. It was situated in Perth, on the left bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets, called the Water-street and Spey-street. Part of the structure was of date immemorial, and when pulled down, concealed pits and dungeons were found therein. It had, in later times, been used as a barracks. (Rev. John Scott's Life of Gowry.)

This gallant youth, missing his royal master, and mistrusting his hosts, was already searching for him through the intricate defiles of the house. While so doing, he heard the king's voice shouting for rescue. On this, Ramsay forced a turnstile, which guarded the way to some back stairs leading to a private door into the circular room, and appearing suddenly on the scene, flew at Alexander Ruthven, and dragged him from the king's throat. King James had struggled manfully for his life; he had got to the window in the scuffle, shouting for help all the time, but the odds were still fearfully against him. For two of the Gowry servants, with the earl himself, alarmed at Ramsay having forced the turnstile, rushed into the circular room to the assistance of young Ruthven, who was wounded, and struggling with Ramsay; but one of the servants, not liking the task of king-killing, aided king James. At this juncture the rest of the royal hunting-party had arrived, and were thundering at the great door of the circular chamber. The remainder of the narrative is supplied from the deposition, on oath,[1] of the duke of Lenox, the king's kinsman. He declared "that he, and the earl of Marr, and the rest of the royal hunt, being alarmed at missing the king, had, about two in the afternoon, galloped into Perth, they traced him to the neighbourhood of Gowry House, and drew up near it"—as he said, "avising together *quhair* (where) to seek our king, when incontinent," continueth this deponent, "we heard ane voice crying for help, and I said to the earl of Marr, 'It is our king's voice that cries, be he quhair he may!' And so they all lukit up to the window, quhair they saw his majesty, looking furth, without his hat; his face was red, and a hand sharply gripet his cheek and mouth. The king cried—'I am murtherit! Treason! Help—help, lord Marr!' And, incontinent, I ran, with the earl of Marr and company, up the front stairs leading into the Gowry chamber where his majesty was, to have relievet him, but found the door of the chamber fast; but seeing ane ladder standing beside, all rushed at the door with the ladder," evidently using it as a battering-ram, "when the steps of the ladder brake: and notwithstanding great forcing with hammers, they got not entry into the said chamber, till

[1] Pitcairn's State Trials.

after the earl of Gowry and his brother, Alexander, were slain !" [1]

Such is a brief account of the celebrated Gowry conspiracy, which occasioned as great consternation in Scotland, as the Gunpowder Plot did, some years subsequently, in England.

It was dark before the tumult and confusion in Gowry House, and the excitation of the alarmed population of Perth subsided sufficiently for the king and his retinue to set out on their return to Falkland Palace. The night set in black and gloomy, with howling wind and rain; but, notwithstanding, all the people of Falkland swarmed out of their houses to meet their king, on the road, running by his side, with torches, and manifesting, by their acclamations, excessive joy at his escape from assassination.[2]

The rumour that the king had slain the earl of Gowry and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, was brought to the queen, and Beatrice Ruthven, without any account of the rest of the particulars. Beatrice fell into agonies of grief for the loss of her brothers, and the queen, afflicted at the sufferings of her friend, and the sudden death of a person who had been domesticated with her for eleven years, was found, by king James, crying piteously, instead of joyfully welcoming him and congratulating him, on his narrow escape from death. Moreover, the queen, recalling the king's words in the morning, when dressing, (and being always most imprudent in uttering her feelings without due consideration,) affirmed that Alexander Ruthven had been his victim, instead of a conspirator against his life. Such expressions naturally roused the jealousy and anger of king James, and certainly gave rise to most of the malicious aspersions on him in regard to the Gowry plot; they were, withal, eagerly repeated by the party, which had always been headed by the family of Ruthven.

James found it hard to forgive the misplaced sympathy of his queen, and few who have read the circumstances, can wonder at his displeasure; and she who, when she had taken a notion into her head, was as pertinacious as him-

[1] Sanderson's Life of queen Mary and king James; likewise Archbishop Spottiswoode.

[2] Scott's Life of Gowry, p. 154, 155.

self, continued to assert, as long as she lived, "that nothing could make her believe that her young friends and affectionate attendants of the Ruthven family had been disloyal to king James, and whenever the matter was spoken of, she added, "she hoped that Heaven would not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of the Ruthvens."[1]

Ruin of the most overwhelming kind fell on the unhappy survivors of the family of Ruthven, all their property was confiscated, and their name abolished. Poor Beatrice, though not implicated in her dead brother's malefactions, was torn from her royal mistress, and thrust out to utter destitution."[2] The queen retired with a sorrowing heart to her palace of Dunfermline, and there, in very weak health, she awaited her accouchement, her sole diversion being the superintendence of her builders and decorators, who were giving the last finish to her improvements at that favourite abode.

The king was that autumn, engaged with his parliament, which sat in judgment, according to the ancient Scottish law, on the dead bodies of the two Ruthvens.[3] The same day appointed for the quartering of their remains, her majesty brought in the world her second son, the 19th of November, 1600.

When the news was brought to king James, that the queen had presented him with a second son, on the 19th of November, he made the following speech: "I first saw my wife, on the 19th of November, on the coast of Norway; she bore my son Henry, on the 19th of February; my daughter Elizabeth, on the 19th of August, and now

[1] John Scott's Life of Gowry, p. 154, quoted from historical MSS. to which he had access, and confirmed by the traditions of Perth.

[2] Superstition was greatly excited by the death of the earl of Gowry and his brother. Calderwood relates that the Sabbath-day after their death, which fell on August 10, the most appalling apparitions were seen at Gowry Palace, or House. The windows of the room where the tragedy took place were flung violently open, flashings of fire were seen, and armed men leaned out of the windows, weeping and wringing their hands, and the most doleful moanings and screaming resounded for many nights throughout the desolate house, such as thrilled the hearers with horror.

[3] Robertson. This was according to the established laws of Scotland, and was nothing new, though James has been much reproached on the subject by historians, who are not antiquarians; before he was born, the earl of Murray had "salted the body of the earl of Huntley," after the battle of Pinkey, and brought it thus for trial.

she has given birth, at Dunfermline, to my second son, on the anniversary of the day on which we first saw each other, the 19th of November, I being myself born on the 19th of June."

There had certainly been some coolness between the king and queen before this auspicious event put him in good-humour. He immediately went to visit her at Dunfermline. He found her very ill, and the new-born prince, so weak and languishing, that his death was hourly expected. The king, therefore, ordered him to be baptized immediately,[1] according to the rites of the episcopalian church of Scotland; giving him the name of Charles, which was, in reality, his own first name, and at the same time that of his uncle, (lord Darnley's brother), lord Charles Stuart. The king rewarded the queen's attendants with his own hand, according to the following entry:

"November. Item his majesty's self, given out of his own hand, to Jonet Kinlock, midwife of her majesty, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, pound Scots. Item, by his majesty's special command, given to John Murray, for bringing the first news of the birth of duke Charles 16*l.*, Scots."

The royal infant had a state baptism, at Holyrood, for he was conveyed thither the month after his birth.

"December 1600. Item, to Abraham Abircrumby, sadler, for repairing her majesty's litter-gear the time the duke of Albanie (Charles I.) was transported fra Dumfermeline to Holyrood House." Likewise, "Item, given in December, to the heralds, to be *cassin furth* (thrown to the populace), in sign of largess, at the baptism of the duke of Albanie, (Charles I.)

The new year opened more peacefully on the royal pair; and, we find, that king James became the customer of Jingling Geordie, to the following effect:—"Item, payit by commandment of his majesty's precept, to George Heriot, goldsmith, for ane jewel, *quhairvith* his highness *propinet*, his dearest bedfellow, in ane new year's gift."[2] The propine for queen Anne, cost 1333 (*pounds Scots.*)

The infant, Charles, was nursed at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife. The young prince struggled with difficulty through the first years of his infancy; and, while he remained in Scotland, suffered much from weak health.

The lord-treasurer's accounts speak much of a younger

[1] Spottiswoode.
[2] Lord Treasurer's Accounts. Maitland Club, p. lxxviii.

son of James and Anne, born the year after Charles I. This infant lived to have a grand baptism, and to receive the Christian name of his illustrious ancestor, Robert Bruce. Several quaint entries are found touching the baptism of her majesty's dearest bairn, duke Robert. Her majesty again received a *propine*, or propitiation, of jewellery, being a pointed diamond, in May, before the baptism of duke Robert. Isabel Colt, the *maistress nurse*, was likewise propitiated by her royal master, with "ten elnes and a half of Tours taffeta, for a gown; four elnes and a half of black *velvot*, to be her skirt, and to lay out the hem of her gown, and ane quarter of black velvot, to ane mutch for her head." John Arnott, merchant-burgess of Edinburgh, was to send to Dunfermline, "for the use of the king's darrest son, *duik* Robert, ane silver plate and ane silver spune." "Ninety-six pounds, *Scots*, was casten furth amangst the people at the baptism of duik Robert, in name of largess." Likewise there is a most conscientious entry, on the part of good king James, to the following effect:—"Item, to ane honest man, in Dumfermeline, for reparation of the scathe, quilk he sustainet *in his corns*, at the rinning of the ring, after the baptism of his majesty's son, duik Robert." Perhaps it is as well to explain that the scathe, or harm, which the honest man sustained was in the corn on his ground, not the corns on his feet, the wording of the entry being rather ambiguous. Fortunately for *duik* Robert, the next entry sums up the total of his small history; he was spared the woes attendant on the existence of a royal Stuart, by the following requisites being provided for his use and occupation:—"Item, payit to Thomas Weir, pewterer, for ane lead kist, and for expense for riding to Dunfermline, and for ane kist of aiken timber, to lay duik Robert in after his death."

The time that intervened, between the birth of duke Robert and the death of Elizabeth, was spent by the royal family of Scotland eagerly looking forward to the southern land of promise; these hopes being now and then enlivened by some enigmatical token that the king and queen of Scotland would, before long, reign over the whole island.[1]

[1] Of this kind was the mysterious present sent to the king by queen Elizabeth's favoured godson, sir John Harrington. The donor has left the following quaint description of his gift: "It was a dark lantern, made of four metals—gold, silver, brass, and iron, the top of it being a crown of pure gold,

All the ambassadors' journals, private news-letters, and other documentary sources of intelligence, written in the course of the year 1602, are replete with dark hints that Anne of Denmark had been detected conferring with some persons concerned in a plot against her husband's life. The sole foundation of this report was her charity to the

which did also serve to cover a perfume pan." There was within a shield of silver, embossed to give a reflection to the light, on one side of which was the sun, moon, and planets, by which were implied the king and queen of Scots, with their progeny. On the other side was the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by a king of Scots,[1] who was prisoner in Nottingham, in a cell called, to this day, the King of Scots' Vault. The motto to this was the prayer of the penitent thief—*Domine memento mei cum veneris in regnum*—"Lord, remember me when you come to your kingdom;" and a little beneath—*Post crucem lucem.* The wax candle was arranged to be removed at pleasure to the top, which was made as a candlestick stand in a foot of brass; the snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steel; the perfume in a little silver globe filled with musk and amber. On the globe, the following verses were written in Latin, with an English translation, by Harrington himself:—

"Excellent prince! and our Apollo rising,
Accept a present sent in like disguising;
And though it come in feigned name unknown,
Yet love unfeigned may therein be shewn.
Silver is closed in steel in darkness light,
Only the crown apparent stands in sight;
In argent shield are sacred stories shewn,
Stories to your great ancestor well known;
Who, shut in Nottingham, and kept apart,
'Graved there this goodly monument of art.
This story at his fingers'-ends he knew,
For with his fingers'-ends the same he drew.
Eke other fancies lurk in this our present,
The use and sense of which is not unpleasant.
Four metals, ages four, resemble do,
Of which the golden age God sent to you;
Of steel, I wish small use and little lasting,
Of brass, gold, silver, plenty, never wasting.
The sun, moon, stars, and those celestial fires,
Foretell the heavens shall prosper your desires.
The candle, emblem of a virtuous king,
Doth waste his life to others light to bring.
To your fair queen and sweet babes, I presume
To liken the sweet savour and perfume;
She sends sweet breathed love into your breast,
She, blessed with fruitful issue, makes you blest.
Lastly, let heavenly crowns this crown succeed,
Sent sure to both—to neither sent with speed."

[1] David Bruce, during his confinement in that castle, is said to have sculptured the passion of our Saviour on the walls of his apartment.

innocent and destitute survivors of the unfortunate family of Ruthven.[1]

Sir Thomas Erskine, who was commander of the king's guard, and who hated the whole Ruthven faction heartily, discovered that the queen had procured a secret interview with Beatrice, and had *furnished her.* This term, in the phraseology of that day means provided her with necessaries and comforts. No doubt the unfortunate young lady greatly needed them; for when she was deprived of her place in the queen's household, she lost, at the same time, every kind of maintenance.

The queen had a feeling heart, and to those desolate as the young Ruthvens, she often shewed the most disinterested kindness and compassion—qualities which counterbalanced many flaws in her temper and errors in tact and judgment. "The king," says a contemporary letter, "has great suspicion that the Ruthvens come not but on some dangerous plot. The day of my writing last, he discovered that mistress Beatrice Ruthven was brought to the queen's apartments by my lady Paisley,[2] and the mistress of Angus, lady Margaret Douglas, as one of their gentlewomen, and *stowed* away, till evening, in a chamber, prepared for her by the queen's direction, where her majesty had much conference with her." This interview, which took place at Holyrood Palace, was detected by the vigilance of sir Thomas Erskine, the king's cradle-partner and play-fellow, and now the valiant captain of his guards. Sir Thomas detested thoroughly the persons and party of the Ruthvens, and would not believe, but that a fourth plot was concocting, when he detected that the poor desolate Beatrice was smuggled into the palace, to be comforted and relieved by her affectionate royal patroness. He therefore flew, with the tale of his discovery, to the king, who, likewise, remained much affronted and aggrieved, and very suspicious of the interview, which it does not appear that either he or sir Thomas Erskine ventured to interrupt.

Beatrice Ruthven staid in the queen's apartments a night and day, and it is said they had many sad communings on the dreadful past, and that the queen mentioned many

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James, p. 227.

[2] Daughter of the loyal lord Seaton, and wife to lord Claude Hamilton (Scott's Gowry.)

secret surmises relative to the Gowry plot, which, being reported, much incensed the king, and must be considered an imprudent effervescence of feeling on the part of the queen, since it gave her husband's enemies some grounds for animadversion. Beatrice departed from her royal mistress laden with gifts, or, as the contemporary authority says, "well furnished;" in all probability, on account of her approaching marriage, for this desolate young lady was, soon after, honourably married to sir John Home, of Cowden-knows.[1]

The king, who was at first very jealous of all that was going on, thought proper to reprove the queen severely for this affair. He likewise examined all her household, who were concerned in the introduction of Beatrice Ruthven, and, at the end of this inquisition, he declared "he found that no wrong had either been done, or meant, in the matter, and therefore resumed his usual affectionate manner to the queen."[2] Such were the incidents on which the spies at the court of Scotland founded many calumnious hints against the queen, in 1602.

At last the hour sounded which summoned queen Elizabeth from this world, and which, at the same time, united the British islands under one sovereignty. King James had, long before, established spies at the court of England, who, by a system of concerted signals, were to give him the earliest intimation of this great event, which was communicated to him by a near and favoured kinsman of queen Elizabeth. The manner in which this news was conveyed to the Scottish court shall, however, be told in sir Robert Carey's own words. It has already been shewn, in the biography of queen Elizabeth, how he had received the signal from the window of the royal chamber at Richmond, by means of his sister, lady Scrope, that queen Elizabeth had just expired. The race he rode with the news, to king James is, perhaps, unexampled, excepting by Turpin, the highwayman. "Very early on Saturday," says he, in his autobiography, "I took horse for the north, and rode to Norham, about twelve at noon, so that I might have been with king James at supper time; but I got a great fall by

[1] Scott's Life of Gowry, where it is likewise asserted that her grandson was created earl of Hume in the seventeenth century.

[2] Nicholson's Letters. Biren's State Papers.

the way, that made me shed much blood. I was forced to ride at a soft pace after, so that king James was newly gone to bed, by the time I knocked at his gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to his chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his titles of king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." Other accounts add, that Carey was a deplorable spectacle, his face being stained with the blood from his fall, which he had not paused to wash away. "The king," he continued, "gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. He inquired of the manner of queen Elizabeth's death and sickness. He asked, 'What letters I had from the privy council?' I told him 'None; yet had I brought him a *blue ring* from a fair lady, which I hoped would give him assurance that I reported the truth.' He took it, and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the care of the lord Hume, charging him that I should want for nothing. He sent for his surgeons to attend me, and, when I kissed his hand to withdraw, he said these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman,[1] and a loving mistress; but here, take my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward.'"[2]

The hurried expedition of sir Robert Carey was quickly followed by an express from the English privy council,[3] inviting king James to come to London, and take possession of his hereditary right, as he had been proclaimed, on the 24th of March, king of England, by the title of James I. When the hour of parting from his Scottish subjects arrived, although that hour had been eagerly anticipated by the king, the queen, and the whole Scottish people, as a wonderful exaltation and advancement, it was found to be a very sorrowful event. The separation between Scotland

[1] Sir Robert Carey and his sister were cousins, in the third degree, to queen Elizabeth, by descent from Mary Boleyn and William Carey.

[2] The king, a few days after, asked Carey what reward he wished, who replied, to be made a gentleman of his bedchamber, and after to taste of his bounty. "I was then sworn of his bedchamber, and that very evening I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed."

[3] State Papers. At the same time, they greatly reprobate the officiousness of the self-appointed envoy, sir Robert Carey; this, probably, caused his hoped-for reward to be delayed some months. He mourns over his disappointed hopes, in his autobiography, with so little disguise of his selfishness, that his lamentations are truly laughable.

and her monarch took place in a primitive manner, more like the parting of the father of a numerous family, who, having inherited a great estate, has to undertake a dangerous voyage to gain possession of it. The Sunday before he set out for England, king James escorted his queen from Holyrood to St. Giles' Church, which was crowded with the people of Edinburgh. A sermon was preached, by a popular minister, on the occasion of the king's departure. At the conclusion, king James rose up in his place, and made a speech to his people, bidding them a most loving and piteous farewell.[1] No formal official reply was made to an address which evidently sprang fresh from the heart, but the voice of weeping and loud lamentation responded to it, and resounded through the antique pile.

King James commenced his journey to England, April 5, 1603. He bade farewell to his queen in the high street at Edinburgh.[2] They both were dissolved in tears. The whole population of the metropolis of Scotland witnessed this conjugal parting; and now, anticipating all the tribulations of absenteeism, from which they afterwards suffered very long, the people lifted up their voices, and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort.

When it is remembered how fatal England had been to all his immediate ancestors, it will be allowed that some physical, as well as moral, courage, was needed by king James to enter the land in peaceful confidence, without any army, or even means of resistance. His new subjects had occasioned, either actively or incipiently, the deaths of his mother and of the kings of Scotland, her father, and grandfather; moreover, the strifes fostered by their intrigues had certainly induced the assassinations of his father, lord Darnley, and his grandfather, the regent Lenox. James, therefore, determined to try the experiment of entering England alone, without his family, not being willing to risk these dearest objects of his heart before he had tested the loyalty of the south. Prince Henry he left, sedulously guarded by a strong garrison, at the fortress of Stirling, under the care of the earl of Marr.

[1] Spottiswoode.

[2] Time Triumphant—a very scarce contemporary tract, reprinted in Nichols' Progresses of James.

King James quitted Scotland too hastily to visit the prince; but he wrote to him a letter, at his departure, which remains extant, and is highly to his credit as a father—

"My Son,

"That I see you not before my parting, impute to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious, but that shall, by God's grace, be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me ever after.

"Let not this news[1] make you proud or insolent, for a king's son ye were, and no more are you yet; the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burden. Be merry, but not insolent; keep a greatness, but *sine fastu*; be resolute, but not wilful; be kind, but in honourable sort. Choose none to be your playfellows but of honourable birth; and, above all things, never give countenance to any, but as ye are informed they are in estimation with me. Look upon all Englishmen that shall come to visit you, as your loving subjects, not with ceremoniousness as towards strangers, but with that heartiness which at this time they deserve.

"This gentleman, whom the bearer accompanies, is worthy, and of good rank, and now my familiar servitor, (*probably sir Robert Carey*;) use him, therefore, in a more homely, loving sort than others. I send you herewith my book, lately printed, (the Basilicon Doron); study and profit in it as you would deserve my blessing; and as there can nothing happen unto you, whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices with the rules there set down, allowing and following their advices that agrees with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise you to the *contraire*.

"Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at your meeting with me I may praise you for your progress in learning. Be obedient to your master for your own weal, and to procure my thanks; for in reverencing him ye obey me and honour yourself. Farewell.

"Your loving father,

JAMES R.

The commencement and conclusion of this letter are truly admirable in their noble truth and simplicity; and even the species of absolutism, in which the author-king refers to his "booke latelie prentid," as the unalterable code of laws, by which his boy, of ten years old, was to regulate his mind and conduct, can scarcely be blamed when their relative situations are considered. It was entitled, "The Basilicon Doron; or, his Majesty's Instructions to his dearest Son, the Prince." Had it been written by any other man than the reviled James I., it would have been universally admired. It has, however, met with the approbation of Bacon, Locke, Hume, and Percy. The following sonnet, extracted from the preface, is a fair epitome of its precepts. In point of poetic construction, as bishop

[1] The succession to the English crown.

Percy justly observes, it would not disgrace any author who was the contemporary of James:—

"God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects *ought*[1] them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye[2] would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.
If His lieutenant here you should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true and plain,
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.
And so shall ye in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty king divine."

It has already been shewn, that the king did not mean to trust his volatile partner with the least political authority in case that a minority had occurred; and he was equally unwilling that the admirable education he was giving prince Henry, under the care of Adam Newton, should be interrupted by her fondness and caprice. She had, however, her own peculiar plans in cogitation, which she acted upon directly her husband was at a convenient distance. She was, at that time, in a situation which required consideration; but it was hoped that her journey might be safely accomplished before her accouchement, which was expected in June. When the king bade her farewell, he appointed her to follow him in twenty days, if affairs in England wore a peaceable aspect.

In reality, the English not only received their new sovereign peacefully, but with a vehemence of affection which seemed to amount to mania. The excessive love of change which, in all ages, has been a leading propensity in the national character of our courtrymen, sometimes manifests itself in these delirious fits of loyalty, which seldom last more than a few months, but are exceedingly deceptive to royal personages who are thus, for a short time, unduly deified, and are very speedily, as unduly, vilified.

[1] The sentence means "owe to them obedience." "They *ought* them," for "they *owed* them" is still used in the East Anglican countries, which conjugate the verbs *owe*, *give*, *may*, with obsolete tenses closely in unison with their German origin.

[2] Prince Henry, to whom this grand exhortation is addressed, is here personally called upon.

The king's Scottish attendants were utterly astonished at the extravagant popularity of James in England; and he himself, to one of his old friends, made the pithy remark: "Thae people wul spoil a gude king."

The fact was, no person gave the king any trouble, at this important crisis of his life, excepting his queen, who, without any criminal intention, but from mere folly and perversity, had nearly stirred up a rebellion in Scotland soon after his departure. It has been shewn that the feelings of maternity amounted, in the bosom of the queen, to passion of an uncontrollable nature; and these feelings were newly excited by a letter, written by her eldest son, from Stirling, congratulatory on the peaceful possession his father had taken of his English inheritance. In this letter the royal boy naturally lamented his absence from both his parents, and expressed an ardent desire to see the one whom distance had not rendered inaccessible—

"Madame and most honoured mother,[1]

"My humble service remembered, having occasion to write to the king, my father, by this *accident* (opportunity), which has fallen out of late, I thought it became my duty by writing also, to congratulate your majesty on the happy success of that great turn, almost above men's expectation, the which I beseech God to bless in the proceeding, as he has done in the beginning, to the still greater increase of your majesty's honour and contentment. And seeing, by his majesty's *departing* (departure), I *will* (shall) lose that benefit, which I had, by his frequent visitation, I must humbly request your majesty to supply that lack by your presence (which I have more just cause to crave, since I have wanted it so long, to my great grief and displeasure), to the end that your majesty, by sight, may have, as I hope, the greater *matter* (reason) to love me, and I likewise may be encouraged to go forward in well doing, and to honour your majesty with all due reverence, as appertains to me, who *is* your majesty's most obedient son,

"HENRY."

The king soon found that the presence of the earl of Marr was necessary in England; because, that faithful friend had been ambassador there in 1601, and had entered into such negotiations with the English courtiers of influence, that he secured the throne to his master. James, it seems, needed his personal attendance, in order to ascertain the amount of the bribes promised. When, queen Anne was certain of the departure of Marr—whom she hated with all her heart, as the watchful sentinel who guarded her eldest son, from the effects of her injudicious

[1] Harleian MSS, 7007.

fondness—she thought she was mistress of the ascendant in Scotland, and set off immediately for Stirling Castle, accompanied by a strong party of the nobles of her faction, hoping to intimidate the old countess of Marr, into the surrender of the prince.[1] Poor lady Marr, was in the utmost perplexity, she had, however, been accustomed to carry a firm command in the garrison of Stirling, in somewhat worse times, than the present. When formerly governante of king James in his infancy, she had been used to see the powers of two hostile factions, alternately gather at the base of the lofty towers of Stirling, raging for admittance, and for the surrender of her young charge. It was not, therefore, very probable, that her firmness would give way before any array, headed by a leader of no greater prowess than Anne of Denmark. Lady Marr, therefore, flatly refused admittance to any of the queen's armed partizans, and, when her majesty entered the castle, with her usual officers and attendants, and prepared to take her son away, she declared "that she had the king's warrant for retaining the prince under her charge, and till she saw equal authority for surrendering him, she must, perforce, keep him still." The queen threw herself into a tempest of passion at this refusal, and her delicate situation rendered such transports of temper peculiarly dangerous. All her attendants exclaimed loudly against lady Marr's unprecedented wickedness, in detaining the child from the mother. Lady Marr, shewed them the king's positive warrant for her conduct, and said, "she dared not disobey it." The queen threatened force, and some say, swords were actually drawn. The stormy scene ended by the queen becoming hysterical, and she was carried lamenting to the royal apartments in the castle. Lady Marr instantly despatched messengers to the king in England, and to the council at Holyrood, craving positive orders and directions for her conduct at this juncture. The queen roused herself from her fit, and wrote her version of the affair, and despatched special messengers both to the king in England, and to the Scotch council.

When the queen's letters arrived at Holyrood, a deputation from the council hurried to Stirling Castle. No very

[1] Spottiswoode; and Birch's Life of Henry, prince of Wales.

distinct detail exists as to what her majesty said or did, when they arrived, excepting that they were all in the utmost consternation at the passions into which she was pleased to throw herself, when she found that they would not enforce her commands, and take her son from the guardianship of lady Marr. The end of all these furious agitations was, that she became so extremely ill, that her life was despaired of for many hours, and that she was put to bed of a son, born prematurely, and dead. The queen's almoner, Spottiswoode, (afterwards archbishop of Glasgow, and the historian of the Scottish church,) set off with this bad news to the king, and was charged with a dismal list of her complaints and injuries:[1] but this worthy ecclesiastic was far from flattering the whims of his royal mistress, or ranking himself among the partizans of her rash and unreasonable conduct.

Lady Marr, and the lords of the council who were at Stirling Castle, seemed in equal danger of being considered answerable for the death of the infant prince, and the perilous state of the queen. Lord Montrose, one of the king's most trusted counsellors, wrote a piteous letter of exculpation, dated May 10, to his majesty,[2] affirming most truly, that the queen's expedition to Stirling was no fault of his. Lord Fife the president of the council, wrote another dispatch, which is surely a most naive and amusing document, the conclusion, evidently shews, that he had promised that the froward patient should have her own way; such promises being, however, subject to the revision of his majesty's own oracular decisions.

"I was at Dumfermline," wrote this faithful counsellor and friend,[3] "when this stir fell forth, and came not to Stirling till I was sent for by her majesty, who was then in the extremity of her trouble, which state would not admit all that good reason might have furnished to ony of us to be said to her majesty. Your highness's advocate chanced to be with her majesty at the verie worst. Now, your highness has had proof before of his wit and guid behaviour; but, at sic a time, in sic an accident, and to sic a person, *quhat* could he do or say? He was not ignorant of the great care and tender luve your majestie has to her high-

[1] Archbishop Spottiswoode's Ecclesiastical History.

[2] Bannatyne Papers. [3] Balfour Papers, 54.

ness's royal person, and to dispute quhat reason or wisdom would urge, was but the way to incense her majesty farder against us all, and to augment her passion to greater peril, *quhilk* he was certain would have annoyed your majesty above all, and might have been justly impute to lack of discretion on his pairt. All being weighed, the best expedient was to comfort and encourage her majesty, and to gif her guid heart." This considerate man sums up the case in these words:—

"Physic and medicine requireth greater place with her majesty, at present, than lectures on economie or politic. (Perhaps meaning political economy, and this was undeniably true.) Her majesty's passions could not be sa weil mitigat and moderat as by seconding and obeying all her directions, quhilk alway is subject to zour sacred majisty's answers and resolves as oracles."

It is a bold assertion, but surely never was any man in this world more thoroughly plagued with the petulant contradictions of a silly, spoiled wife, than poor king James, at such an important crisis. When the news arrived of the queen's dangerous illness, and the disaster that had befallen his expected offspring, all anger was lost in the conjugal tenderness, which, as lord Fife plainly declared, he bore to his perverse partner. He had just been received with enthusiastic loyalty in London, where he was anxiously expecting his faithful earl of Marr; he was, nevertheless, so much troubled with the news from Scotland, that he begged his cousin, the duke of Lenox, whom he greatly trusted, to hasten home to the north, "that he would meet Marr on the road, and when he met him, he must beg of him to return to Stirling in his company, and pacify the queen as well as he could." This was an awkward commission, for Lenox and Marr were rivals in the king's favour, and leaders of different factions. The king sent, at the same time, a letter to Marr, which he was to deliver to the queen, authorizing her to receive the prince into her own custody, at the palace of Holyrood.[1]

The earl of Marr and the duke of Lenox met at York, and travelled on this errand to Stirling, where the very name of

[1] Spottiswoode, p. 477.

the poor earl of Marr threw the royal patient into a fresh access of rage. She was so very ill on the 12th of May, that the council wrote thus to the king:[1]—"We thought it our dewtie, hearing of her majesty's disease, to repair, in haste, to your castle of Stirling, *quhair* (where) we remain, *put* in guid hope of her majesty's convalescing shortlie; and being met and convened in council, the earl of Marr, lately returned from the court at London hither, did affirm he had received information, that it was the intention of certain evil disposit persons to seize the person of the prince." Such, was, indeed, the case; the violent controversies at Stirling had roused the seditious spirit of the Scottish nobility into activity, and meetings were held at Torwoodlee, by large bodies of the leading gentry, to prevent the heir of Scotland being carried to London, for they chose he should remain in the north, and be brought up as a Scotchman.

The king had sent orders, that the great point of giving up the prince was to be yielded to the queen; but her majesty was by no means contented with having obtained her own way, which we humbly opine that every lady ought to be. She refused to receive the prince if he was delivered to her by the earl of Marr,—refused to see the earl, or let him present her with the king's credentials on the subject,—and she refused to depart from Stirling to Edinburgh, either with the prince or without him, if the earl of Marr travelled in the prince's company. But Marr was forced to do so, since his commission specified that he was not to yield up his important charge, till they all arrived at Holyrood. Montrose again wrote to his royal master, pathetically demanding, in broad Scotch, how all these new freaks of her majesty were to be guided.[2] "I maist humbly beseech zour highness," wrote this worthy lord of the council, "to provide remeids, how the queen's grace may rest contentit, and the earl of Marr exonerat of that greit charge that lies on him, of the said prince, and sum order to be taken, how this controversie, likely to arise amang the nobilitie, may be setlet and pacifiet. *Quhareat*, (whereat), I doubt nocht, zour majisty will foretell ane means to help the same, according to the wonted proof of zour majisty's wisdome and for-

[1] Melross Papers. [2] Bannatyne Collections.

sight, kythed heretofore in sic matters; quhilk, as we adore and admire, so we rest sorie and discontent to be sa far removit and separatit from the same."

This quaint despatch, together with some others, written by the aggrieved Erskines, complaining that they were accused by the queen and her faction of unheard-of barbarities, committed against the royal person, at length put the much-enduring monarch into a towering passion. He swore a great many oaths—swearing being, indeed, his besetting sin—and wrote, forthwith, a letter of remonstrance, to his perverse better half, garnished, it must be owned, with more expletives than is becoming to its style, otherwise the letter is both rational and affectionate. It was in reply to a series of recriminations and complaints written to him by his angry helpmate, which is not forthcoming:

JAMES I. TO ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"My Heart,

"Immediately before the receipt of your letter, I purposed to have written to you, and that without any great occasion, excepting to free myself from the imputation of severeness, but now your letter has given more matter to write, though I take small delight to meddle in so unpleasant a process.

"I wonder that neither your long knowledge of my nature, nor my late earnest *purgation* (exculpation) to you, can cure you of that rooted error, that any one living dare speak to me anywise to your prejudice, or yet that ye can think those are your *unfriendis* (enemies), who are true servants to me. I can say no more, but protest, on the peril of my salvation or condemnation, that neither the earl of Marr, nor any flesh living, ever informed me that ye was upon any Papish or Spanish course, or that ye had any other thoughts than a wrong-conceived opinion, that he had more interest in your son than you, and would not deliver him to you. Neither does he further charge the noblemen that are with you there; except that he was informed, that some of them thought to have assisted you in taking my son by force out of his hands. But as for any papist or foreign force, he doth not so much as allege it. Wherefore, he says, he will never presume to accuse them since such may include your offence. Therefore, I say over again, leave these froward, womanly apprehensions, for, I thank God, I carry that love and respect to you, *quhich* (which), by the law of God and nature I ought to do to my wife, and the mother of my children—not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quither* (whether) ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being once my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is, because ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes. I beseech you, excuse my rude plainness in this; for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me."

From this observation it is evident queen Anne had urged her royal birth as a reason why she was to have her own way, in this irrational whim. James, who was clearly in the

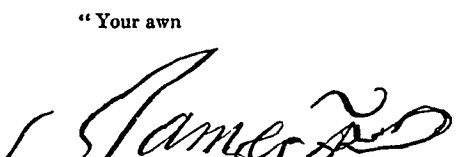
[1] The letter, in the original orthography, is printed in Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. i. p. 153.

right, proceeds in terms which do great honour to him as a husband, for the very homeliness of his appeal to his domestic affections proves they were felt in the royal family with the same force as in private life.

"God is my witness, that I ever preferred you to my *bairns*, much more than to any subject; but if you will ever give ear to the reports of every flattering sycophant that will persuade you, that when I account well of an honest and wise servant for his true and faithful service to me, that it is to compare, or to prefer him to you, then will neither ye nor I ever be at rest or peace.

"I have, according to my promise, copied so much of that *plot* (plan) whereof I wrote to you in my last, as did concern my son and you, *quhich*, is herein enclosed, that ye may see I wrote it not without cause; but I desire it not to have any secretaries, but yourself. As for the *dool* (lamentations) ye made concerning it, it is utterly impertinent, at this time, for *sic* reasons, as the bearer will shew to you, *quhom* I have likewise commanded to impart divers other points to you, which, for fear of wearying your eyes with my rugged hand, I have herein omitted. Praying God, my Heart, to preserve you, and all the bairns, and send me a blyth meeting with you, and a couple of them,

"Your awn



The queen was neither penitent nor satisfied on perusing this letter; she continued her displeasure against the earl of Marr, and proposed that the whole house of Erskine should be visited with condign punishment, or that the earl of Marr should make her a humble public apology. This the earl sturdily refused to do, for the council of regency declared, "that none of the Erskine family had done her majesty the least wrong, or given her any offence, excepting in the course of their most dutiful and loyal obedience to the king;" with which decision her majesty was pleased to remain more incensed than ever.[1] The king then penned another letter to his wife, which was, no doubt, a royal curiosity in its way; but, unfortunately, it is not forthcoming; it was to the effect, that "she would do wisely to forget all her grudges to the earl of Marr, and think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England, which, next under God,

[1] Balfour Papers. Abbotsford Club, p. 60.

might be ascribed to the wise negotiation of the earl of Marr."

The queen received this intimation with great wrath, and replied, petulantly, "She would rather never see England, than be, in any sort, beholden to the earl of Marr."[1]

If the king had not tenderly loved his consort, she could not thus have risked the quiet of his two kingdoms, by her petulant tempers. He had, nevertheless, the justice to adhere to his trusty friends, the Erskines, in the dispute. He wrote to lord Marr a letter, dated Greenwich, May 13th, in reply to one of his, stating "that the queen would not receive the prince from him, nor the letter from his majesty, of which he was the bearer:"

"As for our letter sent by you to our dearest bedfellow, it is our will that ye deliver the same to any of our council, to be given to her and disposed of as she pleaseth, in case she continue in that wilfulness that she will not hear your *credite* (credentials) nor receive the letter from your hands."[2]

He then directed Marr to deliver the prince to the duke of Lenox, who would consign him, with all due ceremonies, to the queen, and come, with all speed, to him in London, where he wanted his presence exceedingly. This prudent arrangement somewhat pacified the queen, who removed forthwith to Holyrood, and began to occupy herself with preparations for leaving Scotland.

While king James was on his progress through England, and before his arrival in London, a curious correspondence had taken place between him and the English privy council relative to his queen's outfit. From these documents the inference is plainly to be drawn, that her majesty's Scottish wardrobe was altogether considered unfit to be produced before the purse-proud magnates of the southern kingdom. In consequence, the king commanded the English council "to forward such jewels and stuffs, and other furniture, as coaches, horses, and litters, which had pertained to the late queen Elizabeth, and all things which they might deem fit for the use of queen Anne." The English council viewed this demand with remarkable distrust, and sent word, "that

[1] Spottiswoode, p. 477.

[2] The parcel of original autograph letters, from which those of king James and prince Henry were taken, were found among the papers of Mr. Cummyng, deputy lord Lyon of Scotland. Nichols' Progresses.

they considered it illegal, and against their oaths, to send any of the crown-jewels out of England." The consequence was, they sent nothing. The king wrote a second letter to them on the same subject, full of reproof and explanation. He declared that it was his intention to bring into England his wife and his two elder children, who were able to endure the long journey; that he neither expected nor demanded to have any of the state-jewels appertaining to the crown sent so far; but he wished the council to consult some of queen Elizabeth's ladies regarding the jewels and dress "needful for the ordinary apparelling and ornamenting her. He, likewise, requested that, as soon as queen Elizabeth's funeral was over, some of her ladies, of all degrees, were to journey to Berwick to meet queen Anne with such usual jewels and dresses as were proper for her appearance in England."[1] This was accordingly done.

By the 2nd of June, her majesty, queen Anne, found herself sufficiently recovered from her maladies in body and temper to commence her journey to England. She set off, however, in a most implacable spirit towards the earl of Marr. Therefore, Montrose, that considerate counsellor, thought it only proper to give his king a seasonable hint regarding the mischief which might be made, between his majesty and his faithful adherents, when this angry and beloved consort came to give her version of her affronts and injuries to him in person:

"And now her majesty," wrote Montrose,[2] in a despatch, dated June 1st, "praisit be God, having returnit to Edinburgh, the prince and princess being with her in cumpanie, intending *the morn* (next morning) to tak journey to Berwick, rests as yet unreconcilet with the earle of Marr (who has made his departure to your highness), which wrath of the queen's grace, if it be not appeasit, na doubt the uttering of her discontentments will breed small pleasure to zour majesty. But lest her highness' wrath continuing, suld hereaftir produce unexpectit *tortures* (*broils and heart-burnings*). I would maist humblie entreat zour majesty to prevent the same, according to that prudent forsight, heretofore *kythet* in your former proceedings, and not suffer this canker to have any farder progress."

The queen, like most weak women, had been kept in a thorough state of exasperation by listening to all the gossip connected with this broil, and had been peculiarly enraged by a report current in Scotland, that she had not been put to bed of any child, dead or alive. To convince the king

[1] Dated Topcliff, April 15.

[2] Balfour Papers, p. 54.

of this falsehood, the corpse of her infant was carried in a coffin[1] with her royal cortêge.

To lord Harrington, was consigned the care of the princess Elizabeth, her former guardian, lord Linlithgow, having resigned his charge to that English nobleman. This was done at the same time that the prince was given to his royal mother by the duke of Lenox. The second prince, "babie Charles," as the king and queen familiarly termed him, was left in Scotland, at the queen's palace at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife, who wrote the following droll despatch, descriptive of the princely nurseling, about the same period:—"Zour sacred majesty's maist noble son, duke Charles,[2] continues (praisit be God) in guid health, guid courage, and lofty mind, although yet weak in bodie, is beginning to speik sum words. He is far *better* (forwarder) as yet of his mind and tongue, than of his bodie and feet, but I hope in God, he sal be all weel and princelie, worthie of zour majesty, as his grace is judged to be by all very like in lineaments to zour royal person."

The spirit of contradiction which had taken possession of her majesty queen Anne, in Scotland, was not altogether removed; for, when the ladies met her at Berwick, with the dresses and jewels of their defunct queen Elizabeth, she refused to appoint any of them, excepting lady Bedford, to offices in her bed-chamber, though such were the king's orders. She meant to retain the friends and familiars, she had had about her since her girlhood in Scotland, and these she was determined should suffice for her household in England. She chose to keep her chamberlain Kennedy in his place, against the king's express injunctions. Enough had been seen by king James, of the English jealousy of strangers, to convince him, that his new subjects would not suffer the principal posts in the royal household, to be occupied by the Scotch. He appointed sir George Carew to the post of queen's chamberlain. Her majesty persisted in retaining Kennedy.

The queen's household was to be settled at Berwick, in order that the English might behold her with all the accus-

[1] Miss Aikin's James I., vol. i.

[2] He had been created, by his father, duke of Albany, which was always the title of the second son of Scotland; as Orleans was of France, and York in England.

tomed retinue pertaining to queen-consorts. But the queen, and her husband, could not agree regarding the persons who were to be appointed; the queen kept sending a number of applicants to be confirmed in places, which her royal spouse had destined for other persons. His majesty swore awfully at the arrival of every one of the queen's candidates; but, when Kennedy presented himself, to be confirmed as chamberlain, he flew into a still more ludicrous passion. He bade him, "Begone!" assuring him, at the same time, "that if he caught him carrying the chamberlain's staff before his wife, he should take it out of his hand, and break it across his pate."[1] On which intimation of the royal intentions, Kennedy very prudently made the best of his way back again to Scotland. The duke of Lenox, who had taken much thankless pains in travelling backwards and forwards, with the laudable endeavour of arranging her majesty's household to the king's satisfaction, received a severe rating on this occasion, and was sent to the borders, to inform the queen, "that his majesty took her continued perversity very heinously." In fact, Henry VIII. would have cut off the heads of two or three wives, for a tithe of the contumacity her majesty, queen Anne, had been pleased to display, since she had become queen of England. She was, however, perfectly aware of the disposition of her man, and of her own power over him, and arrived at Berwick, with the full intention of settling her household of ladies, according to her own good pleasure, if she could not have her own way in regard to her chamberlain.

At Berwick, she found waiting her arrival, the earls of Sussex and Lincoln, and sir George Carew, who was to be her chamberlain, the countesses of Worcester and Kildare, and the ladies Scrope, Rich, and Walsingham, but not one of these would the queen appoint to her service. She only accepted lady Bedford, and lady Harrington, who had travelled all the way to Edinburgh, of their own accord, to pay their duty to her.

It was the king's intention to have met the queen at York, but either his displeasure continued, at her contrary temper, or she moved forward quicker than he anticipated, for the meeting did not occur till she had advanced to the midland counties.

[1] Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. iii. p. 12

Silver cups, heaped with gold angels, were the propitiations with which the northern cities welcomed the queen and family of their new sovereign. Queen Anne, her son, and daughter, were received in York with solemn processions of the lord Mayor, and civic authorities. They stayed there during the Whitsuntide, and when they left the city June 15th, were conducted on the road to Grimston, by the corporation of York, in their robes. The royal party took their way through Worksop, Newark, and Nottingham, being splendidly entertained at each of these places. At Dingley, near Leicester, the seat of sir Thomas Griffin, her majesty tarried for some time, as this was the appointed place for her parting with her daughter Elizabeth, who was to go from thence to Combe Abbey, near Coventry, the seat of the Harringtons. It was to Dingley, that the celebrated Anne Clifford, heiress of the earldom of Cumberland, came to pay her homage to her new queen. This lady, seemed to have brought with her a considerable stock of north of England prejudices against the Scotch, for she affirms, that while waiting to pay her respects to the king in the royal anti-chamber, which was guarded by sir Thomas Erskine, she and her party were infested with insects of a class in entomology too disreputable to be named in modern times, either by word of mouth or book. The fair Clifford, however, called the creatures by their ugly names, without any such scruples.

"About this time," says Anne Clifford, in her journal, "my aunt of Warwick went to meet the queen, having Mistress Bridges with her, and my cousin, Mistress Anne Vavasour. Then my mother and I went on our journey, and killed three horses that day with the extremity of the heat." At Rockingham Castle, the Cliffords met the countess of Bedford, "who was so great a woman with the queen, that every one much respected her," she having attended her majesty from Scotland. The next day they were presented to the queen, at Dingley, "which was the first time," continues Anne Clifford, "I ever saw her majesty and prince Henry, where she kissed us all, and used us kindly." Queen Anne's court had increased prodigiously during her journey. Lady Suffolk, lady Derby, and lady Walsingham, came to pay their duty to her at Dingley.

On the morning of the 25th of June, the queen parted from her daughter Elizabeth, who left Dingley in company with her governesses, lady Kildare and lady Harrington, for Combe Abbey, near Coventry, the seat of lord Harrington, where she resided during her youth, and completed her education.

The following letter, without date, written to king James by the queen during this progress, is the first she wrote in England. Her letters, though short, are all holographs, or written throughout with her own hand. It will be recollected, that in James's admirable letter of remonstrance to her, written during her pettish behaviour, he had properly requested, that when she wrote to him she would employ no secretary, but herself. There is always to be found a shade of familiar playfulness in Anne's little notes, without she was in a very bad temper indeed, and this letter shews she had regained her good-humour:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I am glad that Haddington hath told me of your majesty's good health, which I wish to continue.

"As for the blame you charge me with, of *lasie* writing, I think it rather rests on yourself, because you be as *sloe* in writing as myself. I can write of no mirth but of practice of tilting, of riding, of drumming, and of music, which is all, wherewith I am not a little pleased.

"So wishing your majesty perpetual happiness, I kiss your majesty's hand, and rest your "ANNA R."

The next station of the royal progress was Althorpe, where an exquisite fête, aided by all the ideality of Ben Jonson's genius, was in course of preparation, to welcome the queen. No painted canvas, or coarse theatrical illusions, accompanied this first masque of the mighty master. The scenery was the magnificent woodlands of an English park; instead of boards, was the velvet greensward under foot, and in the place of evil-smelling lamps, the glorious lights of heaven beamed down, through a midsummer night, on the Masque of the Fairies. The queen, the heir of England, and the heir of Spencer, were themselves part of the dramatis personæ in this poetic welcome. Never, never more can our island behold the like; the world has grown too old—too hard—too much addicted to bitter sneering, to permit poetry to blend thus exquisitely with historical reality, in our days.

The queen rested, during the heat of the day, at the antique royal palace of Holdenby, which she examined,[1] The intense heat of that midsummer forced the royal party to proceed, in the cool of the evening, to Althorpe. "That night," says Anne Clifford, "we went along with the queen's train, in which was an infinite number of coaches." Four miles from Northampton, they arrived at Althorpe. As the royal cortêge advanced through the park, concerts of wind instruments played at various stations; and as they approached a copse of young wood near the gardens, the Masque of the Fairies was commenced by a satyr perched in a tree, who thus expressed himself:—

"Here, there, and everywhere,
Some solemnities are near;
As these changes strike mine ear,
My pipe and I a part will bear."

He leaped down from the tree, and peered in the faces of prince Henry and the queen; then resumed—

"That is Cyparissus' face,
And the dame hath Syrinx grace—
Sure they are of heavenly race."

He then hid himself in the wood again, while, to the sound of soft music, hidden in the copse, a bevy of fairies and their queen, (who were acted by the fairest young ladies of Northamptonshire,) appeared, and after dancing various roundels on the park-sward, queen Mab addressed her majesty—

"Hail and welcome fairest queen!
Joy hath never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground,
With their feet, in figures round,
Marks which ever will be found."

The satyr peeped out of the thicket, and interrupted Mab by saying to the queen—

"Trust her not, you bonni-belle,
She will forty leasings tell;
Queen Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.
I do know your pranks right well.
Satyr. Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls sweet,
You, and all your elves do meet.

[1] Here were curious figures of giants among the ornaments, like those at Guildhall; but giants, palace, and all, were demolished by Cromwell and his destructives.

This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy.
She can start our franklins' daughters
In their sleep with shrieks and laughters
And on sweet St. Agnes' night
Feed them with a promised sight—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers;
And in hopes that you would come here,
Yester eve, the lady Summer,[1]
She invited to a banquet.
Fairy. Mistress, this is only spite,
For you would not, yesternight,
Kiss him at the cock-shut light.
Queen Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue!
Now you have him make him rue."

The fairies pinched him, and he ran away, crying for mercy, into the wood. Queen Mab then addressed her majesty:—

"Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common to the sylvan train,
That do skip about this plain—
Elves apply to your gyre again.
And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, while some shall sing
Oriana's welcoming.

SONG TO THE QUEEN.

This is she, this she,
In whose world of grace,
Every season, person, place
That receives her happy be.
For with no less
Than a kingdom's happiness
Doth she our households bless,
And ours above the rest.
Long live Oriana[2]
T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana."

The masque then led to the desirable incident of presenting the queen with a jewel, which was thus elegantly effected:—

"*Queen Mab.* Madam, now, an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take,
Only for the fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

[1] From these lines, it appears that Anne of Denmark was expected at Althorpe, on Midsummer eve, but did not come till the evening of Midsummer day.

[2] Ben Jonson, the poet of Anne of Denmark, celebrated her under the names of Oriana and Bellanna; by "our late Diana," he alluded to queen Elizabeth.

'Tis done only to supply
His impaired courtesy,
Who, since Thamyra did die,[1]
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,
Nor allowed about his place,
Any of the female race;
Only *we* are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase,
For which bounty to us lent
Of him, un'knowledged or unsent,
We prepared this compliment."

Mab then presented her majesty with the jewel, and after due warning that fairy-gifts were never to be mentioned, she and her elves performed fantastic roundels, and departed into the thicket, with these words:—

"Highest, happiest queen farewell!
But be sure you do not tell."

The satyr, on the departure of his fair enemies, then skipped out of the wood, and, after some preamble, introduced the heir of sir Robert Spencer, a boy of twelve years old, leading a dog at the head of a troop of young foresters, the sons of the neighbouring gentry, dressed in hunters' garb. The youthful lord was presented to prince Henry, and made obeisance to his royal guests, while the satyr pronounced these words:—

"See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir, who humbly bends
Low as is his father's earth
To the queen that gave you birth.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say:
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were),
To the service of this prince;
And with you these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn
By Orion often worn;
The dog of Spartan breed, and good,
As can *ring* within a *wood*—

[1] The grief of sir Robert Spencer, for the loss of his beloved consort Thamyra, the daughter of sir Francis Willoughby, thus beautifully alluded to, by Ben Jonson, was no poetic fiction. He had lost her in 1597, she left him several children; but though he survived her thirty years, he never made a second choice. Sir Robert Spencer was ennobled soon after this elegant reception of the queen; he is supposed to have been absent at this juncture. See Nicholls' Progresses of James I., vol. i. p. 182, for the whole of this rare masque.

Thence his name is[1]—you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport than coursing. We will prove
Which her highness most doth love.
Hunters, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground."

At this point, the woods of Althorpe rang with the music of horns, and a brace of fine deer being turned out, "were fortunately killed," adds Ben Jonson, "just as they were meant to be, in the sight of her majesty, queen Anne."

The next day was Sunday, and it is emphatically noted, that the queen rested. But little rest there was for her on the morrow, when the population of the mid-counties thronged to Althorpe, and sought audience in such numbers, that the rest of Ben Jonson's entertainment could not be heard or seen. A comic address was prepared, to be spoken by Nobody, who ushered in a ballet of country morris-dancers. Nobody was attired in a pair of trunk hose, which came up to his neck; his arms were put through the pockets; his face was extinguished with a hat that came down to his chin. His address commenced with—

"If my outside move your laughter,
Pray, Jove, my inside be thereafter.
Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!
And I hope no mortal sin
If I put less ladies in.
Fair, saluted be ye all,
At this time it doth befall;
We are usher to a morris,
A kind of masque, where of good store is,
In the country here about."——

But here the throng of country gentry, pressing to pay their homage to their new queen, overwhelmed the morris-dancers above-mentioned, and reduced Mr. Nobody to his original insignificance, by cutting short the remainder of his harangue. There was likewise an address to the queen, prepared for a youth who headed a deputation of boys, the sons of the neighbouring gentry:—

[1] The name of the dog presented to prince Henry was "Ringwood." The whole of this masque raises alternate remembrances, of Shakespeare and Milton; but the Midsummer Night's Dream certainly preceded it.

"And will you, then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? Not my master's heart,
Which pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day ere it be old grow night?"

Prince Henry was then addressed:—

"And you, dear lord, on whom my eager eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy;
Oh, shoot up fast in spirit as in years,
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon;
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,
And when slow Time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, who grow up here,[1]
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Such was the first introduction, to Anne of Denmark, of the poetic genius of her era, which shone so brightly during the reigns of her husband and her son. To do her justice, she appreciated the noble powers of him who was only second to Shakespeare: Ben Jonson was henceforth the queen's poet, *par excellence*, and the author of most of the beautiful masques with which she afterwards amused her court.

"From Althorpe," continues the journal of lady Anne Clifford, "the queen went to sir Hatton[1] Fermor's, where the king met her, and there were such an infinite company of lords and ladies, and other people, that the country scarcely could lodge them. From thence, the court removed, and were banqueted, with great royalty, by my father, (George, earl of Cumberland,) at Grafton, where the king and queen were entertained with speeches and delicate presents." Grafton, the ancient royal seat, so linked to the memory of queen Elizabeth Woodville, was now the property of that splendid noble, George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, who, in a singular manner, distinguished himself, on land and sea, as "chevalier at tournaments, ruffling gallant at court, gambler, author, pirate, and maritime discoverer." It may

[1] It will be remembered, that these majestic verses were written for the young gentlemen of Northamptonshire, who were about the age of prince Henry.

[1] Mr. Nicholls, in his Progresses, says sir George Fermor,

rationally be supposed, that the "woman who owned him" *was* to be pitied! Such, indeed, was the case; for a few curious scenes took place at Grafton, illustrative of the matrimonial infelicity of the redoubted Clifford of Cumberland's wedded lady, while Anne of Denmark sojourned there. The countess of Cumberland, who had previously been received by her majesty very graciously, joined the royal party at Grafton, thinking that her lord, at such a time, could not deny her the proper privilege of doing the honours of her own house. She was mistaken; earl George merely tolerated the presence of the wife, whom he hated. "My mother was at Grafton," says her daughter, lady Anne, "but not held as the mistress of the house, by reason of the difference between my lord and her, which was grown to a great height." Besides playing the courteous host to his royal guests, earl George found time nearly to demolish Henry Alexander, one of their majesties' Scottish favourites, who ventured to break a lance with "Clifford of Cumberland," in the jousts, which formed part of the entertainment—stirring employments for the hottest midsummer that ever shone on a royal progress. Lady Cumberland found no shelter, for the night of the festival, at Grafton, and took refuge with her daughter, at Dr. Challoner's, of Amersham, an old friend of her father, the earl of Bedford. "The next day," continues lady Anne, "the queen went to a gentleman's house, where there met her many great ladies, to kiss her hand." It was at Salden House, the seat of the Fortescues. The principal ladies were the marchioness of Winchester, and the countesses of Northumberland and Southampton. Lady Anne Clifford observes, elsewhere, "that queen Anne gave great dissatisfaction for slighting the stately old dames of Elizabeth's court, and bestowing all her attention on young, sprightly women of her own age." This, if impolitic, was by no means unnatural, since Anne was but twenty-eight when she became queen of England.

The royal progress ended at Windsor Castle, where the king held a solemn chapter of the Garter, July 2, when he made his son, prince Henry, knight of the order, with the duke of Lenox and other nobles. Half a century had elapsed since a king of England had held one of these high

festivals. The prince was presented to his royal mother in his robes of the Garter, which he was considered especially to become. The queen's brother, the king of Denmark, was likewise elected to the order. The princess Elizabeth and lady Anne Clifford stood together in the shrine, in the great hall, to behold the feast, but it does not seem that the queen, her daughter, or ladies, appeared in any way, at this celebration, excepting as spectators. The queen held a great court at Windsor, where all the nobility of England were presented to her. The unhealthy state of the metropolis kept the court at a distance, the great heat of the weather having produced many instances of the plague.

The very day of the great Garter festival, the hatred and jealousy, which had, during the progress, began to shew itself between the English and Scottish nobles, broke out, and some very sharp quarrels took place, while they were settling themselves in their several lodgings in the royal castle, and when these feuds were, with much exertion, pacified, the very next day, the English nobles began to quarrel among themselves, and not only with one another, but with the queen herself. She, instead of feeling her way on the unknown ground, and, with delicate tact, accommodating differences instead of inflaming them, plunged boldly at once into a stock dispute, on which feuds still ran high, and expressed her opinion of the rash conduct of the late earl of Essex. The queen's observation was ungracious, if not ungrateful, for Essex had been a faithful supporter of king James's title to the throne of England.

Lord Southampton, the friend of Essex, took fire, and retorted, fiercely, "that if her majesty made herself a party against the friends of Essex, of course, they were bound to submit, but none of their private enemies durst thus have expressed themselves!"

Lord Grey, of Wilton, a professed enemy of Essex, imagined that this defiance was peculiarly addressed to him; he made a sharp reply. The lie was exchanged on the spot, between these fiery spirits, in the queen's presence, and a personal combat was likely to ensue. The queen, who was not celebrated for much foresight, had certainly not calculated on the result of her observation. She was astonished at the storm her careless words had raised on a sudden; but, nevertheless, assumed a tone of royal command, bade

the belligerents "remember where they were," and, forthwith, ordered them off to their sleeping apartments, escorted by a guard. This was by no means a prosperous commencement of the career of Anne of Denmark as queen of England. The next day the delinquents were ordered into the council-chamber, at Windsor, and were severely lectured by the king, for the wrong and injury they had offered to her majesty. They were, as a punishment, confined for a short time in the Tower, from whence the king had, very recently, released lord Southampton, who had been prisoner there since the execution of Essex. It is extremely probable that this quarrel was connected with the mysterious plot discovered a few days after, in which lord Grey, lord Cobham, sir Walter Raleigh, and the faction which had brought Essex to the block, were deeply implicated. Their object was to prevent the coronation of the king and queen, and effect a revolution in favour of lady Arabella Stuart.

The king did not confine his reproofs to the contumacious English lords; he likewise blamed the queen for her hastiness. These circumstances gave rise to an angry epistle from her majesty, beginning with a stiff "Sir," instead of her usual loving address to her royal spouse, of "My Heart."

The witness to whom she appeals, in her billet, is sir Roger Aston—a favourite and factotum in the royal household, who was withal the bearer of the despatch. Although her words would induce the supposition, she is certainly not angry with sir Roger Aston, but with the king himself, for receiving one of the noblemen who had defied her, with whom James considered it politic to remain on good terms. The queen's letter is much scribbled, being evidently written in an access of choler:

[1] QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"Sir,—What I have said to sir Roger is *trew:* I could not but think it strange that any about your majesty durst presume to bring near where your ma^tie is, *on* (one) that had offered me such a publicke scorn, for honore gois (*goes*) befor lyfe, I must ever *thing*.[2] So *humble* kissing your majestie's hands, I rest ever yours, "ANNA R.

"I refarre the rest to sir Roger."

[1] This is taken from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

[2] The queen, in her flurry, has spelled this word first rightly, then wrongly; it is at first *think*, which she has scratched out. All the small words are spelled according to modern orthography, in general far better than the best of her contemporaries, excepting she has spelled one *on*, a mistake which rendered the whole incoherent; but the sense is comprehensible if read as now printed.

The approaching coronation fortunately absorbed all the queen's attention, and forced her to forget this wrangle with her new subjects.

St. James's day was appointed for the coronation, but fears of pestilence, and the discovery of the revolutionary plot of Cobham and Raleigh, threatened to diminish its splendours. The court had left Windsor Castle, and were abiding at Hampton Court, when several persons died of the plague, in the tents pitched for the accommodation of some of the queen's servants, at the gates of the palace. The king issued, in consequence, several sanitary proclamations, and, as much for fear of plots as the plague, required the nobility to retrench their retinues to the smallest possible numbers, and the attendance of all those who had not positive claims and offices was declined. When their majesties removed to St. James's Palace, about the 23rd of July, the king made knights of the Bath for the occasion, instead of holding court for that purpose at the Tower. He forbade the usual fair to be held adjacent to the palace, called, in ancient time, "St. James's Fair," lest the pestilence should be increased by it.

These precautions were not without cause, for the plague, which had been dallying with London, at various times, in unhealthy seasons, during the last years of Elizabeth's reign, now concentrated its powers, and began to rage in London, during the coronation-week, with a violence only equalled by the pestilence, called the "black death," in the 14th century. The king's coronation, although a ceremony more than usually requisite in his case, had been delayed from time to time; and, when it did take place, the ancient procession from the Tower, through the city, to Westminster, was, for, the first time, dispensed with, on account of the infected state of the metropolis, to the infinite disappointment of the populace, who were extremely desirous of beholding their new king, his queen, (still a young and pretty woman,) and their children. The lamentations of London for this disappointment, and its cause, were not inelegantly rendered by Henry Petowe, in his poem on the coronation, called "England's Cæsar."[1]

[1] See the reprint of this scarce tract, in Nicholls' excellent work, the Progresses of King James.

"Thousands of treasure had her bounty wasted,
In honour of her king to welcome him;
But woe is she! that honour is not tasted,
For royal James on silver Thames doth swim.
The water hath that glory—for he glides
Upon those pearly streams unto his crown,
Looking with pity on her, as he rides,
Saying, 'Alas! she should have this renown!'
So well he knew that woeful London loved him,
That her distress unto compassion moved him."

No queen-consort had been crowned since the days of Anne Boleyn; yet, no king and queen had been crowned together, since Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; yet the dreadful state of the pestilence, restrained public curiosity so much, that the august ceremony of the double coronation, was almost performed in private. The royal party went by water the short distance between Whitehall stairs, and privy stairs of Westminster Palace, on the morning of the procession; their only processions were, therefore, the short distance between the abbey and the hall. A describer of the scene,[1] mentions, "that queen Anne went to the coronation with her seemly hair down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crownet of gold. She so mildly saluted her new subjects, that the women, weeping, cried out with one voice, 'God bless the royal queen! Welcome to England, long to live and continue!'"

This coronation took place on St. James's day. A promise was made, that after the pestilence had abated, the king, the queen, and prince Henry, should visit the city, and share in the high festival, the civic authorities were to prepare for them; and this took place with great splendour in the succeeding spring. Thus the original procession of the English sovereign through the metropolis from the Tower, which had been observed, from a very early period, as a species of recognition by the citizens, was, for the first time, infringed through the accident of the plague. At this coronation, queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects, by refusing to receive the sacrament, according to the rites of the church of England.[2] This refusal caused

[1] Gilbert Dugdale. See Nicholls' Progresses, vol. i. p. 414. It does not appear the king and queen dined at Guildhall on this occasion; but Charles I. and his queen did so.

[2] Birch's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 504.

her majesty to be grievously suspected of an "affection to popery." The religious pliability of the queen, had been already too considerably tested; she had been required, in Scotland, to forsake the lutheran faith, in which she had been educated, for the calvinistic; now, she was required to communicate with the church of England. If she thought three changes of creed too much even for three crowns, her moral principles were the more respectable. It ought to be added, that the prelates of the church of England, were satisfied with her religious principles. "We have not the daughter of a Pharaoh, of an idolatrous king, nor fear we strange women to steal away king James's heart from God, but a queen as of a royal, so of a religious stock, professing the gospel of Christ with him—a mirror of true modesty, a queen of bounty, beloved by the people." This panegyric is from the pen of the bishop of Winchester.[1]

A more rational suspicion was raised by the report of her having received a present of pictures, and other trinkets, from the pope, through sir Anthony Standon;[2] yet, such ought not to have stamped her a catholic, because, though the pope was the head of the Roman church, he was, at the same time, the patron of virtu, his metropolis being the centre of the fine arts, of which Anne of Denmark, was an ardent patroness.

But, while the religious jealousies of the English people were thus excited in regard to their Lutheran queen, they imposed upon their king the same coronation oath, which Elizabeth had taken at her catholic inauguration. He swore to preserve religion in the same state, as did Edward the Confessor![3] The privy-council and senate had every fair opportunity of arranging this oath, similarly to that of Edward VI., before they admitted the king into England, if they had chosen so to do. How they expected their sovereign to make his oath and his practice consistent, is an inexplicable riddle? Blood had been shed profusely, and more

[1] Preface to the works of king James, 1616.

[2] Birch's State Papers.

[3] In Mr. Arthur Taylor's Glories of Regality, most ample proof is brought that such was the coronation oath, from the era of William the Conqueror till the revolution, with the exception of Edward VI., whose oath was more consistent with the protestant church. Sandford, the antiquarian, asserts the same fact.

was to flow in persecution, in order to produce conformity with the established church; and yet, such was the oath imposed on the Stuart sovereigns, and the only man who kept it was dethroned! Appalling as the wickedness of the 16th and 17th centuries may be, the inconsistencies of legislature therein, is still more astounding to the examiners of its documentary history.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The appointments of a queen-consort obsolete in England—Queen's council, attorney, solicitor, &c. appointed—Sketches of her ladies in waiting—Maids of honour—Her secretary—Her manners to the people—Kindness to sir Walter Raleigh—Dull sojourn at Winchester—Incidents of her city visit, and abode at the Tower—Queen sends to Dunfermline, for prince Charles (Charles I.)—Her magnificent masques—The queen's accouchement of her third daughter (Mary)—First royal protestant baptism in England—Ceremony of the queen's churching—Gunpowder Plot—Queen and lord Herbert—Birth and death of the queen's seventh child (Sophia)—Arrival of the queen's brother (Christiern IV.)—Queen calumniated, as sharing the orgies of the two kings—Her weak health, and close confinement—Farewell to her brother—Vexatious embroilment with lady Nottingham—Takes possession of Theobalds—Her portrait—Her sylvan sports—Kills the king's best dog—Death of the queen's youngest child—Earl of Salisbury's praises of the queen—Their quarrels, &c.—Queen's encouragement of poetry and the fine arts—Queen's magnificent revels at the installation of the prince of Wales—His influence—Her hatred of Carr and Overbury—Attends a ship-launch, with her son—Her despair at his decline and death—Witnesses the marriage of her daughter—Goes to Bath, for recovery of her health—Return—Unexpected visit of her brother, king Christiern—Queen patronises George Villiers (duke of Buckingham)—Autograph letter to him—Queen's exaggerated taste in dress—Portrait, (see vignette)—Patronises the Deptford boarding-school—Befriends sir Francis Bacon in the king's absence—Dialogue with him—Long decline—Intercedes for Raleigh—Lingering death-bed at Hampton Court—Jealousy of her foreign attendants—Interview with the queen and the archbishop of Canterbury—Satisfactory confession of faith—Delays making her will—Dialogue with her son Charles, prince of Wales—Death—Funeral—Epitaphs—Missing treasure—The king remains a widower.

UPWARDS of half a century had elapsed since a queen-consort had existed in England, and her privileges and

endowments had become almost obsolete. An active inquisition was therefore instituted by king James, at his accession, regarding the lands and dower to which his consort was entitled. Sir Robert Cecil examined state documents as far back as the era of Katherine of Valois, queen of Henry V., but the dower of Katharine of Arragon proved the model from which that of Anne of Denmark was settled. The income of Katharine of Arragon, when queen, amounted to 5500*l.* per annum. The manors which pertained to this dower were settled on Anne of Denmark, in addition to which she had Somerset House, Hatfield, and the royal palaces of Pontefract and Nonsuch. This jointure amounted to 6376*l.* "The whole was to be expended," as Cecil remarks, "in wages to her servants, apparel to herself, and gratuities, the king charging himself with all her other expenses of household and stable." Anne still enjoyed her dower as queen of Scotland. Her private residence, in London, was Somerset House, (named, after she became queen-consort, Denmark House,) where she afterwards expended a large sum in improvements and embellishments. Twelve councillors were appointed to assist the queen in regulating the expenditure of her dower; and, according to the circular despatched to these functionaries, "her princely desire and pleasure was signified, that, when her majesty's abode was better settled, and the infection (of the plague) was less rife, that the knights of her council should repair to court, there to kiss her royal hand, and to receive such charge for her service as would be thought advisable."[1]

Mr. Hitcham, of Gray's Inn, was made the queen's attorney, and had her hand and signet to practise within the bar, and to take place next to king's counsel; Mr. Lowther was her solicitor.

"Now," says a courtly correspondent, "I must give you a little touch of the feminine commonwealth, called the household of our queen. You must know, we have ladies of divers degrees of favour,—some for the private chamber, some for the drawing-chamber, some for the bed-chamber, and some whose appointments have no certain station, and of these only are lady Arabella and my wife, (lady Worcester.) My lady Bedford holdeth fast to the bed-chamber;

[1] Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 62—70.

lady Hertford fain would, but her husband hath called her home. Lady Derby, (the younger,) lady Suffolk, lady Rich, lady Nottingham, lady Susan de Vere, lady Walsingham, and of late lady Southwell, for the drawing-chamber; all the rest for the private chamber, when they are not shut out; for many times the king and queen lock their doors. But the plotting and malice among these ladies is so great, that I think envy hath tied an invisible snake about their necks, to sting each other to death. For the present, there are now five maids, Carey, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrave, and Roper; the sixth is determined, but not come. God send them good fortune, for as yet they have no mother!"[1] In Anne of Denmark's household was an office filled by an old lady, called "the mother of the maids;" a functionary whose vocation was to keep the fair bevy in order.[2]

The gem and star of the court of queen Anne was lady Arabella Stuart. Her approximation was near to the throne of Scotland, while, by her descent from lady Margaret Douglas, she was next heir to that of England, after James I. and his family. Before king James arrived in England, the wild plot for setting lady Arabella on the throne of England, had been concocted by sir Walter Raleigh, lord Cobham, lord Grey, and others of that faction, which had brought the earl of Essex to the block in the preceding reign. It does not appear that the liberty taken with the name of lady Arabella by the conspirators, had the slightest ill effect on the mind of James I.; so thoroughly convinced was he of her innocence, that he distinguished her with favour, and allowed her the rank, which was her due, of first lady at court next to his queen, during the tutelage af the princess royal.

While describing the queen's household, her private secretary and master of requests, Mr. William Fowler,[3] must not be forgotten. How she came by so pragmatical a coxcomb in a station which required, at all times, good sense

[1] Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 83—96. Letters of the earl of Worcester, sir T. Edmondes, Mr. Speaker Crew, &c.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Thomas Fowler, an English spy, whose perfidious letters to Burleigh have been quoted, was one of James I.'s gentlemen at the time of his marriage. Officials of the name of Fowler were likewise in the families of Edward VI. and lady Margaret Douglas.

and delicate tact, is not exactly defined, but we suppose he was drafted from her Scotch establishment; and having a southern name, and connexions long used to the English court, he was retained, when many a douce and faithful Scot was dismissed to humour the English jealousy. The passion of this presuming official for lady Arabella Stuart, formed the amusement of the court of Anne of Denmark.

The following is a specimen of the mode in which Mr. secretary Fowler used to communicate the compliments, or commands, of his royal mistress, queen Anne, to the magnates of the English court:—

TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.[1]

"May it please your honours,

"True it is that I did, with all respect, present your honours' humble duties, accompanied with your fervent prayers, for and to her majesty, who not only lovingly accepted of them, but did demand of me if I had any letters from your honours; which being excused by me, through your reverent regards for her, avoiding always presumption and importunity.[2] The queen answered, 'That in case your honours had written unto her, she should have returned you answer in the same manner;' and I had commission to assure both your honours of her constant affections towards you, both in absence and in time coming.' So that your honours shall do well to continue her *purchased* (obtained) affection by such officious insinuations, which will be thankfully embraced; to which, if I may give or bring any increase, I shall think me happy in such occasions to serve and honour you."

The court sojourned, after the coronation, at Woodstock. On their way thither, the king and queen dined at the lodge at Ditchley, with sir Henry Lee. They remained at Woodstock Palace till the middle of September. Yet, the pestilence seemed to pursue their steps, and again great alarm was occasioned by several servants dying of the plague, in the tents at the palace gateways. The queen's court was nevertheless brilliant with foreign ambassadors extraordinary, who came on errands of congratulation. Count Aremberg came to compliment her on the king's accession, from the sovereigns of Flanders, the archduke Albert, and the infanta Clara Eugenia, and presented her with the miniatures of their imperial highnesses, most excellently drawn.[3] The Spanish ambassador, too, was in attendance; and, sad to say, was in far greater favour with queen Anne and her ladies than the illustrious Sully, who

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

[2] He merely meant to say that he had told the queen he had brought no letters from either lord or lady Worcester.

[3] Letter of lady Arabella Stuart; Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 26.

(under the title of the marquis of Rosny) had lately been on especial embassy of congratulation from his master, Henry the Great. Queen Anne, and even the highly-gifted Arabella, joined in preferring, to Sully, the ambassador of Spain—a coxcomb of the first water, who distributed exquisitely embroidered Spanish gloves to the ladies, and perfumed leather jerkins to the gentlemen of the queen's court, a mode of proceeding which made him very popular with them. So much for the appreciation of contemporaries! They preferred this flatterer to "him of the pen and the sword," the warrior-statesman and historian of his times, whose renown is as immortal as that of his royal master and friend, Henry the Great, and, in truth, is far better deserved.

The brother of queen Anne, Ulric, duke of Holstein, had arrived, to congratulate his sister. He was reckoned comely, but was suspected by the English of poverty—a deadly sin in the seventeenth century. Duke Ulric was charmed with lady Arabella, who only laughed at his wooing, and called him the *Dutchkin* to her familiar friends. Although she flouted the brother, she cherished a sincere esteem for his royal sister, whom she considered the only person whose manners were unexceptionable at her own court. The queen became very popular in Oxfordshire, by graciously acknowledging the acclamations and blessings of the people, when she rode out, taking off her mask,[1] whenever they thronged round her, and speaking to them courteously, after the example of queen Elizabeth. Lady Arabella deprecated the idea of "telling tales out of the queen's coach," but this intelligence is gathered out of her charming letters, which rival those of Madame de Sévigné.

The whole court removed to Winchester Palace, on the 17th of September, where they were obliged to spend the entire autumn, perhaps for personal security, for the king and council determined that the conspirators of the Raleigh-Cobham plot should be tried at Winchester. These precautions imply that this conspiracy was really more dangerous than it has been considered in after times. The king and his council were wholly absorbed in deep deliberation on this dismal occasion; and the abode of the queen and her ladies in the antique quarter of Winchester Palace,

[1] The fashion of masks, worn by the ladies to preserve the complexion in riding or hunting, had been prevalent from the earliest years of Elizabeth's reign.

called "the queen's side," was very dull, and devoid of amusement. In November, the conspirators were brought from the Tower to Winchester in coaches, when the populace pelted Raleigh with tobacco-pipes.[1] The king had contrived a curious drama in real life, in the course of which, when the conspirators condemned to death were brought on the scaffold, they were separately reprieved from death, by means of a warrant written by the king's hand, and sent by his faithful servant, Johnnie Gibb. It was the first time such an experiment of mercy had been tried by an English sovereign, but had king James decimated half the villages in a county, as his predecessor did, so much abuse would certainly have not been levelled at him by historians, who wrote in his century, as for this act. The sentences of these conspirators, who, to use their own words, had agreed to "kill the king and his cubs," were commuted either to banishment or imprisonment. Raleigh was not among those publicly reprieved, and his sentence remained to be put in force against him at pleasure. The queen regarded him with pity and interest, and he owed most of his indulgences to her intercession,[2] through which, though a prisoner in the Tower circle, he retained not only his actual property, but his income of 200*l.* per annum, as governor of Jersey.

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 15. George Brooke and the priests had been put to death, at Winchester, previously. Raleigh had been, during the last years of Elizabeth, one of the most unpopular men in England.

[2] Sir Walter Raleigh's own words, regarding the protection the queen extended to him, are as follow, in a letter of his to secretary Winwood, quoted in Howell's Remarkable Trials in Great Britain, p. 134: "The queen's majesty informed herself, from the *beginning*, of the nature of my offences; and the king of Denmark, her brother, at both times of his being here, was thoroughly satisfied of mine innocency; they would never otherwise have moved his majesty on my behalf." He likewise mentioned the interest prince Henry took in him, and added "The wife, brother, and son of a king do not use to sue for men suspect(ed)." This quotation is by no means brought forward as a proof that Raleigh was innocent of the conspiracy for which he was tried, but to shew that queen Anne took pity on him at the time when he was so cruelly browbeat and reviled by Coke, on his trial. Coke was not Raleigh's judge, according to the common version of his story, but the attorney-general, who pleaded on the side of the crown against the conspirators. His judge was lord chief-justice Anderson, who behaved with more decency towards him. Great abuse has been levelled against James I., because he restored Durham House, in the Strand, (of which queen Elizabeth had given Raleigh possession during her life) to the see of Durham, from which it had originally been reft.

Queen Anne and her ladies, while king James and his councillors were deliberating on the delinquencies of this plot, were so dull and moped, immured in Winchester Palace, that they were reduced to play at all sorts of childish games, to enliven the long November evenings. The queen and her maidens constituted a mistress of the revels, and all the ladies were forced to tax their youthful recollections, in order to furnish some babyish play that might be new to the rest of the court. They played at "Rise pig and go;" "One penny follow me;" and "I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park;" and another game called "Fire!"[1] They began these amusements at twilight, and did not cease till supper-time. Such were the queenly diversions of Anne of Denmark, when oppressed with ennui, in the antique palace of Winchester.

The only diversions the queen had at this time, were the entertainments she received at Basing House, where that experienced courtier, the marquis of Winchester, gave some grand fêtes, and her majesty was pleased to dance indefatigably. At these balls the king's fair kinswoman, the lady Margaret Stuart, conquered the valiant heart of the ancient hero of the Armada, lord Howard of Effingham. This lady and the queen were never on the best of terms, and we shall see, hereafter, that their differences rose to a great height. The king made himself exceedingly busy in promoting the marriage of his blooming cousin of nineteen with the great captain, who had out-numbered the years allotted to man by the Psalmist. Anne of Denmark surveyed the whole comedy, in which her king was a very active agent, with a sort of laughing scorn, as we may gather from her lively billet to her royal spouse, whom she designates as Mercury, and the lady Margaret and her mature lover as Mars and Venus.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE KING.[2]

"Your majesty's letter was welcome to me. I have been as glad of the fair weather as yourself. In the last part of your letter you have guessed right that I would laugh. Who would not laugh both at the persons and

[1] Autograph letter of lady Arabella Stuart, quoted in Nicholls' Progresses of king James, vol. iv. Appendix.

[2] The fac-simile, from the original (a very well-written holograph), may be seen in the Letters of the Family of James VI., published by the Maitland Club.

the subject? But more so, at so well chosen a Mercury, between Mars and Venus, and you know that women can hardly keep counsel.

"I humbly desire your majesty to tell me how I should keep this secret, that have already told it, and shall tell it to as many as I speak with. If I were a poet, I would make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of 'Three fools well met.' So kissing your hands I rest

"Your

"ANNA R."

The Christmas festivals atoned for the dismal manner in which her majesty spent the autumn, by a commencement of those magnificent masques and ballets, for which the court of Anne was afterwards so much celebrated. Sir Thomas Edmonds wrote to the earl of Shrewsbury, that a very grand ballet was in preparation.

"Both the king and the queen's majesty have a humour to have some masques this Christmas time; the young lords and the gentlemen took one part, and the queen and her ladies the other. As there was great ingenuity in the ballet, Mr. Sanford had the drilling of the noble dancers." "I have been," continues another courtier, "at sixpence charge to send you the book."[1] This was the programme of the ballet, in which was noted the names of the ladies who acted the parts of goddesses; but this little pamphlet was a contraband article, suppressed by the king as soon as beheld in print. "The king dined abroad, with the Florentine ambassador, who was, with his majesty, at the play last night, and then supped with my lady Rich[2] in her chamber. The French queen," (Mary de Medicis,) "hath sent our queen a very fine present, but not yet delivered, in regard she was not well these two days, and came not abroad. One part is a cabinet very cunningly wrought, and inlaid all over with musk and ambergris, which maketh a sweet savour, and in every box was a different present of jewels and flowers, for head tiring."[3] The excellence of French artificial flowers, for ladies' caps, is thus proved to be coeval with Camden, Spelman, and Stowe—that elder race of antiquarian historians, who have perversely neglected to leave any information on so important a subject. Gifts from the queen of Spain were, likewise, presented to the queen; one of them, a gown of murrey-coloured satin, ornamented with cut leather, gilded. The Spanish am-

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

[2] This was Penelope, the sister of Essex, who has been frequently mentioned in the preceding biography. [3] Lodge.

bassador continued to pay assiduous court to the queen, to the great jealousy and anger of the French resident ambassador, Villeroi, who declares that the Spaniard, being discontented with a seat on the queen's left hand, went round and took a place at her right hand, among all her ladies, who regarded his intrusion with displeasure and astonishment. Astonished they might be; but it appears, by contemporary court letters, that this Spanish ambassador was a very general favourite with the queen's ladies.

The king and queen redeemed their promise of paying a visit to the city, in lieu of the Tower procession, delayed by the pest at the coronation. The 15th of March was the day appointed for this grand festival. Two days previously the king brought the queen privately in a coach, on his way to the Tower, to examine Gresham's Exchange, and see the merchants on their separate walks, without being known. This plan was in some degree frustrated, by the London populace recognising their majesties, and giving a great shout, began to run about and crowd on them, so that the queen was much alarmed at their unruly conduct, and the attendants had much ado to shut the Exchange gates on the mob, and bar the doors to the stairs that led to the upper stories. From one of the windows the king and queen had a view of the assembled merchants, who kept their stations, and, though aware of the royal visit, appeared to be conferring on business. With this sight the royal pair expressed themselves infinitely pleased, and James declared "that it was a goodly thing to behold so many persons, of various nations, met together in peace and goodwill." An observation highly creditable to James, and which placed his pacific character in a more respectable light than history usually views it; but the philosophy of modern times will do better justice to such sentiments, than an age in which "revenge and all ferocious thoughts" were virtues.

The king further observed, "that when he next came to visit his people, he hoped they would not run here and there as if possessed, ramping as though they meant to overthrow him and his wife;" he recommended, "that, like his good douce lieges of Edinburgh, they would stand still, be quiet, and see all they could." Advice which ought never to be obsolete to a sight-loving people.

That day the king and queen arrived at the Tower, whereof they visited the Mint, and the king, with his own hand, coined some money, and made the queen do the same. They then went to see the lions, and the king expressed a wish for a lion-bait, for the amusement of the queen and his young son, as well as for his own diversion. The queen, who was a very great huntress, and therefore used to sights of cruelty, did not make the objection she ought to have done, and the savage exhibition took place, with some dogs, which were brought over from the Bear Garden, in Southwark, to fight the lions.[1]

Such were the royal diversions at the Tower, till the day of the grand festival of the royal procession, through the city, to Westminster. An extraordinary display of pageantry took place, in which the queen, and her young son, expressed as much delight, as any of the humble spectators. Prince Henry, could not restrain his glee, and the bows and smiles, with which he greeted his father's new subjects obtained for him, a degree of popularity, which his real worth of character rendered afterwards permanent. It would be as tedious a task to narrate, as to peruse the description of these entertainments, yet a trait or two, may be detached, as amusing illustrations of manners and costume. At the Conduit, Cheapside, was a grand display of tapestry, gold-cloth, and silks, and before the structure, "a handsome apprentice was appointed, whose part it was to walk backwards and forwards, in his flat-cap and usual dress, addressing the passengers with his shop-cry, for custom of, 'What do you lack, gentles, what will you buy? Silks, satins, or tuff-taffeties?'" He then broke into premeditated verse:

"But stay bold tongue! I stand at giddy gaze;
Be dim mine eyes, what gallant train are here,
That strikes minds mute, puts good wits in a maze?
O 'tis our king, royal king James, I say!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way,
Live long on earth, and England's sceptre sway.

[1] Gilbert Dugdale, whose description of these pageants, may be read at length (reprinted from a scarce tract) in Nicholls' Progresses of king James, vol. i. The old custom of the king of England, and his queen and family, sojourning for some nights at the Tower, after his accession, was only altered after the demolition by Cromwell of the royal lodgings at the Tower. Gilbert Dugdale notices that all the prisoners, sir Walter Raleigh, lord Gray and Cobham, were sent out of the Tower, and drafted to the Marshalsea and other prisons, while the royal visit took place.

Thy city, gracious king, admires thy fame,
And all within pray for thy happy state;
Our women for thy queen—Anne, whose rich name,
To their created bliss has sprung of late.
If women's wishes may prevail, thus being,
They wish you both long lives and good agreeing."

It has been before observed, that the queen left her second son, prince Charles, at her palace of Dunfermline, where he was languishing under delicate health, occasioned very probably, by the bad mode of nursing, prevalent at this time, which regularly killed two-thirds of the children born into the world. Sir Robert Carey, whose headlong career into Scotland, with the news of the death of his royal kinswoman, queen Elizabeth, had by no means been rewarded according to his own ideas of his deserts, had taken into his head a notion, by way of speculation, of attaching himself to this young prince,—a desperate speculation, since sickly and rickety, as Charles was, in the cold, blighting air of his native north; there did not seem a remote chance of his surviving, to attain the graceful stature, and fine constitution, which afterwards distinguished him. Sir Robert Carey, had made an officious journey to Scotland, in order to pay his court to this royal infant; and, he brought to queen Anne, doleful accounts of his miserably crippled state, and cadaverous appearance. The queen, of course, was anxious, in this case, that her poor child should be near her, and entreated king James to send for "baby Charles," instead of permitting him to remain in Scotland, as intended, for the purpose of retaining the attachment of the northern people to his family. Lord and lady Dunfermline, were commanded to bring prince Charles to England, in the summer of 1604, and the queen desirous of embracing her sickly little one, set out on progress to meet him. She had advanced as far as Northamptonshire, and was at the seat of sir George Fermor, when "baby Charles" arrived safely under the escort of his noble governor and governess, and of sir Robert Carey.

The royal infant was between three and four years old, and, if the representations of sir Robert Carey, be not exaggerated, it was to the exertions of lady Carey, and to her sensible management, that the preservation of Charles I. from deformity may be attributed. The description of the manner in which lady Carey guarded her young charge from

the injurious experiments which the indiscreet affection of king James urged him to inflict on this suffering child, are replete with a lesson of great utility, by proving how far patient care and excellent nursing, aided by the bland hand of nature, are superior to surgical operations, in restoring the tender organs of children, injured by disease, or bad treatment. The queen deserves the full credit of choosing so excellent a foster-mother for her afflicted child, as lady Carey, and supporting her in her judicious plans, when he was committed to her care. "The queen, by the approbation of the lord-chancellor," wrote sir Robert Carey, in his memoirs, "made choice of my wife, to have the care and keeping of the duke of York. Those, who wished me no good, were glad of it, thinking, if the duke were to die in our charge, (his weakness being such as gave them great cause to suspect it,) then we should be thought unfit to remain at court after. When the little duke was first delivered to my wife, he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ancles, insomuch many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle my wife had with the king, but she still prevailed. The king was desirous, that the string under his tongue should be cut, for he was so long beginning to speak, that he thought he would never have spoken. Then, he would have him put into iron boots, to strengthen his sinews and joints, but my wife protested so much against them both, that she got the victory, and the king was fain to yield." The queen firmly supported lady Carey in all her judicious arrangements, and the king found contention against the will of two ladies unavailing, especially when they decidedly had the best of the argument.[1] The consequence was, that, as sir Robert Carey says, "Prince Charles grew daily more and more in health and strength, both of body and mind, to the amazement of many, who knew his weakness, when she first took charge of him. The queen rejoiced much to see him prosper as he did, and my wife for her diligence, which was indeed great, was well esteemed of both her and the king, as appeared by the rewards bestowed upon us."

The king, in the autumn of 1604, established himself at

[1] Had the queen and lady Carey read and studied Dr. Arnott's work, the Elements of Physics, she could not have coincided better with the precepts of that great physician and physiologist.

his hunting-seat at Royston, in Essex, where his queen, whose passion for the chase equalled, if not exceeded, his own, used to visit him, and share in the sports of the field. Her brother, duke Ulric, still continued his long visit in England. He was invited to remain till after the accouchement of the queen, because he was to stand sponsor to her infant. "He lodgeth in the court in my lord-treasurer's lodging,[1] and his company, in my lord of Derby's house, in Canon Row. He hath twenty dishes of meat allowed every meal, and certain of the guard bring him the same, and attend therewith. To-morrow, the king goeth towards Royston, and this duke (of Holstein), with him, for fourteen days."

While the queen's brother was at this hunting-party, at Royston, a hint was given, by some of the gentry of that country, of the inconvenience of the royal visit. "One of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, was missing one day. The king was much displeased at his absence: he went hunting, notwithstanding. The next day, when they went to the field, Jowler came in, among the rest of the hounds: the king was told, and was glad of his return, but, looking on him, spied a paper about his neck. On this paper was written, 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so he doth not us), that it please his majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent, and we are not able to entertain him longer." The king laughed at this intimation, as a good jest, and it was passed over; but the king intimated that he intended to remain at Royston for a fortnight longer.[2]

The little prince Charles, who had been called duke of York since his father's accession to the English crown, was, on Twelfth-day, 1605, formally installed as such. Several knights of the Bath were created on this occasion; among others, the royal boy himself, who, though he had just

[1] Lodge, &c. vol. iii. p. 106; Letter of lord Lumley.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 109; Letter of Edmund Lascelles, groom of the privy chamber, afterwards recommended, when in great distress, by queen Anne to her brother-in law, the duke of Brunswick, in whose service he remained the rest of his life.

completed his fourth year, could not walk in the procession, but was carried in the arms of the lord-admiral, the venerable hero of the Armada.[1]

The queen celebrated this gala-day by a masque at the banqueting-house, which was no other than Ben Jonson's celebrated masque of "Blackness," in which her majesty and ladies chose to sustain the characters of twelve nymphs, daughters of the river Niger. At the upper end of the banqueting-room, she was seated in a throne, made like a great scallop-shell. She was attired like a Moor, with her face blacked, likewise her hands and arms above the elbows. Her ladies surrounded her in the same disagreeable costume, which was considered, by sir Dudley Carleton, as excessively unbecoming; "for who," as he wrote, "can imagine an uglier sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors?" She danced in this disguise, that evening, with the Spanish ambassador, who did not forget to kiss the royal hand, notwithstanding its assumed ebony-hue, which the by-standers mischievously hoped would leave part of its colouring on his lips.[2] It was unwise of the queen to adopt a costume which hid her ivory skin, and revealed the thinness of her face. She had fine hair, and bright-brown eyes; but these personal advantages were completely compromised in the masque of "Blackness," in which, however, the beauty of the poetry somewhat atoned for the obscuration of the charms of the court belles.

A foreigner,[3] who visited England at the accession of James, draws an unfavourable portrait of the queen. He says: "she has an ordinary appearance, and lives remote from public affairs. She is very fond of dancing and entertainments. She is very gracious to those who know how to promote her wishes; but to those whom she does not like, she is proud, disdainful—not to say insupportable." Another Italian, cardinal Bentivoglio, is in ecstasies at her grace and beauty, and, above all, her fluency in speaking the Italian language, of which he was an undoubted judge. It would be difficult to ascertain what sort of persons Anne and the king, her husband, were, from the descriptions of

[1] Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 43. [2] Ibid.
[3] Molino on England. (See Raumer's Contributions to History, p. 461.)

contemporaries, so strongly did prejudice imbue every pen. There is no reason to suppose that Cardinal Bentivoglio was inclined to flatter James I., for he mentions, with much displeasure, his hostility to catholics; yet he describes his person in very different colours from the sectarian authors of the same century. "The king of England," he says, "is above the middle height, of a fair and florid complexion, and very noble features; though, in his demeanour and carriage, he manifests no kind of grace or kingly dignity."

The accouchement of her majesty was hourly expected in March, 1605; such events had been of rare occurrence at the court of England, Jane Seymour being the last queen who had given birth to a royal infant. In the lapse of a large portion of a century, old customs, relating to the royal lying-in-chamber, had been forgotten, though queen Anne's household were, on this occasion, very active in collecting all reminiscences of such occasions. Sir Dudley Carleton wrote to secretary Winwood, thus on the subject: "Here is much ado about the queen's down-lying, and great suit made for offices of carrying the white-staff, door-keeping, cradle-rocking, and such like gossip's tricks, which you should understand better than I do."

A grand court was kept, at Greenwich, throughout March, and prayers were daily said in every church for her majesty's safety. She was in her withdrawing-room, at Greenwich Palace, on Sunday, the 7th of April, and, on the following day, gave birth to a princess, named Mary, in memory of its unfortunate grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, whose tomb king James ordered to be commenced at Westminster on the very day of his little daughter's birth. The young princess, whose entry into life was thus connected with the memory of the dead, did not reach her third year.

The new-born lady Mary was baptized in the chapel of the royal palace at Greenwich. This was the first protestant baptism of a royal infant in England, for we have shewn that Elizabeth and Edward VI. however champions of the protestant cause, were certainly christened according to the catholic ritual. Lady Arabella Stuart was the godmother of the infant Mary Stuart, assisted by the countess of Northumberland; the godfather was Ulric, duke of

Holstein, the queen's brother, and Arabella's contemned lover. The ceremony was, in all points, performed according to the church of England, and when it was over, Garter king-at-arms, making a low reverence to the king, who stood at the chapel-closet window, rehearsed the title of "the high and noble lady Mary." The sewers then brought in voiders of wine and confections, and the noble train formed their homeward procession, towards the queen's apartments, across "the conduit court," the gifts of the sponsors being carried by six earls.

The queen was churched the following Whitsunday. First the king went into the royal closet at Greenwich chapel, and heard a sermon by the bishop of Chichester; he then went down into the chapel and offered at the altar, and withdrew himself behind a curtain on the right side. Queen Anne came from her chamber, attended by a grand train of her ladies, and was supported to the altar between her brother, the duke of Holstein, and the king's relative, the duke of Lenox. She made low reverence before the altar, and offered her *bezant*,[1] and then retired behind a curtain, on the left of the altar, and, kneeling, offered her thanksgiving for health and safety, according to the form prescribed in the Common Prayer, by the church of England, which finished with anthems, sung to organ, cornet and sackbut. At the conclusion, king James and queen Anne came forth from curtained seats, and met before the altar, where they affectionately saluted and greeted each other, and the king handed the queen to his presence-chamber door.[2]

The queen's personal demeanour in this ceremonial was evidently prescribed by an etiquette of great antiquity, as may be gathered from the coin named as her offering, which was little known in Europe after the era of the Crusades, though the term *bezant* still lurks among heraldic nomenclature.

With the Gunpowder Plot, the history of Anne of Denmark is little connected, excepting that she is usually enumerated among the intended victims, but this must have depended

[1] An ancient coin, current through Europe during the existence of the Greek empire.

[2] Nicholls' Progresses, vol. i. p. 514.

on the circumstance of whether she meant to have accompanied the king and her son, at the ceremonial of opening parliament, November 5, 1605. It is certain that although the intentions of the conspirators were revealed, as to their projected disposal of the queen's younger children, Elizabeth and Charles, there was no mention of her or of her infant daughter Mary. The terrors of this plot have been rendered farcical by the absurd mummery which has celebrated its anniversary down to our times; but to appreciate the appalling effect it must have had on the royal family, the murderous Gunpowder Plot in Scotland, should be remembered, which occurred February, 1567-8, at the Kirk of Field, which destroyed the king's father, lord Darnley, and which his mother, queen Mary, ever earnestly protested was laid against *her* life likewise, had not the chance of her unexpected absence preserved her, to endure the worse effects of the calumny attending it till death. The discontented catholic gentlemen, who planned the 5th of November plot, must have been greatly encouraged by the triumphant prosperity that attended its precursor, hatched by the more cunning brains of Murray, Morton, and Bothwell.

A thanksgiving, for the preservation of king, prince, lords and commons, who were all to have been destroyed, at one fell swoop, by the explosion of the mine beneath the antique Whitehall of Westminster Palace, was, as everyone knows, added to our liturgy, by the king, as head of the church, with the aid of the episcopacy. This was the second service of the kind which occurred in the course of every year of the reign of James I. All the court, and as many of the people as were very loyally disposed, being expected to fast and pray, and listen to sermons, a few hours long, every 5th of August, in memory of the king's preservation from the Gowry conspiracy.

Before the queen obtained possession of Theobalds, she usually passed her summers, (when not on progress,) at Greenwich Palace, where her two youngest children were born. Here she was residing when lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who afterwards implicated her majesty's name in his conceited autobiography, returned from his travels. He brought with him a scarf, wrought by the hands of the

princess of Conti, as a present from her to queen Anne. Such a token, it was understood, in the code of gallantry, was designed as a challenge, for the gentlemen of England to tilt with sharp lances, in honour of the beauty of both princesses. Lord Herbert, on his arrival, sent the scarf to queen Anne, through her favourite maid, Mary Middlemore.[1] The queen commanded lord Herbert to attend her, that she might consult him respecting the message of the French princess. She asked many questions of her ladies regarding this noble, who was not only the great literary lion of his era, but had attracted unusual notice by making himself and his gallant adventures the theme of all he said. He was ostensibly much alarmed lest the queen should be too much devoted to him, for he believed she was already in love with him, by report. He declares, too, in his memoirs, that she had obtained a picture of him, painted surreptitiously. He very affectedly declined the interview of explanation regarding the scarf, deeming it an assignation: "God knoweth," he says, "I declined to come not for honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because such affection had passed between me and another, the fairest lady of her time, so that nothing could divert it!" Out on such vanity! as if a queen of England could not wish to behold a literary lion, who had made himself as much by his egotism as his talents, the theme of every tongue, around her, without being in love with him!

Lord Herbert had drawn much court gossip on himself by an exploit in defence of Mary Middlemore. This damsel was sitting reading in the queen's apartments at Greenwich Palace, when one of the king's Scotch gentlemen of the bedchamber surprised her, and carried off, against her inclination, a top-knot from her hair, and henceforth wore it, despite of all her remonstrances, twisted in his hat-band. Lord Herbert, who was panting for an opportunity of shewing off his knight-errantry, hearing the bitter com-

[1] The king afterwards granted a patent for Mary Middlemore, maid of honour to his beloved consort, queen Anne, to search for treasure among the ruins of the abbeys of Glastonbury, Rumsey, and Bury St. Edmunds. It is probable that the queen, who being very profuse, was always in distress for money (particularly towards the end of her life), was the real instigator of a treasure-seeking expedition, only worthy of the renowned Dousterswivel.

plaints of the aggrieved damsel, demanded the top-knot of the Scotch lover, who contumaciously refused to surrender it, on which lord Herbert seized him by the throat, and almost throttled him. These antagonists were dragged asunder by their friends, lest they should incur the penalty of losing their hands, by striking in the royal palace. They exchanged a cartel to fight unto death, in Hyde Park, but the king and the council tamed their pugnacity with the wholesome infliction of a month's confinement in the Tower. Neither would the king suffer the tilting *a l'outrance* to take place, in honour of the queen's beauty, or that of the princess of Conti, and very much in the right he was.

"Na, na," said the philosophic monarch, "thae madcaps may seek their diversion otherways than breaking the peace of my kingdom, and their awn fules' heads, at the same time, though the best that can be said of their body-armour is, that it not only keeps its wearer from being hurt himself, but prevents him from doing any vera great harm to any ane else."

The queen was confined at Greenwich, June 22nd, 1606, with her seventh child, a daughter; she was herself very ill and weak for some time afterwards. The infant only lived to be christened Sophia, the name of the queen's mother. The child was buried privately, being carried up the Thames, to Westminster Abbey, in a funeral barge, covered with black velvet.

The queen's brother, Christiern IV., king of Denmark, had been expected daily about the same time; but contrary winds detained his navy till July 16th, when the queen was far from convalescent. He landed at Greenwich Palace-stairs, with king James, who had travelled from Oatlands to Gravesend, where the Danish ships anchored. The king of Denmark went direct to his sister's chamber, and a very tender interview between these long-parted but affectionate relatives, took place. The royal Dane is described by those who saw him, as a person of stately presence, though but of middle height; that he was, in face and complexion, so like his sister, queen Anne, that a painter who had seen the one could easily draw the picture of the other. His dress was black, slashed with cloth of silver; round his

hat he wore a band of gold, shaped like a coronet, studded with precious stones.[1]

The two kings were invited to a grand festival at Theobalds, which was then the favourite seat of the prime minister, Cecil, earl of Salisbury. The revellings there were disgraced by scenes of intemperance, which have acquired an historical celebrity. Hitherto, the refined, though rather fantastical tastes of the queen, had given a tone of elegance to the British court, and public decorum had never been very flagrantly violated by the inclination king James and his Scottish peers felt to indulge in riotous carouses. The queen was, perforce, absent at this time, and her husband and brother gave themselves up to unrestrained intoxication.

Unfortunately, some writers of the last century, too eager in their attacks on royalty, to be very accurate in their comparison of time and place, have accused poor queen Anne of the derelictions from propriety, committed at Theobalds, by a certain queen, who having swallowed deeper potations than became her, when performing in a masque, reeled against the steps of king Christiern's throne, and threw the salver of refreshments, it was her business to present, into his majesty's bosom. This queen was, however, only the queen of Sheba, personated by a female domestic of the earl of Salisbury, and not the queen of Great Britain, as any person may ascertain, who takes the trouble of reading sir John Harrington's letter,[2] this being the sole document on which modern authors have founded the widely spread accusation of inebriety against Anne of Denmark. Her habitual delicate health, and her etiquette of mourning for her infant, occasioned her to be a recluse in her lying-in chamber, where her month's retirement was not completed, at the very time, when these uproarious revelries were held by her king and brother, to mark their temporary escape from the wholesome restraints of a female

[1] From a contemporary letter, quoted in Nicholl's Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 53.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington; likewise quoted in Nicholls' Progresses, which, by the quotation of every document relative to the queen's retirement, gives most satisfactory evidence that this accusation is a most irrational calumny. It is extremely widely diffused, and has just been reiterated in the Penny Magazine, whose unusually excellent pages are devoted to the instruction of the people. (See April 1842, p. 155.)

court. Theobalds, has been greatly identified with the name of Anne of Denmark, but it was not in her possession, till a year afterwards. She could not, therefore, be accountable for the orgies performed there, while secluded in a chamber of illness, and mourning, at Greenwich Palace.

Both the kings came from Theobalds to Greenwich, to be present at the churching of the queen, which took place there, August 3rd—another sure proof, that her majesty may be acquitted of all blame connected with the orgies at Theobalds. It is expressly affirmed, that even so late as August 4th, "she had not been partaker of any of their kingly sports."[1] The first day, in which she took part in any festivity, was Sunday, the 10th of August, when she went down the Thames with her son, her brother, and king James, to assist at a splendid aquatic banquet, held on board the Elizabeth Jonas, one of the largest of the English ships, lying at Chatham. The ship was hung with cloth of gold on this occasion, the queen and her royal party dined in a beautiful pavilion fitted up in the orlop deck. They went on shore, at Upnor Castle, and the queen stopped on Windmill-Hill, whence a noble view of the whole navy was seen. There the king of Denmark left them, and went on board his own fleet, for the night, that he might make preparations for a grand farewell banquet, he meant to give his sister, on board the ships of her native country. In the morning, by ten, the queen, her son, and husband, arrived at the side of the largest ship, which bore the flag of the Danish admiral, and was then riding at anchor, before Gravesend. "It was a gallant ship of very high and narrow building, the beak, the stern, and three galleries, were richly gilded, and the waist and half-deck hung with arras, and adorned with costly ornaments; here the queen and her spouse were feasted by her royal brother. As they sat at the banquet, they pledged each other to their continuing amity, and, at every pledge drank, the same was known straightway by sound of drum and trumpet, and cannons' loudest voice, beginning ever in the Danish admiral, seconded by the English block-houses, prolonged by the Danish vice-admiral, and echoed by the six other Danish ships, ending with the smallest."

[1] See Nicholls' Progresses of king James, vol. ii. pp. 88, 89.

How minutely has Shakespeare followed this Danish etiquette of drinking royal healths:

> "No jocund health that Denmark drinks to day,
> But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
> And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
> Then speaking earthly thunder."

The king of Denmark concluded his entertainment with a wonderful pageant, a firework contrived by himself, which would have certainly proved the finest display of pyrotechny ever seen in England, if it had had but Egyptian darkness to set off its merits. Unfortunately, the exigence of the royal departure forced it to be ignited in a splendid August afternoon, and it was still cracking and snapping, three quarters of an hour afterwards, when queen Anne and king James, with streaming eyes, bade farewell to their loving brother, king Christiern.

At this leave-taking, the queen was involved in a most vexatious misunderstanding between her brother, king Christiern and the aged hero of the Armada. This nobleman, as lord high-admiral, had the command of the ship, which was to take king James and the queen back to Woolwich. He came on the deck of the Danish admiral, to inform his royal master, that if he did not take leave directly, and return on board his own vessel, he would lose the benefit of the tide up the river, which served at four o'clock. The king of Denmark told him, in his own language, "that it was but two o'clock, therefore he need not lose his sister yet." The lord high-admiral understood no Danish, and king Christiern no English. The royal Dane had, therefore, recourse to signs; he shewed him (the admiral) that it was but two by his watch. The lord high-admiral, who was not in the best of humours, still urged the departure of his king and queen.

The queen came to her brother's assistance in this dilemma, where he stood on the deck, with his watch in one hand, and holding up two of the fingers of the other, to signify it was but two o'clock. The queen laughed heartily, probably at her brother's perplexity, but the lord-admiral fancied that the queen and king Christiern were rudely jeering at him, on account of his young wife. The bystanders saw, "that the lord-admiral took some secret dislike," but when he returned home, and talked over the

matter with his countess, they both worked themselves up into a state of excessive indignation. His countess, that Margaret Stuart, whose marriage has been mentioned, immediately wrote a letter to one of king Christiern's confidential servants, (sir Andrew St. Clair,) expressing her displeasure at his master's uncivil behaviour. When this letter was, by queen Anne's express desire, communicated to the king, her brother, he was so much annoyed, that he wished to return immediately to England, to vindicate his conduct. He explained, very earnestly, by means of St. Clair, "that he never thought of making the signs to insult the lord-admiral; all he wished him to understand was, that it was only two o'clock, as he might see by the watch he held in the other hand, and that he needed not to be deprived of his sister so soon."[1]

Notwithstanding this explanation, which appears a very probable and rational one, lady Nottingham continued to utter many vituperations, reproachful to the whole royal house of Denmark, to mark her indignation at the insult she supposed was levelled against her by the queen's brother. At last, queen Anne lost her patience: it is said she threw herself on her knees before king James, and entreated him to banish lady Nottingham from the court.[2]

[1] Egerton Papers, Camden Society, p. 469.

[2] This very incident is a proof of the extreme caution with which the stories contained in ambassadors' journals must be received, and of all journals of the kind, that malicious one published by Raumer, written by the French ambassador, Beaumont. France, indeed, viewed the union of the whole British island under one monarch with jealous displeasure; and the hatred of this court is apparent in every line written home by French ambassadors. Beaumont, in his despatch home, August 21, 1606, writes an account of this scene, for the diversion of Henry IV. He says, (See Raumer's Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii .p. 216,) "The lady of the lord high-admiral, in her letter to St. Clair, told him that the king of Denmark *was but a petty king*, and she as virtuous a woman as his wife, his mother, *or his sister—that her child belonged to her husband, so as none of those the queen had borne belonged to the king.*" "Truth," says an eastern proverb, "goes on two legs—a falsehood, on one;" but the inventions of this ambassador we may suppose progress upon three, being a mixture of truth and falsehood, difficult, indeed, to rectify, excepting by the actual comparison of the identical document, which, being recently published by the Camden Society, from the family papers of lord-chancellor Egerton, is here offered for comparison. (See Egerton Papers, p. 468). These are the *real* expressions of the aggrieved countess, addressed to sir Andrew St. Clair:—

"Sir,—I am sorry this occasion should have been offered me by the king, your master, which makes me troublesome to you for the present. It is reported to me, by men of honour, the great wrong the king of the Danes hath

King Christiern distributed many costly presents at his departure; one of his gifts was a real exemplification of the principle which led all sovereigns, in that century, to deem the property of the state their personal chattels, to be disposed of at their caprice. He presented his nephew, Henry prince of Wales, with his best ship of war, valued at 25,000*l.*

The queen received from her brother his portrait, richly set with jewels; to the king he gave a rapier and hanger, worth 7000*l.*; to the English courtiers, gold chains and jewels, to the amount of 15,000*l.* King James made a very liberal return, nearly to the same amount; but the ship of war still left an enormous balance on the side of Danish munificence.

The queen accompanied king James to Windsor, when her brother had taken leave, and there they finished "their summer hunting."

At some tilting pageant, about this time, one of the young squires of lord Hay was thrown from his horse, near the king, and broke his leg. This accident interested the humanity of the king for the sufferer, who proved to be a son

done me when I was not by to answer for myself; for if I had been present, I would have letten him know how much I scorn to receive that wrong at his hands. I need not write the particular of it, for the king knows best. I protest to you, sir, I did think as honourable of the king, your master, as I did of any one prince; but now I can persuade myself there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man; for although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me that he harboureth any princely thoughts in his breast, for either in prince or subject the basest part that can be is to wrong a woman of honour. And I would the king, your master, should know that I deserve as little that name he gave me, as either the mother of himself or his children; and if ever I come to know what man hath informed your majesty so wrongfully of me, I shall do my best to put him from doing the like of any other; but if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be glad to have companions. So leaving to trouble you any further, I rest yur friend, "MARGARET NOTTINGHAM."

The false version of this letter is apparent to every eye, for we have put the interpolations in italics, nor is there any reason that the rest of the French ambassador's narrative is more to be relied on, when he says, "the queen sent for the poor lady, uttered a thousand coarse expressions, drove her from court, and struck her off the list of her establishment." All this storm was raised by the misapprehension of a crusty old officer, whose intellect was not what it had been, who was uneasy at the difference of years between himself and his wife, and perplexed by the conversation in a language he did not comprehend. As for his lady's *real* letter, it is dignified and womanly; and the sedulous manner in which she avoids *all* allusion to *her queen*, shews great tact, though it is most apparent that she has heard an exaggerated version of the affair, since she mentions that there was an epithet *spoken*, while the whole misunderstanding arose from the fact, that the Danish king was unable to express himself in English, and had recourse to signs.

t, a faithful servant of the king's
man had served as a little page to
ing the Scottish court to be educated
t Carr was a yellow-haired laddie, of
d with round blue eyes, and a high-
e was considered very handsome, and
he court. The king took him into
tained no little influence with him.
f the famous seat of Theobalds, at
d from the face of the earth; but its
sylvan palace of the royal Stuarts.
Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, to exchange
ge, for her dower palace of Hatfield.
ds was given to her majesty, May 22,
ête and an elaborate masque, by Ben
ted the queen, under her poetical

he most beautiful among the elegant
e kind patronised by Anne of Den-
mark. In the course of its representation, that enchanting lyric, by Ben Jonson, was introduced, expressly written in compliment to her majesty's passion for hunting—

"Queen and huntress, chaste as fair."

Theobalds was the admiration of England for the architectural taste displayed in the new buildings erected by lord Burleigh and his son, the prime minister of king James. "It was described in the Augmentation Office, (after it was marked for destruction by Cromwell,) as a quadrangle of a hundred and ten feet square, on the south of which were the queen's chapel, with windows of stained glass, her presence-chamber, her privy-chamber, (private sitting-room,) her bed-chamber, and *coffee*-chamber, (this was probably coffer-chamber.) The prince's lodgings were on the north side, cloisters were on the east side, and a glorious gallery, 112 feet in length, occupied the west. This palace was destroyed in 1650.

The queen lost her infant daughter, the little princess Mary, in the autumn of 1607. The child died of a catarrhal fever, at Stanwell, the seat of her foster parents, lord and

[1] Carr, of Fernihurst, is repeatedly mentioned in the Letters of Mary queen of Scots, at the earlier period of her English imprisonment, as her friend. See Letters of Mary queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland.

lady Knevet, who had, agreeably to an ancient custom, (not disused in the days of the first James,) received the young princess for nurture and education at a stipulated remuneration. The queen received the news of her child's death with calmness. According to the narrative of the messenger, "she pre-supposed what the tidings might be;" she requested that the king might be informed of every particular, and she desired that the body might be opened, and the cause of death ascertained; she likewise begged that some cost might be bestowed on her child's funeral.[1]

The princess was interred in Westminster Abbey, in queen Elizabeth's vault. King James was the last of our kings who bestowed any attention on monuments for his relatives; he ordered the tombs for this child and her sister Sophia, which are still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of queen Elizabeth. The little princess Mary, a child of two years and a half, is represented by a queer effigy, in a small farthingale, tightly-laced boddice, and cap without borders, and looks much like a small Dutch frow of fifteen. Such was, however, the costume worn by the infants at this era. The king was engaged on a western progress, and did not return till some days after his daughter's death. The queen retired, during the mourning, to Hampton Court, where she completely secluded herself from state ceremonial, so that Rowland Whyte wrote to lord Shrewsbury, "the court officers had leave to play, and are gone every one to his own home; only lord Salisbury went to Hampton Court to comfort the queen." This prime minister held up the queen's example of patience to his wife, and begged lord Shrewsbury to tell her, "that some ladies take crosses with more resignation than she would do, for my mistress, the queen, though she felt her loss naturally, yet, now it is irrevocable, she taketh it very well and wisely."[2]

Notwithstanding these zealous commendations from the pen of the prime-minister, the queen sometimes fell out with "the little man." Her points of difference with him were regarding the great sums she expended in building and improving Somerset House, which she chose to be

[1] Earl of Worcester's letter, Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

[2] Letter of the earl of Salisbury to the earl of Shrewsbury, September 18, 1607. Lodge, vol. iii. p. 324.

called Denmark House. One day, when she found he was opposed to her extravagance, she told him, in a rage, "that the king had a hundred servants that were as able to do him service as he was."

"Yes, madam," replied the earl, "but they must first serve out their apprenticeship."[1]

Her majesty's animosity did not last long; the earl of Salisbury had been used to flatter adroitly the caprices of female royalty, to which, indeed, "he had served his apprenticeship" in the reign of Elizabeth. He put himself to great expense in a new year's gift for queen Anne, of a grand bed of green velvet, richly embroidered.

The succeeding summer the king bent his progress towards Northamptonshire, leaving the queen to preside over the court in the metropolis. He visited Holdenby, and was sojourning at the ancient royal palace there, on the 5th of August, the anniversary of the Gowry conspiracy, when bishop Andrews preached a thanksgiving sermon. The same day, he rode to Bletsoe, the seat of lord St. John, whence he despatched a singular letter to his prime minister, lord Salisbury, in which he affected a jocular jealousy of the queen's affections. It is addressed to "*my little beagle*;" this epithet was given to Salisbury by the king, in reference to his diminutive person, and to his sagacity in scenting out political plots. The letter is partly written in cipher; the king designates the nobleman, he supposes in gallant attendance on the queen, by the figure 3. The explanation is not preserved; but as the king jokes on his grey hairs and celibacy, one of the antiquated gallants of the Elizabethan court of high rank is meant. Lord Northampton, the youngest son of the gifted earl of Surrey, seems the man.

MY LITTLE BEAGLE,

"Ye and your fellows there are so proud now, that ye have gotten the guiding again of a feminine court in the old fashion, that I know not how to deal with ye; ye sit at your ease and direct all; the news from all parts of the world comes to you in your chamber; the king's own resolutions depend on your posting despatches; and *quhen* ye list ye can, sitting on your bedsides, with one call, or whistliulg in your fist, make him (the king) post night and day till he come unto your presence.

"Well, I know Suffolk is married, and for your part, maister 10,[2] who

[1] Bishop Goodman's Court of James.

[2] He seems to designate Salisbury himself as cipher 10.

are wifeless, I cannot but be jealous of your greatness with my wife; but, most of all, am I suspicious of 3, who is so lately fallen in acquaintance with my wife; his face is so amiable, as it is able to entice, and his fortune hath ever been to be great with she-saints, but his part is wrong in this, that never having taken a wife himself in his youth, he cannot now be content with his grey hairs to avoid another man's wife.[1] But for expiation of this sin, I hope ye have *all three* taken *ane* cup of thankfulness for the occasion, *quhich* fell out at a time *quhen* ye durst not avow me."

This was the anniversary of the Gowry plot, 1608, which king James caused to be observed in England, as well as Scotland, with solemn thanksgiving. Of course, Cecil and his colleagues durst not avow him as their king when it happened, because it was during the lifetime of queen Elizabeth. The king concludes his queer epistle with this allusion to its recent celebration at Holdenby.

"And here hath been this day kept the feast of king James' delivery at Saint John's-town, in St. John's House.[2] All other matters I refer to the old knave the bearer's report. And so fare ye well."

"JAMES R."

The queen joined her consort, the next month, in a visit to the earl of Arundel, her majesty having promised to stand sponsor to his infant. Better times had dawned on the noble representatives of the ducal house of Howard since the unfortunate Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, had pined to death in the Tower. The long-suffering countess of Arundel was now the happy grandmother of a lovely race, restored to the proud hopes of their birth. If it was not in the power of James I. to revenge himself on his mother's foes, to do him justice, he never forgot her friends. He bestowed the staff of hereditary earl-marshal to its rightful owner, and other marks of favour. Queen Anne and her eldest son became sponsors for the second son of lord and lady Arundel, as the king had given his name to the elder. How they settled the fiercely disputed points of the ancient and the recently established churches in the rites of baptism, the dowager-countess Arundel does not say; perhaps the infant was only name-child to the royal visitors. The noble mother of the infant was much

[1] This sentence shews that 3, the pretended object of the king's jealousy, was one of the highest officers left in charge of queen Anne's court, and equal in rank with Cecil lord Salisbury, who was lord-treasurer.

[2] The ancient names of Perth and the king's palace there; the scene of the Gowry conspiracy.

afraid lest it should die out of the pale of Christianity, because the queen's ill-health, and the death of her own children, had prevented her from fulfilling her promise. At last, the matter was happily accomplished, Sept. 15, 1608, and the young Howard named by the prince of Wales, his own name reversed, Frederic Henry; "and the queen's majesty," writes the dowager, lady Arundel, "and the sweet prince and my lady Elizabeth's grace were all well pleased for anything I saw or heard, only the foul weather kept back the pretty duke;" this was Charles duke of York.

Economy could never be reckoned among the royal virtues of Anne of Denmark. She was melancholy and dispirited in the winter of 1609. On inquiry, it was found that she was in debt, and her jointure was not fully to her liking, wherefore, to give her contentment, the king added to it 3000*l.* per annum out of the customs, with 20,000*l.* to pay her debts. With this re-inforcement of funds, she commenced the summer progress with great spirit, though a disaster, which happened at Royston, July 24, had nearly put an end to her hunting that year.

"Yesternight," says lord Worcester, in one of his amusing gossiping court journals, "about ten or eleven o'clock, the king's stable fell on fire by the negligence of setting a candle on a post, which fell into the litter, and set the place in flames. Twenty or thirty horses were in the stables. I waited on the king, as my duty was, with the news. Out of four horses that were burnt, he lost a pad-horse, I lost another; he[1] one hunter, I another. All our saddles were burnt." Those who have seen what capacious machines saddles were in those days, especially the demi-pique saddles of this very earl of Worcester, in which he sat entrenched as in a fortification, will conclude this loss was by no means a slight one. The queen had her share in the disaster, for her coach-harness was burnt. "While this tragedy was acting, it was worth hearing the reports here; some said it was a new gunpowder-treason; an Englishman swore he saw a Scotchman, with a link, fire the stable; others said it was a device to set the stable on fire to draw all the guard thither, that they might work some evil to the royal family, but, God be thanked, neither

[1] Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 117.

king, queen, or prince slept the worse, or ever waked until the morning at their usual hour."

One of the proudest and happiest periods of queen Anne's life, was that in which her eldest son was created prince of Wales. This august ceremony had been delayed till the noble-minded boy could enter into all the historical interest of the scene. It was celebrated, not only with the splendour of state pageantry, but heralded with all the glory of poetry, being illustrated by the queen's favourite dramatist, Ben Jonson, in verses which finely recapitulated the deeds of Henry Stuart's predecessors in the dignity of prince of Wales. This address was mixed with a masque, in which the prince was represented as wakening and reviving the dying Genius of chivalry. A prince of Wales had not been created since the time when Henry VIII., as a youth, was invested with that dignity.

The queen, the princess, and king James, and the little prince Charles, stood in the privy-gallery, at Westminster Old Palace, to see prince Henry's arrival from Richmond, his own private residence, whence he came, in state, down the Thames, escorted by the lord-mayor and city authorities, in their gay barges. London, as usual, contributed its thousands, who, floating in their pleasure-boats on the Thames, rendered their voluntary assistance in the gay aquatic procession. The prince landed at the Queen's Bridge,[1] Westminster, May 31, 1610, and was received by his delighted mother in the privy-chamber; but the grand festival prepared by her did not commence till some days after, when the prince of Wales was introduced, in state, by his father, to the assembled houses of parliament, and his solemn investiture took place, June 4th. The next day the queen appointed for her *second* grand masque, in honour of her darling son, in which, she personally took a part, with her ladies and her little son, prince Charles, who had, by this time, overcome the weakness of his early years, and grown a very beautiful boy.

This "glorious masque" was not written by Ben Jonson, yet by a poet of no mean order—Daniels, the tutor and

[1] This was a long causeway, or jetty, projecting a considerable way into the Thames, which was probably constructed by Edward the Confessor, for the convenience of the queen-consort's barge: it led to the queen's apartments in the Old Palace, Westminster, and to the Whitehall Chamber; now, in the reign of James, considered exclusively the House of Lords.

biographer of the celebrated heiress of the house of Clifford. The whole court of England, queen, princess-royal, their kinswoman, lady Arabella Stuart,[1] the noble Clifford heiress, and all the aristocratic beauties of the day, were busy devising robes, arranging jewels, and practising steps and movements, for this beautiful poem of action, in which music, painting, dancing, and decoration, guided by the taste of Inigo Jones, were all called into employment to make the palace of Whitehall a scene of enchantment. These beautiful masques were the origin of the opera; but how lifeless in poetic spirit, how worthless in sentiment and association of ideas, is the tawdry child of modern times when compared to its predecessor—coarse and common as the boards of a theatre compared with the marble floors and inlaid *parquets* of princely Whitehall, once trod by the lovely ladies and chivalric peers of the olden time.

It was a beautiful idea in this masque, to cause the court ladies to personate the nymphs of the principal rivers, which belonged to the estates of their fathers or husbands. The queen represented Tethys, the empress of streams; her daughter Elizabeth, princess-royal, was the nymph of Thames; lady Arabella Stuart, the nymph of Trent; the countess of Arundel, the Arun; the countess of Derby, the nymph of Derwent; lady Anne Clifford, represented the naïad of her native Aire, the lovely river of her feudal domain of Skipton; the countess of Essex, then a girl-beauty of fourteen, unscathed as yet by the blight of evil, was the nymph of Lea; lady Haddington, as daughter of the earl of Sussex, represented the river Rother; and lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the earl of Kent, the Medway. The little prince Charles, in the character of Zephyr, was to deliver the queen's presents, attended by twelve little ladies, to his elder brother, the newly created prince of Wales. This was the ostensible business of the masque, which was thus mingled with historical reality. Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court, performed as Tritons,

[1] Soon after taking her part in this scene, this interesting and unfortunate lady married, privately, the earl of Hertford. The union of the titles of both to a reversionary claim on the crown, caused a revival of the cruel persecutions of those branches of the royal family who married without the consent of the sovereign. She was incarcerated in the Tower, and, after in vain endeavouring to escape, died in 1614, insane. We have reason to suppose that she was a catholic.

and were the partners and attendants of the river-nymphs. These Tritons, commenced the masque, by the following song, in four parts, accompanied by the soft music of twelve lutes; it was addressed to the queen, as the river-empress, Tethys; and, is not unworthy of that thrice glorious era of British poetry:

"Youth of the spring, mild Zephyrus, blow fair,
And breathe the joyful air,
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day,
Who comes her royal self to pay
The vows her heart presents
To these fair compliments.

Breathe out new flowers which never yet were known,
Unto the spring, nor blown
Before this time to beautify the earth;
And as this day gives birth
Unto new types of state[1]
So let it bliss create.

Bear Tethys'[2] message to the ocean king,[3]
Say how she joys to bring
Delight unto his islands and his seas,
And tell, Meliades[4]
The offspring of his blood,
How she applauds his good.

The chief Triton, then deposited the queen's presents, which were a cross-handled sword, enriched with gems, to the value of 4000*l.*, and a scarf of her own work, for the prince of Wales; and a golden trident for king James, as king of the ocean; the Triton then spoke this address, in allusion to his royal mistress, and her attendant nymphs:

"From that intelligence which moves the sphere
Of circling waves, the mighty Tethys', queen
Of nymphs and rivers, will here straight appear,
And in a human character be seen.

* * * * * *

For she resolves to adorn this festal day
With her all-gracing presence, and the train
Of some choice nymphs, she pleased to call away
From several rivers which they entertain.
And first the lovely nymph of stately Thames,[5]
The darling of the ocean summon'd is,
Then those of Trent and Arun's[6] graceful streams,
The Derwent[7] next with clear-waved worthiness;

[1] The long-dormant titles of the prince of Wales.
[2] Queen Anne. [3] King James.
[4] This was the classic appellation of Henry prince of Wales.
[5] Elizabeth, princess royal.
[6] Lady Arabella, and lady Arundel. [7] Lady Derby.

The beauteous nymph of crystal-streaming Lea [1]
Gives next attendance; then the nymph of Aire,[2]
With modest motion, makes her sweet repair;
The nymph of Severn[3] follows in degree,
With ample streams of grace; and next to her
The cheerful nymph of Rother[4] doth appear,
With comely Medway, ornament of Kent;
And then four goodly nymphs which beautify
Cambers' fair shores, and all that continent;
The graces of clear Uske, Olwy, Dulesse, and Wye.
All these within the goodly spacious bay
Of manifold unharbouring Milford meet,
The happy port of union, which gave way
To that great hero Henry [5] and his fleet."

The nymphs of the Milford Haven rivers, named in this poem, were personated by lady Katharine Petre, lady Elizabeth Guildford, lady Winsor, and lady Winter, and the first scene represented the scenery of Milford Haven, and Henry VII.'s fleet.

The anti-masque, commenced with the appearance of little prince Charles, and his young ladies; they were all of his own age and height; they were the daughters of earls or barons, and personated the naïads of springs and fountains.

Prince Charles, was dressed as Zephyr, in a short robe of green satin, embroidered with gold flowers. Behind his shoulders, were two silver wings, and a fine lawn *aureole*, which Inigo Jones, is much puzzled to describe. On his head, was a garland of flowers of all colours, his right arm was bare, on which, the queen had clasped one of her bracelets of inestimable diamonds. His little naiads, were dressed in satin tunics, of the palest water-blue, embroidered with silver flowers; their tresses were hanging down in waving curls, and their heads were crowned with garlands of water-flowers. The ballet, was so contrived, that Charles always danced encircled by these fair children. They had been so well trained, that they danced to admiration, and formed the prettiest sight in the world. This infant ballet, was rapturously applauded by the whole court. When the first dance was ended, the scene of Milfold Haven was suddenly withdrawn, and the queen, as Tethys, was seen seated, in glorious splendour, on a throne of silver rocks;

[1] Frances Howard, afterwards divorced from the earl of Essex.
[2] Anne, heiress of Clifford.
[3] The countess of Montgomery.
[4] Vicountess Haddington.
[5] Henry VII.

round her throne were niches, representing little caverns, in which, her attendant river-nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of Thames, was seated at her royal mother's feet. There were dolphins in every shade of silver, and shells and sea-weed in every coloured burnish that could be devised.

Glittering waterfalls and cataracts, gleamed round the grotto, in which, the noble river-nymphs were grouped about the throne of the queen. Her head-dress was a murex shell, formed as a helmet, ornamented with coral, a veil of silver gossamer floated from it; a boddice of sky-coloured silk was branched with silver sea-weed; a half tunic of silver gauze, branched with gold sea-weed, was worn over a train of sky-coloured silk, figured with columns of white lace, of sea-weed pattern. All this would have been elegant, and appropriate enough, only it is to be feared, that it was rendered ridiculous by being worn with a monstrous farthingale; for, whether arrayed in courtly costume, or in a hunting-dress, Anne of Denmark, was never seen without that appendage, in its most exaggerated amplitude. As Inigo Jones mentions the high ruff, she added to the costume of the river-goddess, Tethys, there is little doubt that, she likewise afflicted the classical contrivers of the masque, by assuming a farthingale, as large as a modern tea-table.

As the poem, which explained the motive of the masque, proceeded, the reciter put into the hands of prince Charles the trident, which he gave to his father, and the queen's splendid present of the sword and scarf, which he gave to his brother, the prince of Wales. His next office was to court her majesty to descend from her throne, and dance her ballet with her river-nymphs. The little prince, having performed all appointed *devoirs*, with much grace and self-possession, returned to the middle of the stage, where he and all his little ladies went through another dance of the most intricate changes. They then gave way for the queen's quadrille; "and by the time that was finished, the summer sun shewed traces of his rising, and the courtly revellers retreated to bed." So closed a festival which was probably the happiest in the life of Anne of Denmark, if we may judge by the acute sorrow with which her memory, in after days, recurred to it.

Prince Charles, having now attained as much strength as his royal parents could desire, and with it a very considerable share of beauty, was taken from his tender nurse, lady Carey, and placed under the care of masters, selected by his brother, the prince of Wales.[1] Sometimes the prince would tease him, and even make him weep, by telling him that if, as he grew up, his legs were not handsome, he should make him take orders, and give him the archbishopric of Canterbury; because the robes of the church would hide all defects." "However, in the fulness of time," says one of Charles's historians, "when he began to look man in the face, those tender limbs began to knit and consolidate, and the most eminently famed for manly and martial exercises were forced to yield him the garland."

The queen retained her girlish petulance after she had been for years a matron, and even when she was the mother of a grown-up son; that son, the joy of her heart, and pride of her existence, sometimes used a little playful management to obtain peace in the circle of royal domesticity, before occasional outbreaks of temper, on the part of her majesty, produced, at times, considerable disquiet. Without the slightest justifiable view, prince Henry wrote the following letter, in which he mediates, with wonderful tact, considering that he was but sixteen, between his father's jealousy of the queen's want of attention to his gout, and her irritability of temper, if subjected to the slightest reproof, or contradiction.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES TO KING JAMES.

"According to your majesty's commandment, I made your excuse unto the queen for not sending her a token by me, and alleged that your majesty

[1] Sir Robert Carey, though almost as amusing a journalist as Pepys himself, was evidently a narrow, selfish character. When prince Charles's household was formed, Henry prince of Wales (whose early wisdom was most extraordinary), wished much to place immediately about the person of his young brother, as master of the robes, sir William Fullarton, a man of enlarged mind and piercing intellect. Henry was, however, unwilling to shew slight to the Careys, from whom his brother had derived such inestimable personal advantages. He, therefore, offered sir Robert Carey (who was excessively acquisitive) the choice between retaining his place of master of the robes to Charles, or the more profitable post of surveyor of his revenue. Sir Robert chose to retain his old place, saying, that, "if he excelled in anything, it was in knowing how to make good clothes;" a sentiment truly Pepysian in the royally connected Carey, proving that "some men are tailors by inclination, some are born tailors, and others have tailoring thrust upon them." No doubt, this absurd reply increased Henry's wish for more enlightened companionship for his young brother; however, he kept his royal word, and sir Robert Carey remained master of the robes.

had a quarrel with her for not writing an answer to your second letter, written to her from Royston, when your foot was sore, nor making mention of receiving that letter in her next, some ten days after; whereas, in your majesty's former journey to Royston, when you first took the pain in your feet, she sent one on purpose to visit you.

"Her answer was, 'that either she had written or dreamed it, and, upon supposing so, had told first, my lord Hay, and next, sir Thomas Somerset, that she had written.' I durst not reply, as you directed, 'that your majesty was afraid, lest she should return to her *old bias*,' for fear such a word might have set her in the way of it, and, besides, made me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew. Otherwise, most happy, when favoured by your majesty's commandments, is he who, kissing your majesty's hands, is your majesty's most dutiful son, and obedient servant,

"HENRY."

It is amusing to note the judgment displayed by so young a man, on the delicate point of saying too much, in the mediation of a matrimonial dispute. The queen's "old bias," to which he feared she would return, was indulgence in sullenness, for a length of time, if contradicted or reproved. His careful abstinence from mischief-making, by declining to repeat to his mother messages sent in a passion by his father, proves that the praises for wisdom lavished on this prince by his country, were by no means exaggerated, because temper and forbearance exercised in the domestic connexions of life, is one of the highest proofs of elevation of character.

The queen always manifested the utmost disgust at the spirit of injustice and rapacity she found prevalent at the English court—no new traits, as the preceding memorials of the Tudor courts may witness. She carefully guarded, by her advice, her young friend, lady Anne Clifford, from being plundered by the venal swarm who watched round the king for prey. George, earl of Cumberland, preferred his brother to his daughter, and disinherited her illegally. The king wished the young lady, who appealed to law, to submit to a private arbitration from those he should appoint, "but queen Anne, the Dane," says the lady Anne, "admonished me to submit to no such decision." This is the first instance which can be quoted of sensible advice given by the queen, but from this time incidents frequently occur which shew her capable of right judgment, as well as good feeling. She saw, with infinite aversion, the increasing profligacy of Carr and his faction, who were completely reckless in their abuse of the king's favour. The functions of a court-favourite, in earlier times, are little understood

at the present era; in the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century, the office of king or queen's favourite was more distinctly defined than that of prime minister.

In the dark ages, a monarch was expected to be himself his own prime minister and general; when he became something more than the leader of a barbarous horde, such tasks could not be performed by him singly, and he naturally called in the aid of any friend whose conversation was most agreeable to him. If this assistant was *not* a dignitary of the church, he was viewed invidiously by the people, and called a favourite. Sometimes churchmen were hated as favourites, but this was seldom, for the power of governing communities systematically, was the great science of the prelates of the ancient church. But these sagacious observers of their fellow-creatures could only preside over the civil department of the state; the king's lay-favourite usually superintended the armed barbarians who constituted the military force. But woe betided him and his master, if the military leader or lay-courtier aspired to the office of prime minister, and laid his unprivileged hand on the ark of the civil government, as may be seen by the fates of Hubert de Burgh, Gaveston, Despenser, Michael de la Pole, and many others.

The Reformation brought as great a revolution in the business of state in this island, as it did in the religious ritual. Laymen now performed all the offices of government, civil as well as military, and divided their labours into numerous offices. But the king, in whose person was combined all the reverence formerly shared between the regal and pontifical offices, interfered, unavoidably, in the guidance of the whole machinery. A mediator was soon found necessary between the ministers and the monarch—a person sufficiently beloved by him, to induce him to attend, at proper seasons, to the despatch of business, and to learn his will in matters on which he would not give distinct orders, but expected his ministers to know his pleasure intuitively. Instances occur of queen-consorts taking upon them this diplomatic office, and there is reason to believe, that Anne of Denmark had thus interfered much in the government in Scotland; but after she became queen-consort of England, she sedulously avoided all state business; leaving it wholly to the demi-official, called the king's

favourite—a person regarding whom, by the way, the king always required her to go through the ceremony of recommending to him.

The royal favourite, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, filled the office of confidential secretary, which included that of decipherer of the private letters received by the king and queen—the most important part of whose correspondence was, in that intriguing era, written in cipher. This office was, therefore, no sinecure; it required the possession of considerable acquirements, and if these were united to strong mental abilities, the favourite became a formidable power behind the throne. The king himself tried to educate Carr, but his capacity was so mean, that, shrinking from the onerous tasks laid upon him, he clandestinely obtained the assistance of his friend, sir Thomas Overbury. This person was clever and learned, but arrogant and ambitious in no slight degree. He was resolved *not* to be kept in the background, and by way of proving how deeply he was concerned in state secrets, he talked publicly of the contents of some of the queen's letters which had passed through his hands.[1]

In all probability it was this breach of official confidence, in regard to the private letters of the royal family, which occasioned the great aversion Anne of Denmark always manifested to Overbury. This occasioned her to write to the earl of Salisbury the following letter,[2] (preserved by bishop Goodman,) with the explanation that the term of "that fellow" alludes to Overbury:

"My lord,

"The king hath told me that he will advise with you, and some other four or five of the council, of *that fellow*. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your *care* (attention) how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect. I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love, ANNA R."

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James VI., p. 416. In bishop Goodman's Court of James, occurs a letter, from sir Thomas Overbury to the earl of Salisbury, in which he declares, "that he very humbly puts himself at the queen's mercy," but adds, "that he hears her majesty is not satisfied with the integrity of his intent." The letter is dated, September 11th, no yearly date; but, by a letter of sir T. Somerset to Edmondes, it appears that Overbury was restored to court-favour in 1611.

[2] This letter, like all those written by Anne of Denmark, is dateless; but it must have occurred before the death of Cecil, earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612.

On the death of the earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612, Robert Carr, who had been recently advanced to the titles of viscount Rochester and earl of Somerset, succeeded to the public offices of that statesman, and he and his friend Overbury became more arrogant and offensive than ever, and, at the same time, more than ever the objects of Anne of Denmark's dislike, which she certainly did not manifest in a very dignified manner. One day, Somerset and sir Thomas Overbury were walking in the queen's private garden, when her majesty was looking out of the window, and she evinced her spleen at the sight of them, by saying aloud to her attendants, "There goes Somerset and his governor!" At that instant sir Thomas Overbury burst into a loud laugh; and the queen, forgetting that she had begun the hostility, imagined that he had overheard her words, and derided her, upon which she brought a bitter complaint of his insolence to the king. Overbury, however, explained, "that he did not hear what her majesty was pleased to say, but his laughter proceeded from his friend the earl of Somerset, having repeated to him a right merry jest king James had made that day at dinner."[1] The queen was forced, on account of this adroit explanation, to remit Overbury's punishment; but soon after he thought proper to enter her garden, and march backwards and forwards before her bay-window with his hat on, though she was sitting there. For this contempt she prevailed on the king to commit him to the Tower, where he remained a few days.[2] These seem very trifling offences to raise a desire of vengeance in the breast of a queen, who had shewn so many traits of good-nature; but the flagrancy of Somerset's deeds makes her aversion to his whole clique almost an act of virtue.

The queen was persuaded by her son, Henry prince of Wales, to attend, at Woolwich, the launch of one of the largest ships that had ever been added to the British navy. It was built by the prince's favourite naval architect, Phineas Pett. Young as Henry was, he had already sup-

[1] Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 145.

[2] Arthur Wilson's Life and reign of James I. White Kennet, vol. ii. p. 692. It is extremely difficult to arrange the queen's contests with Overbury in anything like chronological order, in the utter absence of the dates, the death of Salisbury, and the new title of Somerset being the chief data that can be found.

ported this valuable servant of the country against the insolence and oppression of the arbitrary junta, of which the king's favourite, Somerset, was the tool. The queen threw all her influence in the support of her virtuous and right-judging son, not because he was virtuous and just, but because her strong maternal instinct, and her queenly pride, were alike centered in her first-born, who was the darling of her heart and the delight of her eyes.

The prince expected that every underhand malicious project would be employed against his protegé, Phineas Pett, by Carr and his faction. At the momentous crisis of the launch, he, therefore, was determined to be on the ship's deck at the time she went off. The queen and her train went on board the mighty fabric, and examined it before they took their places in the stand, from whence they expected to see it dash into the Thames. Phineas Pett himself wrote a quaint narrative of the scene. He says: "The noble prince himself, accompanied by the lord-admiral, was on the poop where the great standing gilt cup was ready filled to name the good ship; as soon as she were afloat, according to ancient custom and ceremony performed at such times, by drinking part of the wine, giving the ship her name, and then heaving the cup over board."[1] This is the only record of an ancient custom, probably derived from pagan times, when old Father Thames and his naïads were thus propitiated, even as the Adriatic by the ring of gems, yearly flung, by a doge of Venice, from the deck of the Bucentaur. Prince Henry had, however, resolved to preserve the cup, and place it in the hands of the worthy naval architect; but, unfortunately, the ship, though she moved majestically forward for a few moments, stopped half-way, and positively refused to take her plunge into the river. Witchcraft was instantly suspected, for the ship remained stationary, and the royal party waited hour after hour. At five in the afternoon, the queen and all her train departed to Greenwich Palace, where the royal household abode at that time. Prince

[1] The ship was named "The Prince," on board of which, prince Charles, on his return from Spain, rode out that tremendous tempest, off the Channel Islands, which fully tested Phineas Pett's able workmanship. The above narrative is drawn from Phineas Pett's own narrative, printed in Nichols' Progresses of James I.

Henry stayed a good time after their majesties were gone, conferring with the lord-admiral and Pett as to what was best to be done. He then took horse, and rode after the queen to Greenwich, but returned at midnight, when the ship was successfully launched, and the prince brought the good news himself to their majesties at Greenwich Palace.

In the autumn of 1612, the remains of Mary queen of Scots were, by the orders of king James, transferred, with royal pomp, to the costly sepulchre he had previously prepared in Westminster Abbey. Popular superstition was on the *qui vive* at this occurrence, and the curious superstition was repeated, that the grave was never disturbed of a deceased member of a family without death claiming one or more of that family as a prey; and when the promising heir of Great Britain, Henry, prince of Wales, began to droop with ill-health, the foreboding was deemed amply fulfilled. Like his ill-fated grandfather, lord Darnley, he was a very handsome "lang lad," having attained the height of six feet before his seventeenth year; and having a fair complexion and Grecian profile, an unhealthy season was only required for the national pest of consumption to claim such a person as her own. As the personal prowess of the champion was still required by this semi-barbarous age in a prince, greater exertions had been made by Henry in the tilt-yard than suited the strength of a rapidly-growing youth. He had likewise injured his health by swimming, after supper, in the Thames when he was residing at his palaces of Ham and Richmond. Towards the end of September, 1612, his illness could not be concealed by any exertions of his own, and his cough excited the alarm of his mother, when he joined the royal party on a homeward progress from the midland counties. An intermittent fever attacked him after his return to St. James's, and for these fevers no specific was then known; they were the scourge of our island, and generally, in the autumn, degenerated into the worst species of typhus.

The arrival of the count Palatine in England to receive the hand of his sister, Elizabeth, caused Henry to rally and struggle a little time against his fatal illness.

The queen had ambitiously set her mind on an alliance with Spain. She wished the prince to marry an infanta, and her daughter, Elizabeth, to be given in wedlock to the

young king of Spain. She had greatly raised the suspicions, and exasperated the protestant prejudices of her subjects, by carrying on a secret diplomatic treaty with the Spanish government respecting these marriages. Her son, Henry, though he took no part in the polemic cant of the day, was a well-principled protestant, and, in his early wisdom, foresaw that a royal household divided in religion could not prosper; he, therefore, declined a union with a catholic princess of any country, and earnestly promoted the wedlock of his sister with a protestant prince, though of inferior rank. The excessive love which the queen bore her son caused her to withdraw her active opposition to the union of her daughter with Frederick count palatine. She received this prince, on his arrival, with a sort of displeased quietude, and only vented her displeasure by little taunts in private, calling her daughter, whom she had hoped to see a queen of first rank in Europe, "Good wife," and "Mistress Palgrave."

The prince of Wales struggled against his fatal illness, and was able to go through the ceremonies of welcoming the princely stranger he was anxious to call brother. The royal family had promised to dine, in great state, with the lord-mayor, on the 24th of October, when the prince of Wales became so violently ill, that he was forced to keep his bed. He was worse on the 29th, when, to the great terror of the populace, that phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, occurred, and lasted seven hours; to the excited imaginations of the beholders, it seemed to span exactly that part of St. James's Palace where the sick prince's apartments were situated. The people stood about the palace in crowds, foreboding the most fatal results from this aerial phenomenon.[1] They were so far right, that meteors seldom occur, excepting in most insalubrious seasons.

The prince had been visited by the queen and his beloved sister, Elizabeth, when he was first confined to the house. The intermittent soon after was declared to have degenerated into a putrid fever, virulently infectious, and the royal family were debarred from approaching him. The queen had always manifested a childish terror of contagion, nor could the love she bore her eldest son surmount her fears for her own life, but she remained in a pitiable

[1] Narrative of the death of prince Henry, by Cornwallis.

state of wretchedness. In this perturbation, she sent to sir Walter Raleigh, with whom she had frequently conversed, to request of him a nostrum she had formerly taken with success in an ague, which she thought would cure her son. Sir Walter had been regarded with some favour by the prince, and was now overwhelmed with sorrow for his danger, which traversed all the hopes he had formed for better times for himself. He had great faith in the piece of quackery, which the queen approved, and sent it for the use of the prince, unfortunately, accompanied with a letter to her majesty, containing the empirical assertion, "that it would cure all mortal malady, excepting *poison*."

The queen sent the nostrum to her dying son, it was apparently some very strong stimulant, for he revived a little after swallowing it, but he expired, nevertheless, just before midnight, on the 5th of November, 1612. The people were swarming round St. James's Palace, ever and anon pausing from the grotesque and quaint pageantry, with which they kept the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot, to listen, and gather the news of his last agonies. He had been prayed for as one in extremity, in the service of commemoration of that day, and the catholics, to whom the 5th of November was often a period of severe persecution, had not scrupled to recriminate a judgment. London must have presented a strange scene that night of the 5th of November. Crowds blocked up every avenue, from St. James's Palace, to Somerset House. Some wept, and groaned, and howled, as tidings of the increasing death-pangs of the heir of England were brought out to them, from time to time. Their cries were even heard round the bed of Henry. The fiercer fanatics celebrated the Gunpowder Plot festival, and the idle and mischievous, added their restlessness to the agitated multitude.

The queen, under the terrors of infection, had retired from Whitehall, to her own palace of Somerset House, and there she was when the news of her son's demise was brought to her. The revulsion she felt was dreadful, for a few hours before, she had been informed that the nostrum of sir Walter Raleigh was working wonders. Rage mingled with the paroxysms of her grief and despair. She recalled the message of sir Walter Raleigh, "that his nostrum cured all fevers, but those produced by poison," and in her ravings,

she declared her dear son had had foul play, and was the victim of some murderous poisoner. The sinister-visaged, sir Thomas Overbury, with his arrogant pretensions, and dark-working intellect, mysteriously eking out the paucity of his patron's capacity, was the object of the wretched queen's suspicions.[1] He was still in the full sunshine of Somerset's favour, and an uncompromising antipathy, had existed between the virtuous prince of Wales, and the profligate favourite. All suspicions of this kind would, in these times, have at once been silenced, by the report of the physicians, who made a *post mortem* examination of the prince's body. The minutes of their report, still extant, have brought historical conviction, that he died a natural death.[2] The queen herself was probably convinced by them, when the effervescence of grief had subsided, for she certainly had sufficient intellect to be amenable to the testimony of science, since it was her particular request, that the body of her little daughter Mary might be opened, and the cause of her death ascertained. A circumstance which shews she had more strength of mind, than many mothers in this enlightened era.

Nevertheless, the words she uttered in the first delirium of her grief, were quite sufficient to form the foundation of horrid calumnies in an age, when scandal was more shamelessly reckless than at any time, since the human tongue had acquired skill in falsehood. The poor king was not spared in these reports, but, surely, never did calumny wickeder work, than when it insinuated that James I. had, even in thought, harmed his son. Whatever errors king James might have regarding political economy, his conduct was admirable as a father, he had given Henry an education, which was a model for all princes; not by lucky accident, but with earnest intent, founded on proper principles, and the result was excellent; and, moreover, the most familiar friendship reigned among the royal family. The king had shewn manly courage, when the fever assumed an infectious character; he disregarded all the medical warnings, and

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] Arthur Wilson's Life of James I. A curious portrait of sir Thomas Overbury is among the collections of Wenman Martin, Esq. His face is singularly forbidding, but expressive of abilities; his face is horse-shaped with a strange rounding out of a very long upper lip.

remained by the bed-side of his son, while the disease was at its worst, till the prince lost his senses in the agonies of death.[1] Then, the miserable father, sick and wretched, retired to Theobalds; but, in the restlessness of his suspense, he would return to the vicinity of the metropolis, and took up his abode in the house of sir Walter Cope, at Kensington, now Holland House. "Of this place he was quickly weary," wrote Mr. Chamberlayne, in one of his news-letters to sir Dudley Carleton, "for he said the wind blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed." In short, the impatient anguish with which both the king and queen took the death of their son, rather scandalized all the religious professors at their court.

The marriage of the princess Elizabeth, had been long deferred by the sickness, death, and burial of the prince of Wales, and the count palatine had remained in England several months, at a great expense, and inconvenience. It was, therefore needful, that the betrothal and marriage should take place as soon as possible after the funeral. The queen was too ill and dejected to be present at the betrothment of her daughter, which was done while the court and even the fiancée herself wore mourning. The marriage took place on the 14th of February, three months after the death of the prince, when the queen was present, and was inclined to more maternal kindness towards her son-in-law, than she had yet shewn, in remembrance of the brotherly friendship he had testified towards her lost son, when on his death-bed, and when he attended his body to the grave. The queen was present, when her daughter Elizabeth, and the count palatine, were united at Whitehall Chapel; it was the first royal marriage celebrated according to the form of

[1] The autumn of 1612 was remarkably sickly; intermittent fever raged like a pest in London, and many persons laid sick with the same putrid fever that had carried off the prince of Wales. A handsome young student escaped from Lincoln's Inn, in the delirium of the same fever, and came all undressed to St. James's, having hidden his clothes in an open grave. The royal corpse laid in state at St. James's, and the poor lunatic declared he was the ghost of prince Henry, come from heaven on a message to his parents. The poor creature was kept at the porters' lodge all night, without his clothes, and was given some lashes by the prince's servants to induce him to confess who set him on; his tormentors having no faith in the Shakesperian aphorism, "that a madman's revelations are no gospel." The king had the poor youth released when he heard of the adventure; and desired that he might be taken care of; but he escaped, and was never more heard of; he probably threw himself into the Thames.

the Common Prayer in England; from these ancestors, her present majesty derives her hereditary title to the English throne.

When the princess Elizabeth finally departed from England, with her spouse, the queen sunk into a depression of health and spirits, which gave some cause of fear for her life. She was advised, by her physicians, to try the waters of Bath, to renovate her constitution, and, accordingly, she commenced a western progress in the following April. She was entertained on the way at Caversham House, the seat of lord Knollys. She was welcomed, at various stations in the avenue and gardens, with a champêtre-masque, by Campion, of the same species as Ben Jonson's elegant dramatic poem of "The Fairies," from which specimens have been given. Her majesty, in the evening, was so much pleased with a continuation of the same masque, that, forgetting her ill health, "she vouchsafed to make herself the head of the revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing." Lord and lady Knollys, the four sons of the lord-chamberlain, sir Henry Carey, and lord Dorset were the performers in the masque.[1]

The queen spent the rest of the spring at Bath. She seemed to derive benefit from the springs, though she was once, while bathing, terribly frightened by a natural phenomenon, which appeared when she was in the king's bath. Close by her there ascended, from the bottom of the cistern, a flame of fire, like a candle, which rose to the surface of the bath, and spread into a large circle of light on the top of the water, to the great consternation and alarm of the queen, who certainly believed it a supernatural messenger from the world below, and nothing could induce her to enter the king's bath again. The physicians in vain assured her, that the apparition proceeded from a natural cause. Her fears were far from being appeased by their explanations, so she betook herself to a bath, which a benevolent citizen had secured, on the dissolution of the monasteries, for the use of the poor. Here, being assured that no subaqueous candles ever intruded themselves, she bathed during her stay. The citizens ornamented the bath she used with a cross and the crown of England, and the in-

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii. pp. 629—638.

scription, in gold, of "Anna Regina Sacrum." From that time it has borne the appellation of "the queen's bath."[1]

The hateful and disgraceful proceedings of the divorce of lady Frances Howard from her husband, the earl of Essex, took place whilst the queen was absent in the west, the same spring. As she was by no means concerned in any part of that iniquitous business, its discussion is gladly avoided here.

In her homeward return, the queen was encountered, on Salisbury Plain, near a wild ravine, by the Rev. George Fereby, who had instructed his parishioners in church music; he approached the queen's carriages, and entreated that her majesty would be pleased to listen to a concert performed by them. When the queen signified her assent, there rose out of the ravine a handsome company of the worthy churchman's parishioners, dressed as Druids, and as British shepherds and sherphedesses, who sang a greeting, beginning with these words, to a melody which greatly pleased the musical taste of her majesty:—

"Shine, oh shine, thou sacred star,
On *seely*[2] shepherd swains!"

We should suppose, from the commencing words, that this poem had originally been a Nativity hymn, pertaining to the ancient church, and it is possible that the melody might be traced to the same source. For the great English sacred composers, Tallis, Blow, and Bull, evidently caught the last echoes of the cloister ere those strains were silenced for ever in the land.

The music, the voices, and the romantic dresses, so well corresponding with the mysterious spot where this pastoral concert was stationed, greatly captivated the imagination of the queen. She appointed the reverend George Fereby one of her chaplains, and always regarded him and his compositions with a considerable degree of favour.[3]

The queen was usually involved in pecuniary difficulties. Notwithstanding the enormous increase to her income, granted by the king, she had incurred debts, in the years 1613 and 1614. The genius of sir Walter Scott, in its comic mood, has often made our readers laugh at the *sifflication* presented by Richard Moniplies to James I.; yet

[1] Warners' Bath, p. 328.
[2] Harmless.
[3] Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 666.

a more naive and characteristic supplication could scarcely have been devised than the following, which was presented by Heriot himself to the consort of that king.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE.

"The humble petition of George Heriot, your majestie's servant,

"Most humbly sheweth, that, whereas the last time your gracious majestie was pleased to admit your servant to your royal presence, it then pleased your highness to regret that your gracious intentions, towards the payment of your debts, were much hindered by the scarcity of your majesty's treasure, whereupon your *suppliant* did resolve, and as he still doeth, to forbear to trouble or importune your majesty until it *suld* please God to second your royal disposition with greater plenty than now is. Only his most humble suit, at this time, is, in *regaird* of the extreme burden of interests wherewith he is borne down, and which he must shortly pay, or perish, together with some other urgent necessities. That your majesty *wald* be graciouslie pleased to give your highness' warrant to the right honourable the lord[1] ——, forthe discharge of the *raymnent* (remnant) of an account acknowledged, under your majesty's hand, and direct to the lord Knyvet, in anno. 1613, together with some other *litle* things, delivered, for your majesty, to Arthur Bodrane, page, for your majesty's use, in July and August last past, and your petitioner shall ever pray, &c."

About this period of her life, after her recovery from the deep dejection that followed the loss of her son, she caused her favourite artist, Van Somers, to paint several portraits in different costumes, which still remain at Hampton Court. Her costume, when she followed the chase, must occasion both amusement and amazement to persons interested in hunting. In the first place, she was pleased to ride hunting on a peaceable-looking, fat, sorrel steed, with a long cream-coloured mane—altogether, looking as if it claimed kindred with that valuable breed of cart-horses called the Suffolk Punch—good creatures, but never meant for the sports of the field.

When mounted on this most unique hunter, she wore a monstrous farthingale of dark green velvet, made with a long tight-waisted boddice, a very queer grey beaver hat of the clerical shape, called a shovel, with a gold band and a profusion of fire-coloured plumes, and this formidable head-tire is mounted on a high head of hair, like a perriwig, elaborately curled and frizzed. The corsage of the gown is cut very low, but the bosom is covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar, and Brussels

[1] The queen's treasurer, whose title seems unknown to Heriot's scrivener. Heriot uses, as customary in all documents of that era, the titles majesty and highness in the same sentence to specify the same person. This paper is one of the Heriot documents, edited by the Rev. Dr. Stevens.

lace cuffs of the three tiers; buff leather gloves, with gauntlet tops, complete this inimitable hunting-dress. The queen's features are rather handsome; she has lively brown eyes, a clear complexion, and an aquiline nose, which droops a little towards the mouth; the expression of her face is good-natured, but rather bold and confident.

Sometimes, when hunting, the queen took cross-bow in hand, and shot at the deer from a stand. But the only instance recorded of her majesty's exploits in hitting a living object, is that she killed king James's beloved dog Jewel, or Jowler, "his special and most favourite hound." The king, seeing his canine darling lie dead, stormed exceedingly for awhile, before any one dared tell him who had done the deed; at last one of the queen's attendants ventured to break the matter to him, saying, "that the unlucky shaft proceeded from the hand of her majesty," which suddenly pacified him in the midst of his wrath. "It seemed," said the writer of the letter which preserves this odd incident, "that the affection of king James for his queen increases with time, for they never were on better terms. He sent word to her not to be concerned at the accident, for he should never love her the worse. Next day he sent her a jewel worth 2000*l.*, pretending it was a legacy from his dear dead dog."[1]

The queen's little dogs wear ornamented collars, round which are embossed, in gold, the letters "A. R.;" they are miniature greyhounds, a size larger than Italian greyhounds. These little creatures, we think, were at that time used for hunting hares. The queen holds a crimson cord in her hand, to which two of these dogs are linked; it is long enough to allow them to run in the leash, by her side, when on horseback. A very small greyhound is begging, by putting its paws against her green cut velvet farthingale, as if jealous of her attention. The whole composition of this historical portrait recals, in strong caricature, the elegant lines of Dryden:

> "The graceful goddess was arrayed in green;
> About her feet were little beagles seen,
> Who watched, with upward eyes, the movements of their queen."

The building seen in the picture behind the queen's left shoulder, represents the lower court of Hampton Court

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii. p. 668.

Palace, before the trees had grown up[1] by the wall bounding the green, or the gate was altered by Charles II. It has been said the scene was Theobalds, (the queen's favourite hunting-palace, now defunct;) but many of the features still coincide with the court of Hampton Palace, nearest the river. The queen appears to have stood on the pretty triangular plain, fronting the royal stables, which now appertain to the Toy Hotel. This plain, in the eras of the Tudors and Stuarts, (and perhaps of the Plantagenets,[1]) was the tilting place, and indeed the grand play-ground of the adjoining palace. Here used to be set up moveable fences, made of net-work, called *toils*, or *tois*, used in those games in which barriers were needed, from whence the name of the stately hostel on the green is derived.

The queen was standing on this green, ready to mount, when Van Somers drew this picture. Her negro, or black-a-moor groom, had just led from under the noble arch of the royal stables, (which may be supposed opposite to the queen,) her tame fat hunter, accoutred with the high pommelled crimson velvet side-saddle, and rich red housings fringed with gold. Surely when mounted on such a hunter, and in such a hunting garb, her majesty of Great Britain was a sight to be seen. Her painter, Van Somers, has added this notation at the left corner of the picture, on which he has, with Dutch quaintness, imitated a scrap of white paper, stuck on with two red wafers—"Anna R. Dei Gratia Magna Brit., France, Hibernia. Ætatis 43."

The affection subsisting between the queen and her brother, the king of Denmark, was great; his second visit to England had no object but the pleasure of seeing her and giving her a happy surprise. He arrived in Yarmouth Roads, July 19, 1614, accompanied by his lord-admiral and lord-chancellor; he landed privately, travelled with post-horses through Ipswich, and slept at Brentwood, without the slightest idea of his royal rank transpiring on the road. Thus, incognito, he arrived at an inn in Aldgate, where he dined; from thence he hired a *hackney-coach*,[2]

[1] Hampton Palace was a residence of Elizabeth of York; this is evident from her privy purse expenses. George duke of Clarence was ranger of Bushy Park. The stables of the Toy are much older than Wolsey's building.

[2] This narrative is drawn from a contemporary letter, written by Mr. Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering. It shews hackney coaches were in

and bent his course to the queen's court at Somerset House, where he entered her presence-chamber before any one of her household was aware of his arrival in England. His royal sister was not in her presence-chamber at the moment; she was dining privately in the gallery. While the king of Denmark mingled unknown with the courtiers, who were awaiting queen Anne's entrance into the presence-chamber, Cardel, the dancer, looked in his face very earnestly, and then said to a French gentleman, one of her majesty's officers, "that the stranger-gentleman, close by, was the greatest resemblance to the king of Denmark he ever saw in his life." The Frenchman had seen the king on his previous visit to England, and the moment his attention was drawn to him, recognised his countenance. He immediately ran to his royal mistress, and told her that her brother was certainly in her palace. The queen treated the news with scorn, as an idle fancy. While the matter was in discussion, the king of Denmark entered the gallery, and raising his hand as a signal of silence to the attendants, he approached his sister's chair, who sat with her back to him, and putting his arms round her ere she was aware, gave her a kiss; "whereby she learned the verity of that she had before treated as falsehood." The queen, in great joy, took off the best jewel she wore that day, and gave it to the Frenchman whose tidings she had mistrusted; she next dispatched a post with the news to king James, who was absent on a distant progress, and then devoted all her attention to her brother's entertainment. King James made such haste home from Nottinghamshire, that he was at Somerset House on the Sunday, where he, with the queen, the king of Denmark, and prince Charles, were

common use in the reign of James I. The term hackney, merely means something in common use: it was an English word in the time of Henry VIII. and bore the same meaning. This is not the only instance of hackney coaches being in common use in the reign of James I. Bishop Goodman, in his gossiping memoir of the court of that prince, tells, that when the archbishop of Spalatro, a temporary convert to the church of England, was seeking to return to his own country and old religion, having sold his own coach, and all he could turn into money, he hired a *hackney coach*, and, sitting *at the side*, went to every noted bookseller's shop in London, asking them to sell him books which he knew, they had not, and all to shew that he was not a prisoner, as reported. It must not, however, be supposed that these coaches, or any other, at this epoch, resembled the coaches in present use: they were rather like small benched waggons, with leather curtains.

present at a sermon preached by Dr. King, bishop of London.

The politicians of the day exhausted their ingenuity in guessing what great scheme or necessity had induced this flying visit of the royal Dane. After all, they were forced to conclude that it was the mere yearning of natural affection in the wish to spend a week with his sister. Hawking, hunting, bear-baiting, and running at the ring, were the daily diversions of the king of Denmark, and plays were acted every night for his entertainment, Sunday excepted, on which evening, he entertained the English court, at his expense, with fireworks, in Somerset House Gardens, after a manner of his own devising. He seems to have had a peculiar taste and genius for pyrotechny; for these fireworks were the most beautiful and successful ever exhibited in England.

It was guessed that king Christiern meant to have complained of repeated insults that had been offered to the queen by the Somerset faction, especially by the earl of Northampton, but, finding that nobleman just dead, and the favouritism of Somerset on the decline, he abstained from all allusion to former grievances. Christiern took leave of his royal sister, August 1st, and went, with king James and prince Charles, to Woolwich, where they were received by the famous ship-builder, Phineas Pett,[1] who shewed the royal party a beautiful ship, nearly finished, called the Mer Honneur. From Woolwich, the two kings went to Gravesend, where they dined together at the Ship Tavern. Finally, king James escorted king Christiern to his own ship, which had come round from Yarmouth. After this visit, Christiern saw his sister no more; but he was in continual correspondence with her, of the most affectionate nature, till her death. Since the insult offered to the princess of Cleves by Henry VIII., little intercourse

[1] James II.'s favourite ship-builder was likewise named Phineas Pett. Naval architecture was a science which rose under the patronage of the Stuart kings, who all understood its principles. James IV. was the best practical naval architect of his day. It is certain that naval architecture in this island owes as much to James IV. as in Russia it does to Peter the Great, since when he built the greatest ship ever known in this island, he planned her himself, and worked in her with his own royal hands, as an example to his destructive countrymen. Alarmed at the navy his brother-in-law was creating, Henry VIII. ordered the construction of still larger ships, and gave great encouragement to his navy.

had subsisted between England and Germany, however desirable it was that a mutual interest should unite protestant nations. It was to the numerous family connexions of James the First's consort, that the close intercourse England has maintained with Germany for the last two centuries, may be traced. The queen's sisters married the dukes of Brunswick and Hesse, and the heirs of those dominions were, as they are at present, near kinsmen of the royal family of Great Britain.

At this very juncture, occurred the poisoning of sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower. This was the effect of the vengeance of the countess of Somerset, because he had endeavoured to prevent her marriage with Somerset after her divorce from the earl of Essex. Somerset was, at that time, lord-chamberlain, a function that fitted the calibre of his intellect far better than that of confidential secretary to the king. To this office (which seems synonymous with that of favourite), there was now another aspirant, much patronised by the queen. This was an English youth, of elegant manners and person, named George Villiers, first taken notice of by the king, owing to his resemblance to the beautiful head of St. Stephen, in one of the Italian master-pieces at Whitehall. From this resemblance was derived the pet-name of Steenie, by which the new favourite was designated in the royal family. The king first noticed George Villiers, at his visit to Cambridge in 1615. Just before this time the murder of Overbury began to be whispered against Somerset, who was, in a few days, arrested with his wife, and both were conveyed to the Tower.[1]

The king stood on the punctilio that the queen should recommend Villiers to the office of his confidential secretary, perhaps because this office would render him a frequent witness of their domestic life, and because part of her own private correspondence would pass through the hands of this young man. Yet she demurred at the idea of being

[1] A long series of trials took place for poisoning and witchcraft, and a horrible effusion of blood ensued of the minor agents in the murder. The malice and folly of the countess of Somerset had set a great number of atrocious agents at work; and the lieutenant of the Tower, with some of the lowest servants of that prison, were executed, yet the countess was spared, though she pleaded guilty. Somerset never would acknowledge guilt; nor would any jury, in these days, have found him guilty.

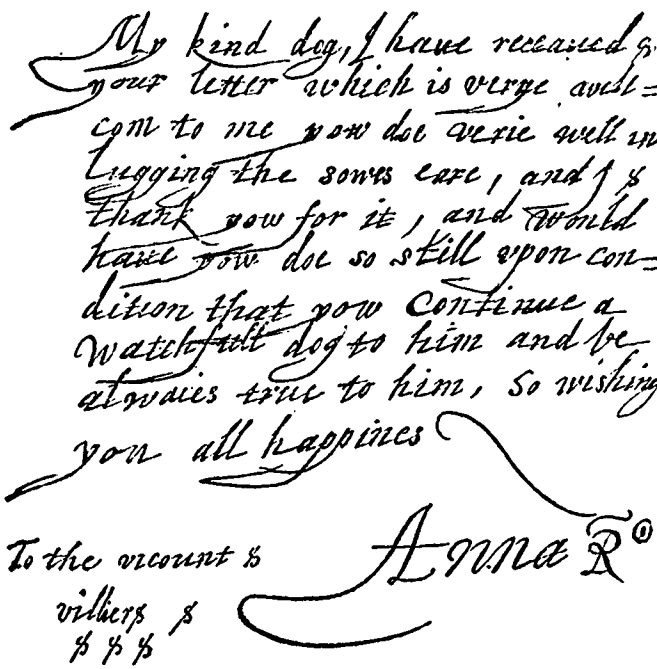
thus rendered responsible for his conduct, in the giddy career of royal favouritism she perceived he was destined to run. Experience, as she advanced towards middle life, had given her some insight into human character, and the probable results of an intoxicating prosperity. When archbishop Abbott took it upon him to obtain from the queen the required formal recommendation of Villiers to her royal spouse, she made this sensible answer:

"My lord, neither you nor your friends know what you desire. I know your master better than you all. If Villiers once gets this place, those who shall have most contributed to his preferment will be the first sufferers by him. I shall be no more spared than the rest. The king will, himself, teach him to despise us and to treat us with pride and scorn. The young proud favourite will soon fancy that he is obliged but to his own merit for his preferment."[1]

It is, however, certain, whatever were her misgivings on the subject, that she complied with the request of the archbishop, and introduced Villiers to his first step in court-honour in the following manner:—On St. George's day, her majesty being with prince Charles, in the privy-chamber, told the king she had a new candidate for the honour of knighthood, worthy of St. George himself. She then requested the prince, her son, to reach her his father's sword, which he did, drawing it out of the sheath. She advanced to the king with the sword; he affected to be afraid of her approach, with the drawn weapon; but, kneeling before him, she presented to him George Villiers, and guided the king's hand in giving him the accolade of knighthood. James, either being very awkward, or too powerfully refreshed at the festival of St. George, had nearly thrust out his new favourite's eye, with the sword, in the course of this ceremony.

Perhaps Villiers conducted himself more gratefully to the queen than she anticipated, for no traces exist of any quarrel between them. Some autograph letters are extant, in her hand, by which it appears she entered into a friendly compact with him, for the reformation of the king's unmannerly habits and personal ill-behaviour.

[1] Archbishop Abbott's Journal, quoted in Kennet.


My kind dog, I have receaved
your letter which is verye accept-
com to me yow doe verie well in
lugging the sowes eare, and I
thank yow for it, and would
have yow doe so still upon con-
dition that yow continue a
watchfull dog to him and be
alwaies true to him, So wishing
yow all happines
To the vicount
villiers
Anna R

The truth was, king Jamie, when his animal spirits ran away with the little discretion he possessed, was wont to comport himself, according to the apt simile of Sir Walter Scott, "exceedingly like an old gander, running about and cackling all manner of nonsense." His loving queen likened him, less reverently, to a sow. And her majesty charged her protegé, George Villiers, to give his royal master some hint, imperceptible to the by-standers, when he was transgressing the bounds of what she considered kingly behaviour. Thus, Villiers was established as a sort of monitor or flapper of Laputa, to recal the dignity of the monarch, when it was going astray. He was compared, in the circle of the royal family, to a faithful dog, who lugged a sow by the ear when transgressing into forbidden grounds, and the queen facetiously called the admonitions of the favourite, "lugging the sow by the ear;" without such coarse and quaint comparison, it is very likely the admonitions would not have been graciously received. The following letter, copied from the original autograph, was written in answer to a

letter of Villiers, informing queen Anne, "that, in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." Some other notes, by the queen, on the same subject, follow. She seldom wrote a long letter.

"My kind Dogge,

"Your letter hath bin acceptable to me. I rest already assured of your carefulness. Yowe may tell your maister that the king of Denmark hath sent me twelve fair mares, which I intend to put in Byfield Parke; where being the other day a hunting, I could find but very few deare, but great store of other cattle, as I shall tell your maister myself when I see him. I hope to meet you all at Woodstock, at the time appointed, till when I wish you all happiness and contentment.

"ANNA R.

"I thank yow for your paines taken in remembering the pailing of me parke. I will doe yow anie service I can."

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"I am glad that our brother's horse does please you, and that my dog Stennie does well; for I did command him that he should make your ear hang like a sow's lug, and when he comes home I will treat him better than any other dog."

Sometimes these admonitions were to remind the king of certain promises he had made for the advancement of her majesty's pecuniary interests, for she was very extravagant, and always in want of money.[1]

When the king was settled with a confidant of more respectability than Somerset, the queen ceased to interfere with state affairs. This is the only instance in which she had thrown her influence into the scale since her arrival in England; her contemporaries gave her credit for considerable abilities, if she had chosen to plunge into the troubled sea of politics, she certainly shewed greater wisdom by amusing herself with her masques and festivals, which fostered the fine arts, and encouraged the talents of her two especial protegés, Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. She was a good linguist, because, in addition to the French, German, and English languages, she was a fine Italian scholar, for cardinal Bentivoglio, then resident as nuncio at the court of Brussels, who had evidently visited England, (probably in disguise,) mentions that she possessed this accomplishment. He praises, too, her beauty excessively, but perhaps he was no great judge of female charms, and her absurd pictures at Hampton Court will scarcely bear out the assertion; but when he speaks of her knowledge

[1] Harleian MSS. Vol. 6986.

of his own elegant language, it will be allowed that is a matter on which he was fully able to decide.

The queen's bad taste in dress led her to exaggerate, rather than banish, the hideous costume prevalent in all the courts of Europe for half a century. This style of dress would have caricatured the Venus de Medicis herself, had she assumed farthingale and *tête de mouton*. There is a picture of this queen dancing merrily, with a very self-satisfied smirk, in a corner of one of the rooms at Hampton Court. A little, absurd, white beaver hat is perched at the top of her elaborately curled hair, and three little droll feathers peep over the summit. No one can look at the portrait without laughing, yet the face is rather handsome, and the design very animated; the figure seems as if it meant to dance into the midst of the room. The dress is white, with a waist five inches longer than any natural waist, and withal, she wears a farthingale so enormous that her hands, which are certainly beautiful, just rest on it, with the arms extended, and hang over the extreme verge of its rotundity. Think of a dress that would not let a woman's arms hang down by her sides, if she chose! In fact, a farthingale must have been a habitation, rather than a garment,[1] and must have been as troublesome to carry about as a snail-shell is to its animal. The inconveniences attending this ridiculous dress at last exhausted the patience of king James, who issued a formidable proclamation[2] against the whole costume, declaring that no lady or gentleman clad in a farthingale should come to see any of the sights or masques at Whitehall, for the future, because "this impertinent garment took up all the room in his court."

A most ridiculous incident had thus roused the legislatorial wrath of king James. At one of the masques, performed by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, at Whitehall, there was a great anxiety manifested by the ladies to obtain places, but unfortunately, four or five were wedged in the passage by the size of their farthingales; others pressed on, and

[1] In a trial for witchcraft, in Lancashire, Margaret Hardman, a young lady who thought herself bewitched, thus described the sort of garment she chose her familiar to provide: "I will have a French farthingale. I will have it low before, and high behind, and broad on either side, that I may lay my arms on it."

[2] The proclamation was to his own court and guests. It was not a sumptuary law, ratified by act of parliament, like those in which Elizabeth set the fashions of her subjects.

likewise stuck fast. Thus, the way was utterly blocked up with ladies, pushing, squeezing, and remonstrating with no little din of eloquence, while the beautiful masque was played out to the king and queen almost solus. Next day, the king issued his fulmination against farthingales, and it appears, from this proclamation, that the gentlemen, willing to be of as much consequence in the world as the ladies, had padded, or wadded their garments in proportion. Mr. Chamberlayne, whose letters preserve the memory of this proclamation, expresses his satisfaction, "that it would certainly cause the extirpation of this unbecoming costume." Greatly mistaken was he, when he supposed it was in the power of a royal edict to banish a fashion, before the ladies themselves were tired of it. If the king objected to farthingales, he should have commenced by regulating the costume of her majesty, the leader of fashion, but this was an experiment he was not very likely to try. In the very face of his proclamation, the obnoxious garments continued to increase in amplitude for the remainder of his life, and very perversely went out of fashion at his funeral.

The king went early in the new year of 1616 to Newmarket, but the severe weather prevented his favourite amusements. His majesty, therefore, having nothing better to do, vented his spleen in a humorous sonnet to January, in which he says:

> "But now his double face is still disposed,
> With Saturn's aid, to freeze us at the fire,
> The earth, o'er covered with a sheet of snow,
> Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast;
> The chilling cold *lets*[1] every thing to grow,
> And surfeits cattle with a starving feast."

The queen stood godmother, the same summer, at Wimbledon, to the daughter of Thomas, earl of Exeter, (lord Burleigh's eldest son.) She seems to have invented the name of Georgianna for the benefit of her goddaughter; for the register of the parish says, "The ladie Georgi-Anna, daughter to the earl of Exeter, and the honourable lady Frances, countess of Exeter, was baptized the 30th of July, 1616, in the afternoon; queen Anne, and the earl of Worcester, being witnesses, and the bishop of London administered the baptism."

[1] Hinders. The word *let*, as well as *prevent*, has become the very reverse of its former meaning.

Court gossip affirmed, that the queen was very anxious for the departure of her consort, on his long projected visit to Scotland, in order that she might reign as queen-regent over England in his absence. But this was scandal, since good proof exists, that she was very anxious to have him home again, before he was ready to return.

King James set out on this expedition, from her majesty's palace, at Theobalds, March 14, 1617; she bore him company as far as Ware. The king did not arrive in Edinburgh till May. The extravagant English nobles, who accompanied him, had much to say in scorn of the utter absence of pageantry, in the welcome given to the long absent king. But, if sparing in pageantry, the Scotch were profuse in Latin orations, and scholastic disputations, which infinitely comforted and refreshed the pedantry of his soul.

It is difficult to detail the usual proceedings of the royal humorist with gravity; yet, it would be unjust not to put in a serious word of commendation in regard to the real good James effected, at this time, in the land of his birth. His primary object in his visit, was to oblige the privy-council of Scotland to establish schools in every parish, likewise parish registers.[1] We do not scruple to affirm boldly, that the king, whose heart was set on such improvements for the lower orders, was *not* the beast and fool which it has pleased party calumniators to represent him; three words, at least, might be uttered in reply to their railings —these are, parochial-schools, registers, colonies.

The benefits of these establishments are felt to this hour, and the paternal wisdom of their peaceful founder ought to be better appreciated now, than in his own age of blood and crime.

But to turn to lighter matter, if the king's English train were discontented at the absence of the pageantry usual in England on all festive occasions, the Scotch were as much astonished, that such trifles could give pleasure to grown men, and began to question among themselves, whether the English worshipped these images, and whether they were really the idols they heard so much about from their cal-

[1] Those who can read the quaint journal of council, written by the lord-chancellor of Scotland, may be convinced, if they choose, that these beneficial improvements emanated from James himself. This document is printed by the Maitland Club, with letters to James VI.—*See* Introduction, p. 63.

vinist preachers. However, among the rest of the diversions prepared for king James, there was, to be sure, one red lion, made of plaster, at Linlithgow, and certainly, the address of this lion, in which was enclosed James Wiseman, schoolmaster of the said town, was better worth attention, than any other of the northern recreations.

"Thrice royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, hear a lion's speech;
A miracle, for, since the days of Esop,
No lion, till these times, his voice dared raise up
To such a majesty; then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who (though he now be here enclosed in plaster),
When he is free, is Lithgow's wise schoolmaster."

Whilst his majesty was absent, the queen dreamed a very fearful dream,[1] respecting his personal safety, and despatched a special messenger with the particulars of it, begging him withal to hasten home to her. For once in his life, king James paid no heed to the call of superstition; perhaps, in regard to the supernatural, he attended to the crotchets of no brain but his own, for he did not particularly hasten his homeward progress.

Her majesty sojourned at Greenwich Palace during the king's absence. The young gentlewomen of Ladies' Hall, a great boarding-school at the neighbouring town of Deptford, performed a masque for the diversion of her majesty. In the course of the prologue the queen was thus addressed:—

"The lovely crew
Of Lady's Hall, a pure academy,
Where modesty doth sway as governess,
These pretty *nimps* (nymphs) devoted to your grace,
Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
On Candlemas night, with due solemnity,
And great applause."

Hymen was the hero of the masque, but the instructors at Ladies' Hall considered it only proper that so impertinent a god as Cupid should be banished from all association with that respectable divinity. All cupids being contraband articles at the Deptford school, patronized by her majesty queen Anne, and the court at Greenwich. The piece was therefore entitled "Cupid's Banishment," and being written under the immediate surveillance of Mr.

[1] Letter of archbishop Toby Matthews, dated Pocklington, May 17, 1617.

Ounslo, tutor to Ladies' Hall, ought to have been the very pink of propriety. Indeed, Cupid is railed at in good set terms, from the beginning to the end of the masque; as, for instance—

THE NIMPS' SONG AND JOY THAT CUPID IS GONE.

"Hark, hark! how Philomel,
Whose notes no air can parallel;
Mark, mark, her melody!
She descants still on chastity;
The diapason of her tone is 'Cupid's gone.'
He's gone, he's gone, he's quite exiled!
Venus' brat, peevish imp, Fancy's child,
Let him go! let him go! with his quiver and his bow."

In the course of the masque a concert was performed, considered unrivalled.

Twelve young ladies as nymphs entered, dressed all in white, their hair hanging down their necks, adorned with jewels, necklaces on their *heads*, and coronets of artificial flowers, with a puff of *tinsie* rising in the midst. They paced towards her majesty, and after the first strain of the violins, commenced dancing "Anna Regina in letters." That is, as they stood or moved, linked hand in hand, they formed a figure which constantly presented to the eyes of the beholder the queen's written name. Their second dance was "Jacobus Rex," in compliment to the king, then Carolus P., for prince Charles, "with many excellent figures falling off, devised by Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Ladies' Hall," who was doubtless a most exalted personage that night, in his own opinion. The ballet having ended, Master Richard Browne,[1] the heir of Sayes Court,[2] Deptford, who had acted Diana in the masque, presented to her majesty, with a flourishing speech, her two god-daughters, young Mistress Anne Sandilands, and young Mistress Anne Chaloner, who had danced in the ballets, and were among the scholars at Ladies' Hall. They brought the queen gifts of their needle-work, one offering a pattern of acorns, and the other of rosemary, the initials of which were the same as her majesty's name, "Anna Regina."

[1] His daughter, the heiress of Sayes Court, married the illustrious John Evelyn. There is reason to suppose, from a passage in Evelyn's diary, that the parents, or near relatives of sir Richard Browne, kept this ladies' school.

[2] The MSS. from which Mr. Nicholls printed this masque, was found in the library of Sayes Court, written, it is supposed, by sir Richard Browne. (Nicholls' Progresses of James I., vol. iii. p. 283.) Sir Richard Browne was afterwards one of the most elegant cavaliers at the court of Charles I.

The girls then retired, making their honours and obeisances, two by two, squired by master Richard Browne, otherwise Diana.

Such is the earliest notice of a boarding-school to be found among the memorials of English costume. Schools of the kind had, at this epoch, succeeded the ancient convents, where the young females of this country were formerly educated. Ladies' Hall was evidently the most *recherchée* of the kind; it was situated near the court at Greenwich, where the queen had her god-daughters, and perhaps her wards, educated under her own eye. There are some traces of the modern dancing master's ball to be found in this description. In modern times, however, a whole boarding-school of young ladies, if honoured by the patronage of majesty, would never have been chaperoned to the foot of the throne by a great boy dressed as Diana!

Sir Francis Bacon, who had been newly installed as lord-keeper,[1] was the person who governed England in the king's absence. He excited great wrath among the nobility left at court, by the regal airs he gave himself; many ran to tell tales to the queen, but this was of no avail, for the great Bacon was very evidently a favourite with her majesty. They complained that he took possession of the king's own lodging, gave audience in the great banqueting-house, and if any privy-councillors sat too near him, bade them "know their distance," to their infinite indignation; secretary Winwood was so enraged, that he took himself away, and would not enter his presence. He complained, withal, to the queen, and wrote an angry despatch to the king, "imploring him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped, and he verily believed Bacon fancied himself king." "I remember," continues sir Antony Weldon, who relates this anecdote in his satirical gossip, "king James reading this letter to us on his progress, and both the king and we were very merry."

As for queen Anne, she did her best to make peace between the belligerents, and asked Bacon, in a friendly manner, "Why he and secretary Winwood could not agree?"

[1] The lord-chancellor is now a moveable minister, who goes out of office with his party. Till the revolution, he was seldom removed but by death or impeachment. If he pleaded infirmity, a *lord-keeper* of the great seal was appointed to act for him as long as he lived.

"I know not, madam," replied the great philosopher, with simplicity, "excepting it be that he is very proud, and so am I."[1]

The candour of this reply pleased the queen. As to the king, when he returned, in September, he silenced all the tale-bearers who had made malicious observations on Bacon's conduct, by bearing witness, "that he had, while exercising the power which had been viewed so invidiously, never spoken ill of any one, or endeavoured, either by word or letter, to prejudice him or Villiers against a living creature."[2]

It was about the time of the king's return from Scotland, that apprehensions were first entertained that the queen's life would be a short one, and the expression used would indicate that her loss would be felt as an evil. "The queen is somewhat *crazy* (sickly) again: they say it is the gout, though the need of her welfare makes the world fearful." Soon after, "the queen continues still indisposed, and though she would fain lay all her infirmities upon the gout, yet her physicians fear an ill habit through her whole constitution."[3] In her notes written to the king, about this time, she often alludes to bodily malady; yet, at the same time, she dwells on her favourite amusements of hunting or of hawking. All her letters are dateless. The following seems written just before king James returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I crave pardon that I have not sooner answered your m(ajesty's) letter. You shall not feare the paine in my fingers: you shall find them will (well) enough for you when you come home.

"I think it long to see my Gerfaulcon (falcon), which I hope to see when I shall have the honore to kisse your m(ajesty's) handes. Yours,

"ANNA R."[4]

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[1] Letter of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, October 14th, 1617.

[2] James has been most unjustly charged with persecuting lord Bacon, by displacing him when his miserable declension from integrity, in his office of lord-chancellor, was discovered. But those who look stedfastly into the facts of the case (see State Trials) will be convinced, that if James was to blame, it was for over-indulgence to this "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

[3] Letters of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carlton, Oct. 18 and 25, 1617.

[4] Original in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. It is printed here in the queen's orthography.

The next billet to her royal spouse was evidently written during her long sojourn at Oatlands, whither she went for the recovery of her health, in the autumn of the year that the king returned from Scotland:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I desire your majestie to pardon that I have not answered your majestie sooner upon your letters, because I would knowe the truth of the park at Otelands, as I understand there is near forty *grossi beastiami*, of divers kinds, that *devours* my deere, as I will tell your majesty at mieting; whereas, your majestie wolde have me to meete you att Witthall. I am content, but I feare som inconveniens in my leggs, which I have not felt hier. So, kissen your majestie's hands, I rest your

"ANNA R."[1]

The court intelligence, at the new year, 1617-8, thus spoke ominously of the queen's health: "Her majesty is not well—they say she languisheth, whether with melancholy, or sickness, or what not; yet is she still at Whitehall, being scant able to remove."[2] Three years previously, her physicians had treated her for a confirmed state of dropsy, and now this disease made an attack on her which threatened to be fatal. She removed to Somerset House, to be out of the bustle of the carnival, Shrovetide being kept nearly as riotously at the court of James, as it is at present on the Continent.

In the midst of the mad revelry, the king was taken ill with the gout in his knees; some rantipole knights of his bedchamber, sir George Goring, sir Thomas Badger, sir Edward Zouch, and others, tried to amuse him by acting some little burlesque plays, called "Tom-a-Bedlam," "The Tinker," and "The Two Merry Milkmaids." But the gout and the cold weather pinched the king, and nothing could put him in a good humour. "He reproved his knights for ribaldry"—not without reason; "called their little burlesque plays (probably the same as modern farces) mad stuff, and was utterly unmanageable by his masculine attendants."

The poor sick queen was forced to make several journies from Somerset House, to see him while he was confined to

[1] The original is in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. This little familiar letter is transcribed, according to the queen's spelling, from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

[2] Birch's MSS. 4174.

his bed, and at last, took him away with her to Theobalds, where he had better nurses than his Antipole knights, and soon recovered the proper use of his limbs and of his temper.

Queen Anne continued to decline during the summer: as the autumn wore on, she suffered much with a cough, accompanied by bleeding of the lungs, so that she was one night nearly suffocated in her sleep, and her physicians were sent for in great haste. She removed from Oatlands, and remained at Hampton Court, where illness made her more infirm. The king, when not confined by sickness himself, went to see her, twice and often thrice every week. She evidently had not the least idea of her danger, and did not lack flatterers to persuade her she was convalescent. Sick as she was, she was not so completely absorbed in her own sufferings as to forget her old protegé, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his extremity, who made a last earnest appeal to her compassion, in verse: the words he addressed to her are as follows:—

> "Then unto whom shall I unfold my woes,
> Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands,
> To her to whom remorse[1] does not belong?
> To her who is the first, and she alone
> Be justly termed, the empress of Britons,
> Who should have mercy, if a queen has none!"

These lines conclude with a passionate exhortation to—

> "Save him who would have died for your defence!
> Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!"

This appeal induced the queen to make one of her last efforts, in state affairs, by way of an earnest intercession to save him from the block. Even those who weigh the actual deeds of this brilliant man in the unerring scales of moral justice, and who fix their attention on the fact which occasioned the execution of his long-delayed sentence, will wish that the pleadings of Anne of Denmark had been heeded, and that the following letter had met with the attention it deserved.

THE QUEEN TO THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM.[2]

"My kind Dog,

"If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king, that sir

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[1] He uses remorse as a synonyme for pity, or compassion.

[2] Birch MSS. 4162, article 60. The original of the letter, entirely written

Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still (as you have been) a true servant to your master,

ANNA R."

Notwithstanding this intercession, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, soon after it was made. He suffered death ostensibly on the sentence which we have seen passed on him in 1603, but he was respited through the entreaties of the queen and prince Henry. There was something extremely repulsive in thus putting him to death for a crime for which he had virtually been forgiven. His real crime (and one of great magnitude it certainly was) had been committed in the preceding year, when he had employed an expedition, entrusted to him for the purpose of discovery, in a cruel attack on an unoffending colony belonging to a nation at peace with England. King James had not the moral courage to bring the perpetrator of this outrage to trial, because his people had not made a sufficient advance in moral justice to consider such piratical descents on struggling colonists in their true light. But James, whose peaceful policy had first opened for over-populated England those safety-valves called colonies, felt how severely Spain could retaliate Raleigh's aggression on the English settlements, beginning, under his auspices, to stud the coasts of North America and the West Indies. The nineteenth century has made sufficient progress in moral rectitude and statistic wisdom, to blame equally Raleigh's crime, and the illegal and shuffling mode of inflicting his punishment.

How the queen received the news of the death of the man she had for so many years protected, is not known. Her own life drew near its close. She was in great danger throughout the month of December. "Nevertheless," says a contemporary writer, "she cannot fail to do well who has every one's good wishes.[1] The king went to stay at Hampton Court, with her, on St. Thomas's Day, and the physicians spoke doubtfully of her recovery; but I cannot think," adds

In the sick queen's hand is in the Advocate's Library, at Edinburgh, and a fac-simile may be seen in the elegant volume published by the Maitland Club, a copy of which has been most kindly presented to us by A. Macdonald, Esq.

[1] Birch's MSS. (British Museum) 4174.

the courtly correspondent, "the case desperate, as she was able to attend to a long sermon, preached by the bishop of London, in her inner chamber. Yet, I hear the greedy courtiers already plot for leases of her lands, and who shall have the keeping of Somerset House, and the rest who shall share her *implements*, and moveables, just as if they were about to divide a spoil. I hope they may come as short as they who reckoned on dividing the bearskin; yet we cannot be out of fear till we see her past the top of May-hill." But she never saw the month of May.

The king was very anxious that she should dispose, by will, of the immense property she had invested in jewels, which he was afraid she would dispose of out of the kingdom. It is probable she meant to bequeath some of it to her daughter Elizabeth, the wife of the count Palatine, who was involved in the deepest distress, by the assumption her husband had made of the crown of Bohemia. It is certain she had laid aside a casket full of most valuable jewels for the queen of Bohemia, and as she was anxiously expecting the arrival of her brother, the king of Denmark, he was probably the medium to whom she meant to consign them.

King James had travelled from London to Hampton Court, to see his dying wife, thrice every week during the winter. He was now laid up with a severe fit of illness, at Royston, which many persons thought would have been fatal. His illness was aggravated by the prospect of losing a partner, with whom he had spent the best days of his life; and though they had had, like most married persons, some matrimonial wrangling, yet he had never given her a rival, and was decidedly, (as we have given ample proof,) the most indulgent of husbands.

He was very anxious that the queen should exercise her privilege of making a will, not on account of anything he might gain, because, if she died intestate, her property *must* have fallen to himself, but her majesty had two favourite attendants, Daniah Anna, and a Frenchman, called Pierrot, who were objects of great suspicion and jealousy, respecting her jewels. The desire of the king that his consort should make a will, was, most likely, because such document would have been accompanied by schedules of her jewels, which remained at the mercy of these persons. The archbishop of Canterbury

and the bishop of London had previously taken upon themselves to hint at the propriety of her majesty making a will, by exhorting her on the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity for every sick person to set their affairs in order. The queen, however, would not take any hint that she was near death, and observed, "that they spoke thus because their visit happened to be on Candlemas, (February 2,) which," she added, "the English usually called 'the dismal day.'"[1]

Like many persons who have declined long, she was carried off suddenly, at last. Notwithstanding all the jealousies regarding her attachment to the catholic church, she died in edifying communion with the church of England, as distinctly specified by an eye-witness.[2]

"She was reasonably well recovered to the eyes of all that saw her, and came to her withdrawing-chamber, (drawing-room,) and to her gallery, every day almost, yet still so weak of her legs, that she could hardly stand, neither had she any stomach for her meat, for six weeks before she died. But this was only known to your countryman, Pira (Pierre), and the Dutch (Danish) woman that serves her in her chamber." This was Danish Anna, of whom mention has been made at her Scotch coronation. "They kept all close from the physicians, and every body else; none saw her eat but these two. Meanwhile she was making preparation for a visit from the king of Denmark, whom she expected to receive at her house at Oatlands, when a cough, that often troubled her, suddenly took the form of a consumptive cough, in February, while she was still at Hampton Court. She took to her bed, but first had the bed she loved best set up.'"

The queen's physicians were Dr. Mayerne, Dr. Atkins, and Dr. Turner, and it is a very curious circumstance, that they had all been recommended to her "by sir Walter Raleigh," because they knew his secrets and medicaments of physics."[3]

The queen became worse after taking possession of her

[1] Chamberlayne's letter to sir Dudley Carlton.

[2] Abstracted from a letter to a French lady from one of the queen's attendants, printed in the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club, pp. 81—83.

[3] Letter of Edward Herbert to Dr. Ward. Court of James, by bishop Goodman, vol. ii. p. 187.

favourite bed, and desired her son to be sent for, and he came to her directly, but the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London preceded him, coming to wait on her accidentally; when she heard they were desirous of seeing her, she requested their presence, and they came in, and knelt by her bedside.

"Madam," said one of them, "we hope that as your majesty's strength fails outwardly, the better part grows stronger." They said a prayer, and, word by word, she followed them. Then the archbishop said, "Madam, we hope your majesty doth not trust to your own merits, nor to the merits of saints, but only to the blood and merits of our Saviour." "I do," she answered, and withal she said, "I renounce the mediation of saints and my own merits, and only rely on my Saviour Christ, who has redeemed my soul by his blood." Which declaration gave great satisfaction to the prelates and those who heard her.

Charles, prince of Wales, her son, then arrived: he was conducted to her, and she welcomed him, and asked him, "How he did?" He answered, "At your service," and a few trifling questions passed cheerfully. The queen, who seems to have dreaded the presence of the great crowds, which, in those days, ever surrounded the death-beds of royal persons, implored him to go home. "No," replied Charles, "I will stay to wait upon your majesty." "I am a pretty piece to wait upon, *servant*," replied the dying queen, calling her son by a pet name, derived from the code of chivalry, she ever used in their affectionate intercourse.[1] She then implored him to go to his own chamber, and she would send for him soon. He obeyed her, unwillingly. The archbishop then said to her, "Madam, all I have to say to your majesty is—set your heart upon God, and remember your poor servants." She knew he meant to urge her to make a will, a measure, it seems, that the

[1] It was etiquette for Anne of Denmark's correspondents to style themselves her *servants*, not her subjects. Lord Carlisle said, that at her first coming to England, a courtier had termed himself her subject at the end of a letter, on which king James either put himself into a great passion, or affected to be in one, and vowed "he would hang the writer." The circumstance seems to have passed into a household jest in the royal family; indeed, a great many stories of James I., gravely told by historians as portentous truths, indicative of cruelty and tyranny, were merely dry gibes of the royal humorist.

two domestics, to whom she utterly consigned herself in private, were most unwilling she should take, lest they should be forced to account for treasures in their rapacious hands. "I pray you," replied the queen, "to go home, now, and I will see you on Wednesday." This was Monday afternoon, and all about plainly discerned, that by the time she named, she would be with the dead. The archbishop left the royal chamber, but the bishop of London, "a very good man," still lingered, as loth to depart.

"Madame," he said, "heed not the transitory things, but set your heart on God."

"I do," she answered, yet still bade him, "Go home, and come again on Wednesday night."

"No," he answered, "I will stay and wait upon your majesty *this* night."

Her desire to have them gone, she said, was because she knew there were no proper lodgings for them prepared; and she felt no symptoms of dissolution.

The prince retired to his chamber, the archbishop returned home, but the bishop of London remained at Hampton Court. The lords in attendance went to supper, and all the queen's ladies, among whom, the principal in waiting were, the countesses of Arundel and Bedford, and lady Carey. The countess of Derby arrived, that afternoon, and earnestly entreated to see the queen, who declined the interview, yet, on lady Derby's extreme importunity, admitted her, and after asking her two or three *merry* (cheerful) questions, begged her to go to her supper. After supper-time, prince Charles entered her chamber, and spoke to her, but, at her earnest entreaty, retired soon.

All her attendants were most desirous for her to make her will, but she prayed them to let her alone till the morrow, when she would. She was cold and pale, but her voice was strong; none durst come into her chamber, for fear of offending her, it being against her will; yet all stayed in the ante-chamber, till she sent a positive command for it to be cleared, and all to go to bed, forbidding any watch to be held. Her physicians came to her, at twelve o'clock; when they were gone, she called to her maid, Danish Anna, that sat by her bed, and bade her fill some drink to wash her mouth; she brought her a glass of Rhenish wine. The queen drank it all out, and said to her woman, "Now have

I deceived the physicians." She bade Danish Anna lock the door, and keep all out that were out.[1] "Now," she said, "lay down by me, and sleep, for in seeing you repose, I shall feel disposed to sleep." Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed, when she roused her woman, and bade her bring some water to wash her eyes; with the water, Danish Anna brought a candle, but the darkness of death had invaded the eyes of the queen, and she saw not the light, but still bade a candle be brought. "Madame," said Danish Anna, "there is one here—do you not see it?"

"No," said the queen. Then her confidential attendant, finding that death was on her royal mistress, was terrified lest she should die locked up alone with her. She unlocked the doors, and called the physicians, they gave the queen a cordial, and sent for the prince, and the lords and ladies of the household. The clock then struck one. The queen's hand was then placed on prince Charles's head, and she distinctly gave him her blessing. The lords presented a paper to her, which she signed as she could. It was her will, in which she left her property to her son, likewise rewards her servants. The bishop of London made a prayer, and her son, and all about her bed prayed. Her speech was gone, but the bishop said, "Madame, make a sign, that your majesty is one with your God, and long to be with him." She then held up her hands, and when one hand failed, held up the other, till both failed. In the sight of all, her heart, her eyes, her tongue, was fixed on God; while she had strength, and when sight and speech failed, her hands were raised to him in supplication. And, when all failed, the bishop made another prayer; and she laid so pleasantly in her bed, smiling as if she had no pain, only at the last, she gave five or six little groans, and had the happiest going out of the world, that any one ever had." Two days after, her corpse looked better than she had done at any time within this two years. "Her loss was almost absorbed by dread of a greater loss, the king was extremely ill, and never king bewailed more than he; but, praise be to God, on Good-Friday, he began to recover, and now, thank God, is past fear!"[2]

[1] Sir Dudley Carlton's letter. Abbotsford letters.
[2] Letter in the collection of the Abbotsford Club, dated March 27, 1619.
[3] Ibid.

The queen's body was brought by water-procession, from Hampton Court, to Somerset House, where it laid in state, till the 13th of May, the day of burial. The royal corpse, was attended to the grave by most of the nobility then sojourning in London, yet an eye-witness observed, that it was but a drawling tedious sight, and though the number of the lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all apparelled alike in black; and they came lagging, tired with the length of the way, (from Somerset House, to Westminster Abbey,) and the weight of their mourning, every private lady having twelve yards of broadcloth about her, and the countesses had sixteen yards of the same, a great weight to carry at a walking funeral in May. The countess of Arundel, was chief lady-mourner, being supported by the duke of Lenox, and the marquis of Hamilton, (both relatives of the royal family of Stuart;) the other ladies who followed, had some one to lean on, or they could not have borne up, on account of the weight of their garments. Charles, prince of Wales, came after the archbishop of Canterbury, who was to preach the funeral sermon, and went before the corpse, which was drawn by six horses. The queen's palfrey was led by her master of horse, sir Thomas Somerset. The banners of the Goths and Vandals, were carried by the heralds, at this funeral, among the banners of Anne of Denmark's German and northern alliances. Her corpse was carried to the grave, by sir Edward Bushel, and nine other knights of her household.[1]

The queen had never visited Scotland since she left it, but her death was duly commemorated there, when the tidings of it arrived. Lord Binning, wrote to king James, "that when the sorrowful news of his blessed queen's death came to Edinburgh, he had sent to the magistrates, and to Mr. Patrick Galloway, and the other ministers, that honour-

[1] Camden's MS. in Harl. MSS., 5176. A tragic accident happened to a spectator of the queen's funeral, who lost his life in a strange manner. He was standing on a scaffold, raised underneath Northumberland House, in the Strand, when some persons, leaning over the leads to get a better view of the procession, knocked a gigantic letter from an inscription, which then went round the structure. It fell on the gentleman below, and gave him a mortal blow on the head. He was carried into St. Martin's churchyard, and presently expired, surrounded by a crowd of persons. A scrivener's wife, who witnessed the dreadful occurrence, was literally terrified to death, for she died directly she returned home. (Nichols' Progresses.)

able remembrance might be made, in their sermons, of her majesty's virtuous life, and Christian death."[1]

The poets in England, offered many tributes to her memory. Camden has preserved two elegiac epitaphs, which possess some elegance of thought:

EPITAPH ON ANNE OF DENMARK.[2]

"March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall;
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring:
Thus March's winds hath caused April's showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers."

Another, in which is an allusion to the comet, supposed to forebode her death:

"Thee to invite, the great God sent a star;
His nearest friend and kin good princes are,
Who, though they run their race of man and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty;
So did our queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth, to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead,—no good prince dies,
But, like the sun, doth only set to rise."

The king arrived at Greenwich a few days after his queen's funeral. "All her coffers and cabinets were brought from Somerset House, in four carts, and delivered, by inventory, to his majesty, by sir Edward Coke and the queen's auditor. The king examined all. He found that the queen had received from Herrick, her jeweller,[3] thirty-six thousand pounds' worth of jewels, of which no vestige appeared. The jeweller produced the models, and swore to the delivery of the property. Pierrot, the queen's French attendant, and her favourite maid, Danish Anna, were suspected of the embezzlement of these jewels, and of a vast mass of ready money, which their royal mistress was supposed to have hoarded. Both were examined, and afterwards committed to the custody of justice Doubleday, to be privately imprisoned in his house. But it does not appear that any trace was ever gained of the missing treasure."[4]

Anne of Denmark's hearse remained standing over the place of her interment, at Westminster Abbey, the whole of

[1] Melross Papers, p. iii. [2] Camden's Remains, 397.
[3] Father to the elegant poet, Robert Herrick, one of the ornaments of that brilliant literary era.
[4] Birch's MSS. Brit. Museum.

the reign of James I. It was destroyed, during the civil wars, with many a funeral memento of more durable materials. She had no other monument. Her death occurred in the forty-sixth year of her age. She left but two living children, Charles, prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., and Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, both of them singularly unfortunate. James I. survived his consort seven years; he never encouraged the idea of a second marriage; but the manners of his court became extremely gross and unrefined, for ladies no longer came there, after the death of Anne of Denmark.

END OF VOL. VII.

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